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DOUDAN.

THE saying that the world knows nothing of its greatest men is one of the pet consolations of uneasy mediocrity; it contains a grain of truth, however, in spite of the sneers of those who worship only success. To be sure, the world takes a practical view of all such matters, and pays respect only to those who accomplish something definite in what they undertake. The adoration of unused power, therefore, will scarcely extend beyond the small circle of personal friends, and the public will be deprived of the enjoyment of great talents which lack of ambition and unfavorable circumstances may conspire to thwart and benumb. This is but natural; it is only the greatest men whose genius can be believed in from the report of others, and those who do nothing for the world at large need not waste regrets on the indifference of their contemporaries. Fortunately, since it is presumed that they have some intelligence, they are intelligent enough to expect nothing better, and are content to smile at the great ambitions and more or less satisfactory rewards of their hardier brethren. Once in a while some turn of fortune shows us what we have been near losing, although too often we are left with no more than a name. A certain number of such men, however, are allowed, by what is hardly more than a lucky chance, at least by no effort of

their own, to convince the world that the adoration of their friends was well founded; and among these it would be hard to find one quicker to kindle sympathetic adoration in every true lover of literature than Ximenes Doudan.

A noticeable instance, by the way, of a person who owes much to this sort of reflected admiration is Dr. Johnson. How little is our feeling about him due to a study of his writings! They are most frequently quoted at second-hand as examples of amusing pomposity, and we can be certain that if Boswell had not written his immortal biography Dr. Johnson's fame as a talker would have been to the people of this generation as vague a matter of tradition as is the voice of Malibran. But as it is, the exact picture given us of his bad manners, his overbearing ways, his bigotry, his arrogance, and yet of his sturdy kindness and of his unquenchable intellectual activity, makes him more truly a living human being than one half of our acquaintance. Then, too, with all the excellence of Lamb's Essays, who can feel that he knows their author without familiarity with his correspondence? Some men show best in their published writings, but there are others who are better than their books; who win our affection and admiration, not necessarily by the excellence of their moral charac-

ter, but by such revelations of intellect as appear but obscurely in what they offer the world. It was a wise instinct in Johnson that made him set above everything else his desire to fold his legs and have his talk out, for that is what has preserved, though it did not make, his fame; and in Lamb's letters we see his genuineness, — which is, after all, a moral characteristic, — the kindness of his humor, and the intelligence of his criticism even more clearly than in his Essays. It was of something very different that Doudan spoke in mentioning the letters of Lamennais: he said that when he found a man keeping all his best things to put into print, at the expense of dull letters, he was reminded of those houses in the country where the people live in the back rooms and open their parlors only when they are going to receive company.

It is curious to mention Doudan and Dr. Johnson together, for it would be safe to say that two more dissimilar men could not be found, were it not true that each is but a representative of his generation, or at least of some of the prominent thoughts of his generation. It would be safer to draw a comparison between Lamb and Doudan, for they were alike full of humor; and just as truly as Lamb is one of the best, if not the very best, of English-writing critics, so is Doudan almost unequalled in acuteness of critical faculty. But comparisons of this sort are misleading, and can scarcely be made without sacrificing a bit here or a corner there, in order to make the resemblance life-like. Doudan can be best shown by his own writings.

Mention has been already made of him in the pages of this magazine,¹ but it may yet, perhaps, be allowable to repeat some of the few incidents of his quiet life. He was born at Douai in the year 1800. He came to Paris to finish his studies, and afterwards became a teacher in the Collège Henri IV. While he held this position he was asked to take charge of the son of Madame de Staël by her second marriage. This brought him into

the household of the Duc de Broglie, and there he remained until he died, in 1872. When the duke was a minister Doudan was his secretary, so that he was not ignorant of public affairs, and at all times he was a valued, intimate friend of the family. He led a singularly retired life, devoting himself to literature; and his published correspondence forms one of the most thoroughly literary books that has appeared for a long time. Since their publication these letters have received criticisms of various kinds: it has been objected that solemn subjects have not always been treated with reverence, which is, after all, a frequent vice of humorists; and then it has been said that Doudan wrote his letters not so much for the pleasure of his correspondents as for the admiration of posterity. If this be true, posterity is to be congratulated on the excellence of its one-sided correspondence; but no malicious insinuation was ever less founded. It is, of course, impossible to prove that at the time of writing each letter Doudan thought only of the person who should receive it, but no one can read these volumes without perceiving clearly that the letters are written, not to a vague, impersonal thing, but to distinct people, and with very delicate appreciation of their different qualities. No one who has read the letters can have failed to see, for instance, the different ways in which the present Duc de Broglie and his brother are addressed by their former tutor. It would seem as if recent history justified Doudan's comparative indifference to the older brother.

His special literary work is very moderate in amount. A few of his early essays, principally book reviews, are given in the first volume, but it is the fourth that contains his most important paper, a short essay entitled *Des Révolutions du Gout*. This brief essay — it covers only about one hundred pages — is an attempt to find a reason for the changes in the literary fashions of different times. Its very shortness does it injustice, so unaccustomed are we to condensed writings nowadays, and, possibly many persons will be obliged to read it

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1876, and November, 1877.

over two or three times before fully comprehending and appreciating it. It is the condensation of thought that is difficult; the style itself is remarkably clear and beautiful, with the poetical charm that is to be found so much more surely in the best French prose than in the average French poetry. To put it into English is to rob it of half its beauty; for although the worth of the article does not depend on its euphonious expression, this certainly adds much to the pleasure of reading it.

Doudan begins this paper, which can almost be called a scientific treatise on the elements of literary art, with a statement of our ignorance of the past, and the general lack of interest in it except so far as it is illuminated by a writer's imagination. "Without this light the field of history is as gloomy as a ruin, and it grows gloomier the further back we go. It seems as if in that region one heard only confused words, and saw only vague shadows; as if one were wandering in a dim light, *sub luce maligna*. There I do not know the men I meet: I do not see their faces. I do not understand their ways, their tastes and habits." Even with a contemporary, whom we may be supposed to understand, how much more we learn about him from an hour's talk with him than from any amount of hearsay evidence! and if this is the case with people with whose surroundings we are familiar, how great must necessarily be our ignorance of the people we read about in history, which gives us but a crude and piecemeal representation of the past, without the delicate shades which win our sympathy in the accounts of our contemporaries! The single exception would seem to be the antiquities of Greece and Rome. Our education makes us feel as if we knew Cæsar, Cicero, Pericles, and Demosthenes, in their own Rome and Athens. The first glow of childish and youthful imagination "has given to all these pictures of the life of antiquity precise forms, which erudition alone has never done. The first awakening of our mind has coincided with the study of these celebrated epochs, and we have

early mixed with them our own visions. The Greeks and Romans have been given us at the threshold of life as types of wisdom, grandeur, force, and energy for both good and evil. As a result of our education, we have added to all these figures something of that romantic and grandiose tendency which is a quality of early youth; but how far all these images are from reality! This must be acknowledged; for I notice that the histories that deal with antiquity say incongruous things according to the taste of the time in which they were written. The old magistrates of the parliaments found in them authorities for fidelity to their masters; Rousseau and Madame Roland drew thence their passion for an ideal republic, and in the time of the Terror the busts of the old Romans inspired manifold crimes. The ideas we form of them depend much more on our mental disposition than on definite information. They are the serious romances of our youth. . . . Do you ask for proof? When, after having long dreamt of Rome, in all manner of confused and brilliant images, you find yourself within the walls of the city, you feel that you must read over again its historians and poets, whom you feel that you have misunderstood before. The mere sight of the places shows you the mistakes of your imagination. How would it be if the dust that once was that of the Romans should resume its first form, and the life of Sulla, of Cicero, of Cæsar, of Antony, of Octavius, should be again animate within these walls? *Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.*"

But all our study of the history of Greece and Rome fails to bring before us their past with anything like exactness. Our education gives it apparent familiarity, but only a slight examination is needed to show what is lacking to a full comprehension of the genius of these people; to the right understanding of their instincts, their manners, their institutions, and their language. "Horace wanders carelessly about his charming country place at Tibur; he casts his eyes over the broad valley of the Tiber toward Rome, where he sees

sparkling the gilded roof of the capitol, and, in an outburst of melancholy, he says, —

'Mortalia facta peribunt.'

"All works of man must perish, all; everything built by the hands of the mighty dictator, the warlike camps and broad roads trodden by victorious armies, and the harbors where the sea gently sways the ships of Actium. . . . And not only the power of Rome will crumble, and the people of the senate turn to dust; not only will the ashes of the Cæsars be scattered; death will do much more. A time will come when men will only half understand the thoughts that Horace has set in brilliant lines. Night will fall, too, on the splendid images with which he colors his style. . . . Perhaps Horace himself would no longer recognize his thoughts and impressions beneath the learned commentaries that the schools of Paris, Oxford, and even of Rome itself give to-day on his verses. New ideas and new sentiments will glide furtively under the words of his odes, and so the thought of man — that thought which he is pleased to consider imperishable — will by gradual alteration acquire a new sense." Not, of course, Doudan goes on to explain, that we have no knowledge of the past; what he affirms is that our knowledge of bygone ages is very vague and unthorough, — a statement which no one would deny. We make up for our ignorance by our imagination, or by more or less erudition. "The delicate shades which form a precious part of the beautiful in literature and the arts vanish amid the change of manners, institutions, and language. The man of the past is for the man of the present a stranger speaking a strange tongue."

What then, he asks, is beautiful in literature? What age attains to it? Since what pleases one generation is no longer understood by another, is there nothing real, nothing absolute, in this fickle charm? Is beauty merely a thing of caprice? Or has it been given to one age and denied another? This we can hardly believe; nor is it easy to think that

our predecessors have dreamt only chimeras, nor that what aroused their imagination deserves only our pitying smile. It is not impossible, he says, to explain why the literature of other ages, with but a few exceptions, appeals to us so little, nor why those very works which we are tempted to despise, have justly inspired in our ancestors feelings of admiration such as we should now find it hard to explain.

At this point, it may perhaps be allowed to ask the reader's close attention to Doudan's concise explanation of one of the curiosities of literary history, of something that every one has frequently felt in his study of the past, — the great discordance, namely, between not merely literary fashions, but the approved standard of different ages. A full answer to the natural expression of wonder at the variation of taste has never been made, if it has been attempted, and Doudan's elucidation is that of a scholarly, thoughtful person. He begins by saying that it is not rash to affirm that the beautiful in its different possible manifestations exceeds greatly in grandeur, variety, and fertility the imagination of each man, and indeed of all men. "In whatever direction we turn our eyes, we see everywhere, on the heights, at the horizon, the sources of great ideas and of noble emotions." Nature, in its graceful or terrible pictures, continually takes new forms, to the delight and confusion of the painter. Every landscape inspires us with new emotions. The outer world speaks always of the moral world. We see at once the beauty of nature, and the beauty greater than that of nature which it seems to declare. The whole infinite design of the universe appears to conceal a mystery which we can always perceive, but never seize. What imagination is capable of grasping the whole of this immense picture? A fragment of it suffices for the most active as well as for the deepest minds. Man himself is no less varied and no less profound than nature. Man offers as inexhaustible a study as does nature, and the fortunes of humanity have the same mysterious grandeur as the depths of

the seas, or the skies above us. More than this, there is science, "touching two infinities, teaching us that the created universe has no limits, and that the smallest atom is the work of the most subtle wisdom." Science, he says with great truth, is above the head of the world at large, but it gives every one some new feeling about the great mystery of the universe.

These, briefly expressed, are the different phases of the unknown which surrounds us, each one far beyond the observation and comprehension of any man or generation of men. Besides these primary mysteries, there are those representations of them given in the fine arts, in painting, poetry, sculpture, and music, as well as history, which, where facts fail, arouses the imagination, for it is in the unknown past that fancy is readiest to place a golden age. "Bosquet saw in silent Egypt a people of sages: the colossal magnificence of its ruins, some fragment of its historians on the government of the nation, was all that was needed to call forth in his austere but fertile imagination a race of men such as the world has never known, of unequaled gravity and seriousness." Tasso, at the time of the Renaissance, sees in the barbarism of the eleventh century waving banners, and hears the clatter of horses and cries of war, and they fill him with dreams of Clorinda, Armida, Tancredi, and Erminia. Every century draws material from the accumulations of the past; Racine and Corneille exhibit to us the French rendering of Greek themes. "It seems as if books had the same fertility as races of men. It is even worthy of note that there are some chosen spirits who do not need to look at real things to rise into the ideal. A great deal of ridicule has been cast upon those who have seen no other forests than those Milton describes in the *Paradise Lost*, no other glowing skies than those in Dante's *Paradiso*, no storms save those in Virgil; and although this exclusive devotion to the descriptions of nature makes one neglect other things worthy of study, it is yet true that life passed in the pure domain of

art inspires one with true poetry. A sensitive mind, if aided by a vivid imagination, hears the wind moaning beneath the trees in the Garden of Eden, which Milton describes, as it moans in real forests, because what is really beautiful contains reality, just as reality contains the seeds of the beautiful."

As has been said, no man is capable of receiving and imparting all these impressions of what goes on outside of him, and being the creature of habit he fails to understand those who are unlike himself, while he cares most for those who speak his own language, as it were, who reflect his image, who echo his words, and share his manners; he seeks new reasons for believing and for loving as he does. But circumstances are always changing; no one generation has precisely the same surroundings as the one that preceded it. Religions, manners, customs, and prejudices alter with time, or disappear, so that men's imaginations are not always turned in the same direction. Different races, too, are affected by different external conditions, which of course complicate the religious and social influences. If we had space sufficient, it would be interesting to quote two or three paragraphs in which Doudan eloquently expounds this theme; he concludes it by drawing a comparison between the way in which the Northern poets write of the enigma of death, with their gloomy severity, and the way in which Dante treats the same question: "The Florentine poet never fancied he saw phantoms about his bed, beneath his roof at Fiesole; the days are too glowing, the nights too clear; hence, when he writes about executed criminals, penitents, and saints, they seem not dead, but have all the energy of life. Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron speak of the dead with what may be called a more natural imagination. In reading them men of their own race can fancy they hear the vague, solemn sounds that arise at night-fall from the grave-yard near the church." We must pass over with bare mention Doudan's remarks on the influence of politics upon literature. How great this influence is he shows in other

ways by the fate of Tacitus. "The sentences of Tacitus," he says, "read as if they had been muttered low, by night, in the garden of a senator who revolted against his master's yoke; and every time despotic government succeeds liberty, the taste of the best part of the public comes back to Tacitus, in spite of the objections of purists." Again: "The Middle Ages reflected on arts and letters the tyrannical confusion of its organization." In describing the effect that language has upon thought, he attributes — and it is not mere fancifulness — more to its power than might at the first glance seem accurate. To the richness of the German idiom, and the confusion of its vocabulary, he lays part of the blame of the vagueness of German thought. Does not the natural pomp of the Spanish language, he asks, render still haughtier the haughty thought of a Castilian? The sound of the words acts like the trumpet on the war-horse, and doubles the feeling that he has of himself. But it is to be noticed that Doudan does not let himself be run away with by his comparison; he tempers the remark by saying that, while the language of a nation at any given time is the work of men's minds at the time, the changes of style prepare a particular course for the thought, just as the waters follow, in the bed they have themselves dug out, the inclination that drives them on. "Man is so the slave of circumstances," he says, "that he thinks most naturally what he can express most easily," — a wise remark which could bear a good deal of exposition. When he begins to write about the tricks that are played with language, he says some things that ought always to be borne in mind, and that might be applied to English as well as to French literature. It is the words and phrases with which we are familiar from childhood, which are tinged with all the colors of our mental history, which alone are our image, and whose images we are, and which seem to understand us as we understand them. "A discreet archaism may please for a moment our weary ears, but what are the forms of the seventeenth century to us who belong to the

nineteenth? A new language has grown up, corresponding to the new facts and new feelings that have made us different from the men of the eighteenth century. Everything true and genuine within us is reflected in this new tongue, whether it be good or bad. You speak to me in the language of Port Royal," — or, as we might say, of Chaucer, — "but your language bears no trace of the hundreds of years in which the world has altered, whether for better or worse; and this history is in the language, as it is in me, who am to some extent the result of the past."

With all these different influences at work, is it strange that the products of the imagination grow pale with time, and that we fail to understand what our predecessors have done? Is it not rather a cause of wonder that some books should be handed down from one generation to another without exhausting admiration? Does not the mobility of mankind sufficiently explain the mobility of literary taste? As a specific instance of a book that was lately much admired, but is now little read, and even that little mainly from a sense of duty, he takes up Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse*, and apropos of this writes at some length and with great eloquence of the difference between the last century and the present one. Between that remote seeming past and now there is, of course, the great abyss of the French Revolution, and it is the fashion to express contempt for the eighteenth century. "But," says Doudan, "if it had faults of which we are guiltless, it had also some virtues which we lack. It was morally corrupt, frivolous, declamatory, profane, proud, disdainful of the past, without moderation, reverence, or foresight. Is that enough, or are there any faults that I have forgotten? I acknowledge them at once; but I also insist that it was really animated by generous concern for the lot of men, — of all men; that it sincerely cared for justice and pity in this world; and earnestly demanded that charity should penetrate into the relations between men, where it had hitherto been persistently ignored."

He then goes on to show how empty are some of the objections brought against that period by those who are repelled by the rhetorical flourish which was prominent at that time. He acknowledges the obvious objections which are so frequently made, but he defends that side of the time which showed itself in Rousseau in such passages as those for which Sainte-Beuve compared him to a prose Cowper. But, he goes on, society has become moderate, sensible, respectable; it is impartial, cultivated, without strong feelings; it cares but little for the empire of ideas, . . . and it reproaches its predecessors with the storms it has weathered. "It has returned to a love of order like the Prodigal Son, and partly on account of the fatted calf." A sort of rationalism which can be moved by very sordid motives has succeeded the fever that urged the eighteenth century to violent deeds. "Once novels held up some ideal for our imitation; if there are any such now they are treated with scorn. Perhaps they deserve this treatment; but even if they were better they would have the same fate, for our interest at present is in comfortable, every-day life, without troubling ourselves about higher things." But yet we are particular about manners, and there are many criticisms of Rousseau's most admired characters for their roughness and crudity in this respect. "Thus does the nineteenth century look down upon the greatness of the seventeenth century, because it is remote and does not have to be kept up, but speaking of it as a valet of a great house would speak of his masters, without any pretension of equaling them." By going further back in literary history we shall find books once popular, it is true, which have owed what admiration they have received to what Doudan calls the hypocrisy of taste. The instance he chooses is Madame de Lafayette's *Princesse de Clèves*, a book which he says is admired at present out of a sense of duty. "There are at all times," he goes on, "and especially in days of apathy, superficial tastes for everything which is contrary to the prevailing opinion. It is the little counter-current that one

sees on the banks of a river, and that does not prevent the mass of the water from running to the sea. We are accustomed to be told by some literary leaders that we should like what is simple, colorless, and unadorned, and that the models of this are to be found especially in the seventeenth century. Whenever, out of a desire to belong to the great literary world, any one opens the books of these periods of noble simplicity, as soon as he feels a sort of gentle *ennui* he imagines that he is in the fine regions of simplicity, and thinks he does well to talk with great warmth of admiration of what has given only a luke-warm pleasure. We, nowadays, like detailed descriptions; we want to see the places inhabited by those whose adventures are recounted, the furniture of their rooms, their garden, their people, all the outside of their life, in a word. Such is the curiosity of languishing souls; such is especially the passion of our epoch, desirous of outside pleasures, precisely because it is without strong feeling, and its mind has no decided inclination. We seek indomitable passions, because nothing less than overdrawn pictures can excite our interest, wake us from our apathy. Somewhat cold dissections are demanded, in which shall be laid bare the most secret and most delicate fibres, — possibly, because we like to find good in evil and evil in good; and this singular combination is found possibly by very close examination of human beings. Now, the *Princesse de Clèves* is a novel without any background. There is only, so to speak, a table and two chairs in the front of the stage. The feelings are soft, gentle, simply drawn, without the deep line which a writer of the present day could not have failed to make from practice with the scalpel. All the signs of passion are indicated there with an amount of intelligence that was subtle in its day, but which is worn-out now, when we have made all impressions deeper. Our inquisitive, bold, profane imagination, which is sometimes even gross by dint of research, has no business there. It is only the pretense of superior intelligence which some assume

that inspires them to pretend to take pleasure in these representations of a gentle, quiet, dimly drawn day, of a discreet and moderate coloring. What we consider beautiful is no longer there."

Besides the characterization of part of the taste of the present day which the above extract contains, it is valuable for its description of a frequent form of literary affectation; and although the seventeenth century in English literature was marked by anything rather than excessive simplicity, a literary affectation has frequently made its appearance, showing itself by ungenue admiration and the imitation of obsolete virtues.

This might be misinterpreted to mean a denunciation of all sorts of merit that did not strictly follow the prevailing taste; but, it is hardly necessary to say, Doudan meant nothing of the sort. He merely found fault with insincerity in literary taste, and meant to make an accurate statement concerning the importance of those books which are not the most popular, although they may be the greatest, in their day, because they express the feelings current at the time of their composition. He goes on to ask in what books of the past we find that charm which we have known in some of the great books which have appeared in our own day? These alone speak to us our own language; in them alone do we breathe our native air. "Yes, it must be acknowledged, other times have had possibly more finished literatures, completer beauties. In the great men of the past are to be found qualities of primitive truth which will never be reproduced with the same force and simplicity; but yet this unrivaled greatness moves me less,—nay more, it transports me less toward the heights of beauty than the voice of the poets who have lived the same life as I, who have seen the days that I have seen. Homer said of Ulysses, 'He refused to marry the goddess that he might again see the smoke rising from his roof in Ithaca.' . . . There are impressions that the talent of contemporaries can alone give, because, by their secret resemblance to me, it is given to them alone to know the most secret

springs of my nature. But who in the future will understand this art of touching me? who will be sensitive to it? No one, probably; and yet this forgotten writer may have done some of the real work of an artist; that is to say, he may have excited in me thoughts and feelings which at times raise the soul above the contemplation of the real. For even what passes from the mind is not necessarily without traces of absolute beauty. The signs of eternal beauty are variable. They may vanish and become unintelligible to those who shall come after us. The image of Ithaca, the thought of Penelope, might leave me perfectly cold. There are a thousand things in our time which are for us, in different degrees, what Ithaca and Penelope were for Ulysses. They are the secret attachments which make the sons of men weep, as Homer says. What will they be to our posterity?" Every one will recognize the truth of these words, which certainly explain, and, it might almost be said, apologize satisfactorily for the frequent preference the public shows for what is new to what is approved by the stamp of time. It would be too much to say that it is absolute beauty alone that attracts readers to the latest books; too often it is only a petty curiosity about contemporary gossip, about the small talk of literature,—as every one's conscience will readily acknowledge,—that causes readers to seek what is new rather than what is good; but Doudan here explains our special fondness for what is good in the writing of our own times. This comprehension of contemporary writing is the reason that an old man so often fails to sympathize with new literary fashions, and surprises his successors by his attachment to the past. All the fervor of his aspiration for something better, all the reminiscences of his youth, are bound up with the words of this or that poet, whose language, allusions, and images, incomprehensible, perhaps, to the young, call up to this older man the fair regions of the ideal. "The poet and he understand one another. They have perceived what you perceive, but by different signs; in spite of the dissimilarities which separate

you, you are speaking of the same beauty. . . . The signs are infinite in number. Some are common to all generations, because they have their root in the primitive passions of humanity; while the greater number change with time, and correspond to the new developments and complications which time brings forth."

"There remains, then, to be considered the part played by the great artists who survive, so to speak, and by the great artists who pass out of mind." In other words, What is the true relation of man to the past? From what one generation contemplates with the most ardent emotion another will turn away its eyes to gaze at something else. Examples of this are manifold. Doudan brings up some faded flowers of Chateaubriand's rhetoric, for which we can substitute Byron's eloquence, which now falls cold on our own sympathetic ears. Even Scott's romances, with all their generous ardor, call up a faint smile of contemptuous derision on the faces of those who take the world and themselves to pieces under the guidance of George Eliot. Who, nowadays, cares for Ossian? Is there any one who can put his hand on his heart and say that he really enjoys Sir Charles Grandison? But, Doudan goes on, the flashes of beauty which have shone upon these books have not been wholly thrown away; the next generation has preserved something of the form of beauty which it despises, just as a love of nature survived when the fog and mist of Ossian had settled so thickly about the old bard himself. We are, he continues, like the generations of leaves of which Homer speaks. Those of one year die and fall, and the next year forms from them the sap which lends new life to the trees. So in us the spirit of our fathers lives confusedly; in spite of our disdain, their thoughts and feelings mingle with our own. "Even what we have forgotten and what we despise often governs and possesses us still." We cannot rid ourselves from this hereditary influence, which is progress; and if one examines the ways of Providence one can see how man, with all the glow of an innovator, still preserves the fruit of all the efforts of the

past. Man's reason and imagination follow the instinct of sociability. In vain the poet seeks solitude; in vain he dreams alone; in spite of himself he is in the company of the past and of his contemporaries. The personal originality of the artist combines with the thousand influences of the past and of the present, and in all fine works there is a sort of accompaniment of the distant chorus of humanity. "In every song, if we had but the ears to hear them, are distant echoes of Homer and Isaiah, of the wild songs of the Celts, of the confused sounds coming from the past history of Athens, Jerusalem, Rome, Arabia, and old France. The whole universe has worked over the thought of each one, and this thought reflects the world like the fragrant crystal of the dewdrop."

At every age, he says, there are but a few men who do the greatest part of this common task. The crude thoughts, so to speak, which are turned out confusedly in the great workshop of humanity take form and refinement among people of delicate and cultivated intelligence, each one of whom has his share in bringing the thought to its perfection. "Every epoch has its interpreters, who say distinctly, or vividly, or vigorously, what every one feels vaguely; they transform into intelligible thoughts the aspirations of the multitude; and by introducing, with the charm of talent, what had been but dull emotions, they give the world new instincts, and add thereto all that can be imparted of their personal originality, which passes into the crowd and becomes common to all by the contagion which affects all minds. But these interpreters are of two kinds: some leave little or no renown behind them; the others are the great men, properly so called, who dwell in the Pantheons of posterity, who are the great images of humanity, and, like magnificent statues, mark the path humanity has trod, and the whole line of its advance." His account of the great men who fail of renown is interesting and full of sympathy, when he speaks of the men "whom the future will probably not know, whose writings will then be read with indifference, but of whom

it can be said that they have been the first to think all that is thought, to say with more fire what will be repeated with more authority." He means the class of men who lack the ruggedness which great men must have. They have grace, but it is of a kind that is perishable; and although they have understood and explained, and have even gone in advance of their time, there are other men of less exquisite perceptions, often less deep, who boldly strike out a path into the future, because, with a little more force, they have less of the brilliancy and delicacy which give grace, but yet turn the more readily to dust. The first scouts, who are forgotten when the heavier battalions advance, who are admired only by their contemporaries, enjoy so brief fame merely because their discoveries, their first whisperings of novel truths, soon become commonplaces to the world at large, and it seems impossible that their words could ever have been new. What, for instance, could be more trite than two thirds of the Spectators, which seem to have drawn inspiration from the copy-books? We are told that procrastination is the thief of time; that rolling stones gather no moss, etc., *ad infinitum*; but, in their day, these essays doubtless seemed like models of wisdom, whereas they have been floated down to us only by the genuine humor of the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, and by the echoes of our grandfathers' praise.

In addition, Doudan speaks of those who make no profession of art or literature, but who have pointed out to others, as with their finger, those eternal images of beauty which float unseen above our heads; their breath has driven away the fog that hides these great types from our sight. "They are the chosen few whose graves Gray should have shown us in his Country Churchyard. They no longer live. No one will ever know all that they have been. They sleep in the same dust as their obscure contemporaries, — in the dust of almost all that has given light and joy to the world. It is amid these shades that there should be placed the statue of unknown genius. But, un-

known or misunderstood, they have gradually civilized the world." Can any one think less of this because Doudan indicates what had been the aim and glory of his own life?

Along-side of such men live another race, who are destined to give a last and definite form to these ideas, who burn out all transitory matter in the fire of their genius, and give them the right of citizenship in the civilized world. To this class belong the great men. In their works we find examples of everything which can and should survive. Such men deserve to be well treated; they have the just reason, the energy of the passions, the moderation, — in short, all the general and permanent traits of humanity in a perfection and equilibrium which are unknown to ordinary men. In a word, they are more men than other men. They say with force what the whole human family experiences, and will eternally experience. But from one age to another they have a wider vision, finer shades of sentiment, and greater moral purity, because from one age to another they live in a generation which exceeds its predecessor in delicacy, intelligence, and refinement. This refinement, this more intimate knowledge of the human heart, comes not so much from themselves as from their time. The qualities of genius of this sort are simplicity, force, wise sobriety; in its work we find the general traits of humanity as it advances, and it is because these artists paint the great lines of nature that they produce work of a beauty that does not fade. Those who gaze at it find within themselves the dim but complete image of primeval nature, to which they can compare it. This class of artists and writers bear the glow of imperishable beauty. Priam in the Grecian camp, the Agamemnon of Æschylus finding Ægisthus in his palace, the Œdipus of Sophocles in Thebes, Milton's Adam in the Garden of Eden, the proud Farinata degli Uberti in Dante's Inferno, Erminia in Tasso's forest, Racine's Phèdre, belong to this family. And in them all we may recognize the general advance of humanity, and perceive the new ideas that revolu-

tions, wars, and discoveries have produced, the new truths that go to make up history and are unconsciously absorbed by the writer in the air he breathes.

All that precedes, Doudan says with modesty, he hopes is not a mere array of commonplaces. It would tend to disprove the common opinion that all nations are condemned to turn in a circle without going forward, and to show that there is no waste of effort; that man advances, although but slowly. It would also prove that there is no time of absolute stagnation, but that men always try to express beauty, although sometimes in language unintelligible to their successors; that the spark lives beneath the ashes to give birth to the eternal beauty which we call classical, which speaks clearly to all generations of men.

This ideal is the guiding principle of man; it is more or less distinct in different times, but it inspires all that is noble or great in the world. "It leads battalions to the top of walls whence falls a rain of lead and fire, as in the peaceful plains of Italy it summons Virgil to wander with it behind the pale curtain of the poplars that border the Mincio."

With time its manifestations change. Delicacy succeeds simplicity; whatever may have been the imperishable beauty of antiquity, we find in Raphael and Racine, if not more powerful drawing, at least more finished and more profoundly intelligent work. The men of modern times may lack the energetic *naïveté* of remote days, but what they see and what they strive after is finer and greater than what the men of antiquity saw and strove after. Yet it may be said that the hand of the moderns is less firm, and that it trembles with emotion at the sight of radiant forms beneath thinner veils. The divine model has drawn closer, or rather man has advanced nearer, the summit of the Olympus where the Ideal dwells.

But as each generation widens the horizon of men, it may be that artists lose in distinctness what they gain in extent and grandeur. Hence it is that

we are justified in regretting something that antiquity had, yet without pretending that we should do best to look into the past for inspiration, and that the best we can hope for is to equal our predecessors. It is the duty of a man of genius to look before him and to follow the thought which leads him onward. He should try to learn from antiquity how to put its simplicity and firmness into vaster pictures, but he should listen to new thoughts; for the genius of the ancients had its limits, like the narrow world it inhabited. "The Greek saw from the hills of Taygetus, or from Mount Parnassus, the blue sea of the Cyclades, and, a little beyond, the coast of Asia. Now, from the lonely summit of the Cordilleras, the traveler can almost hear the roar of the great oceans that wash the whole vast globe. The deep and melancholy murmur of these great waters says many different things from the waves of the Mediterranean, as they beat on its myrtle and rose clad shores. Such, too, is the difference between the modern spirit, with its cares and mighty science, and the measured intelligence of the ancients, which was joyous, and saw only the smiling earth in the spring-time of the life of nations."

Without deliberately seeking out the past, it may be found in the heart of every man in the form of traditional and inherited feelings and sentiments, but its value is in its transformation and growth. "There is to-day a noisy school," he says, and he describes one of the affectations of contemporary English literature, "which expresses without judgment and without intelligence its regrets for all the institutions and all the ideas of another time. It is true that one gets only a very moderate idea of the worth of such a superstition from seeing or listening to these bold defenders of the past. They confine themselves almost exclusively to saying stupid things in an old-fashioned way, *more majorum*. They do not know that the very spirit of their ancestors is in those who look forward, and that the military virtues of a Desaix remind one more of Turenne than do the lamentations of

those who would like to recall the seventeenth century, which would despise them if Providence were to perform the miracle of placing them back there one day for this instruction. But let us be just; what we should regret about the past is that those great minds lived beneath a yoke of errors that we have not to endure; we should regret that they could not see the light which they would have so gladly hailed."

Equally vain is the hope of standing still, of making no step forward. Those who preach that gospel have no proper notion of man's position and duty. Who does not love the future does not love the past.

What this method of looking at the growth of intelligence teaches is greater fairness in looking at the works of genius in other times, since in seeing how little we understand the effect they once produced, we may learn modesty in judging our own work, for we are sure that the time will come when new men will have a wider horizon bounding them, and will see clearly what is hidden from us. We shall learn to be tolerant in the expression of our opinions; for since man lives under the law of progress, all truth is not necessary for men at any one time.

"Yes, the human race has been created to climb slowly the eternal heights. At every step its perspective has changed and widened, its ideal has grown purer and grander, and our century can say of its predecessors, like the heroes of Homer:—

Ἡμεῖς τοι πατέρων μέγ' ἀμείνωνες εὐχόμεθ' εἶναι.

It is hardly necessary to say that this abstract of Doudan's essay fails to give an adequate idea of its great merit, since

the original is written in such a condensed style as is ill suited for further condensation. We hope, however, that those who have had the patience to follow us thus far will not lay down this article without a feeling of admiration for Doudan's critical ability, and a desire to read the original essay, as well as his charming letters; for acquaintance with them is necessary before one can form an adequate opinion of his literary value.

To our thinking, these four volumes form one of the most important contributions to literature of the present century; and one cannot help rejoicing that a man who went through life without raising his hand to win the fame that he could easily have acquired should at last, almost in spite of himself, have given the world the fruit of so much thought and wisdom.

Some few of our readers will not fail to be reminded of another man of similar power and like modesty, whose untimely death leaves a place in our struggling literature yet, and probably for a long time to remain, unfilled, — we mean John R. Dennett, a writer for *The Nation* in its palmy days, who has left scattered contributions in its pages that by their witty and careful criticism recall Doudan to the reader. Personally, there was much resemblance between the two men; this would be very clear if Dennett's letters were ever published; and of them both it can be said with truth that they loved literature for itself, and not for what it could do for them. Their lives show, too, that delicate taste and admiration for the best things are rare qualities, which do not tend to make men popular, although they may make them great.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

IMAGINARY DIALOGUE ON DECORATIVE ART.

SOCRATES and DECALCOMANIAS, and afterwards CRITICUS.

Socrates. Where are you going, Decalcomanias, with those discarded wine bottles, those coarse and common jars, which, I judge, once contained ointments or pickles?

Decalcomanias. I intend to decorate them; for you must know, Socrates, that everything is decorated now. Have you any old --

Soc. I have not. Come, put down your bottles, and let us clear our ideas on this new rage; for you will grant, Decalcomanias, that we should not spend time and energy without careful consideration.

Decal. I grant this, Socrates, and will speedily convince you of the utility of decorative art.

Soc. Doubtless, Decalcomanias, I shall begin to decorate to-morrow; but let us first ask, What is true decorative art?

Decal. By Jupiter! I find it very difficult to answer you, Socrates.

Soc. It is indeed difficult to answer that question, Decalcomanias. I think you will grant that the physicists are right in teaching that when we exert any action there is an exact equivalent in heat; in other words, that the doctrine of the conservation of energy is true.

Decal. This has been proved, Socrates, by men of science.

Soc. This law holds in every mechanical action throughout our universe. Every movement of our bodies attests its truth. When I speak to you the energy of my voice, so to speak, impresses motion upon the particles of air; they in their turn set the tympanum of your ear in vibration, and then the thought I convey acts upon your brain. Why does one thought agitate your mind, Decalcomanias, more than another?

Decal. The scientific men are not agreed, Socrates, on that point. I suppose it depends upon the energy of the

thought; for great thoughts impress us more than the utterances of a feeble mind.

Soc. You speak well, Decalcomanias, and you have anticipated me in the conclusion. The greater the mechanical action, the greater the heat developed; and the greater the thought, the greater the impression upon the mind that receives it. This seems a good conclusion. Now, can we not maintain that that which has caused but little thought can, in its turn, awaken but little thought?

Decal. This seems to me probable, Socrates. Yet you do not consider the work of a genius thrown off with little effort; and also that decorative art does not aim at inspiring great thoughts. Its function is to please the eye and make the home attractive.

Soc. I will not discuss the action of the mind of a great genius, for you have granted that it is not likely that a great genius would find the best exercise of his mind in decorating bottles. Now to your second point, that of pleasing the eye. Will you tell me, Decalcomanias, how the æsthetic eye is best pleased? I say æsthetic, for you will allow that the eye of the barbarian knows but little discrimination, and is delighted with gaudy colors which the cultured man rejects.

Decal. There is certainly a difference, Socrates, between the eye of a barbarian and that of a cultured man. In regard to your question how the æsthetic eye is best pleased, I will first say that I decorate to please the average eye, and not the finically æsthetic one.

Soc. I accept your limitations. How will you best please the average eye?

Decal. All decoration must be correct in taste.

Soc. Is it an easy matter to be correct in taste, Decalcomanias?

Decal. By Jove, no! It is a life study.

Soc. In order that the eye may be pleased it is necessary, is it not, that the

impression we receive of outward objects should be a growing one?

Decal. I do not catch your meaning, Socrates.

Soc. Let us then dwell upon this point. Do you not reject statues and pictures which once excited pleasure, and which after a time ceased to delight the eye? I know that this is so. In lesser objects of taste the same rule holds; we lose interest in that article which cannot hold our eye or evoke some thought.

Decal. This seems to be so. Yet you insist upon the thoughtful side of decoration. Look at this jar. I have given it a simple color; there is no thought in it, yet it is decorative.

Soc. You would find that color monotonous, after a while, and would desire, with a painful longing, some contrasts to exert your faculty of taste upon. Therein you would exert your thought.

Decal. There appear to be two kinds of decoration, Socrates: on one there is rich material and much thought bestowed, and on the other a happy, natural faculty for color and contrasts, — a kind of unconscious reception of nature.

Soc. How do we then surpass barbarians in taste? They are nearer to nature than we.

Decal. I think taste is a natural faculty, and in some more developed than in others; so that one can make the most beautiful objects out of these jars you see before you, while another, by the utmost study, cannot conceal the innate ugliness of this vase.

Soc. By your former remarks, Decalcomanias, you have barred out genius. Genius can rise to greater heights, but only at the expense of a corresponding greater accumulation of information and taste. Yet I will not discuss the case of genius. We have to do with the average æsthetic eye. You have granted that thought must be bestowed upon even the simplest decoration.

Decal. I grant this, Socrates.

Soc. It will not do, therefore, for us to evade thought by make-shifts.

Decal. Explain this to me, Socrates.

Soc. I understand that you intend to paste representations of objects upon

these jars. Can there be much thought in this?

Decal. Not unless we work by the law of contrasts.

Soc. And you will grant that this law would require much thought from the average æsthetic mind.

Decal. I grant this.

Soc. Therefore, if you work without thought in decorating your jars, it is labor thrown away.

Decal. It truly seems so.

Soc. If we work with thought to obtain good contrasts, or to develop some connected plan, it is therefore better. Now, what do we say, Decalcomanias, when we see a slave carving curiously a perishable gourd?

Decal. We laugh at him for his pains.

Soc. Yet his carving and decoration may be beautiful.

Decal. It is, however, useless, for it speedily perishes.

Soc. Then you will grant that a measure of permanence is necessary to decoration that it may satisfy the end of art. We must feel this in order that decoration may produce the most pleasurable æsthetic sensations. What do you say, then, concerning the perishable decorations which you are about to paste upon your jars?

Decal. I have to limit you continually, Socrates, in this discussion. My art is not the highest. I aim only to awaken artistic tastes in the people. I am an educator.

Soc. You are certainly heroic, Decalcomanias, for you aim to do good knowing that your students, as you yourself allow, will despise your works as they grow in knowledge.

Decal. Only as they despise primers.

Soc. No, not so; for primers are like the solid foundations upon which good and lasting decoration is raised.

Decal. You will certainly grant, Socrates, that it is better that the people should decorate than that they should continue to live without thinking of beautiful things.

Soc. Wrong teaching for a good end is baneful.

Decal. My teaching is not baneful!

The worst that can be said of it is that it is hasty and perishable. It awakens interest in people, and sets their minds at work. It cultivates the eye, and calls forth latent talent.

Soc. I learn from you, therefore, Decalcomanias, that if you should found an academy of art which should aim to instruct the populace, you would have a course in the hasty decoration of jugs.

Decal. The theories in regard to the best course to be pursued in early art education are various. No two masters are agreed. For my part, I believe that the main thing is to interest people at first, and afterwards refine. In decorating one cannot fail in time to judge between the good and the bad. I think I could maintain, Socrates, if driven to extremity, that pernicious, work even, often awakens a healthy reaction.

Soc. And I, in my turn, will then maintain the moral necessity of swindlers and the advocates of soft money — but here comes Criticus. He will tell us of the progress of this new rage, for he has mingled much with the people.

Criticus. The world is given over to decoration. The æsthetic bulrush is found in every parlor, and there is a sound of groaning in the land because there are no new things to decorate.

Soc. I have been endeavoring, Criticus, to prove to Decalcomanias that decoration without excellence of mechanical execution, or without careful thought, is useless effort, and baneful to the progress of art.

Crit. And does he not see it, Socrates? Indeed, Decalcomanias, I will convince you by one of your own jugs. By what do we judge of the state of art among our ancestors?

Decal. Certainly by their works.

Crit. You say rightly. We judge by the excellence of the workmanship; by the thought displayed in enduring material. In some subsequent age to ours, Dr. Schliemann will dig up a few crude and homely bottles and jugs from which the ephemeral decoration had long ago perished, and will say, This nation during this period had no art, and, judging from their storing up jugs and bot-

tles, were overmuch given to sensual enjoyment, and added nothing to the world's art treasures.

Decal. You assume that a nation always leaves permanent records of its taste. I doubt this. There are many lost arts, and a nation may have worked most artistically in a perishable material. Why is it necessary for us to provide materials for future Dr. Schliemanns? The æsthetic enjoyment of the hour is not to be despised.

Soc. You will grant, therefore, that the decoration to which you devote yourself is ephemeral; for it does not gather force from the thought and study of previous generations.

Decal. Is an exquisite wild flower, then, to be despised?

Soc. You forget that a flower is the product of great genius.

Crit. Neither of you gives sufficient weight to my suggestion that we are doing nothing in decoration for the future. Decalcomanias says that we are not to provide work for future Dr. Schliemanns. For my part, I think it is our duty to do so. Who would not feel his degradation if he knew that the water bottle of the kitchen was all that remained of the decorative art of this age five hundred years from now; a discarded wine bottle with some stains upon it, where decorations had once been, giving rise to a learned paper, before some art club of the future, to be entitled, *On the Affinities of a Problematical Jug of the Nineteenth Century!* I do not need to live to that future period; I have already felt the degradation of which I speak. Last week I visited a loan collection, and beheld the contrasts presented by the work of the barbarian Chinese and Japanese and modern decorative work. Should I be willing, I said to myself, to allow that decorative work to represent us in comparison with the work of barbarians? By Jupiter, no! On the one hand was careful workmanship, — the labor of weeks and months and even years; on the other hand, the hasty realizations of crude designs.

Decal. But it was very hopeful work. It gave great promise for the future.

Crit. It certainly betokened renewed interest in decoration.

Soc. I perceive continually underneath your discussion the questions, "Can that which is done with comparatively little thought and labor avail in art? Can the ephemeral artistic decoration advance true artistic decoration?"

Crit. I maintain that the ephemeral artistic decoration is not only useless but positively immoral. At the best it is a make-shift. By looking at decorations of hangings in which careful embroidery is simulated by paint and the sewing on of pieces of cloth, we begin to despise careful workmanship, and the conscientious mechanic or artisan will give way to the rapidly working apprentice who learns his or her trade in three months.

Decal. Answer me one question, Criticus. Do you not see greater evidences of taste in your friends' houses than formerly?

Crit. I find evidences of great agitation and the conflict of crude ideas. Flowers and the æsthetic bulrush spring from the corners of the room. Japanese fans float down the walls. Blurred visions of sunflowers on panels and decorated sewer pipes meet one at every turn. I am nothing if I am not critical, and instead of finding much to admire in my friends' houses I find more to criticise. An increase in *bric à brac* and an increase in color do not constitute an evidence of increase in taste. No, Decalcomanias, thus I answer your question. If I could perceive a careful study of nature in modern decoration, I should be more hopeful. Let any young lady in painting on china make earnest studies of birds, or flowers, or reeds and rushes, and I should clap my hands.

Soc. The truth certainly cannot be found save by deep thought and study. Have you never thought, Decalcomanias and Criticus, of the psychological effect of this rage for decoration?

Decal. By Jupiter, Socrates, I have noticed that the ladies are less given to roaming about; and you should see the happy faces bent over canvas and jugs.

Soc. I mean the psychological effect of living in much-decorated rooms. I lately visited a friend's house, and could not reason in a connected manner, my eye was so distracted by bits of color and multitudes of forms. I could not move without feeling that my mantle was about to pull down some decorated utensil. There was no place to write, for the tables were covered with plates and jars. I thought to myself, How harmful such rooms would be to a person afflicted with a disordered mind! how unrestful to one wrapped in deep thought!

Crit. By Jupiter, I have felt that unrest of the mind which you speak of, Socrates. I cannot take dinner at a friend's house without being called upon to admire butterflies upon my plate, various bugs upon my cup, and Japanese trade-marks — equivalent to Joseph Smith & Co., dealers in crockery — painted upon my butter-plate. If these decorations upon china were carefully and conscientiously painted and repainted, as they are in China and Japan, they would be meritorious; now they are for the most part meretricious.

Decal. I have noticed that critical people are generally non-producers. I believe that the present rage for decoration is productive of great good. Why, in my town it has brought two geniuses to light! They began by decorating flower-pots, and then advanced over panels to canvas; now they have more orders than they can fill. Fashionable calls have become a delight. You are introduced to unique rooms, and behold what may be termed the original side of your host or hostess. Decoration has done all this. Notwithstanding all that has been said, I shall continue to decorate.

Crit. There he goes, Socrates, with his jugs and his bottles, which will soon be covered with imitations of majolica, faience, or Japanese ware. I fear that it is impossible to check this inordinate rage. It will burn out in time, and then people will realize that art can advance only by conscientious study and by working in more permanent material.

Soc. There is some truth in his re-

mark that this interest in decoration may bring talent to light, and it is possible that this extravagance of taste is like that which often accompanies young talent. There may be a large residuum left which can be molded into proper

form. I wish, however, that people would more generally recognize the truth that there is conservation of thought; or, in other words, that only work upon which we have spent thought can awake thought in its turn.

John Trowbridge.

DETMOLD: A ROMANCE.

PART VII.

XVI.

A CORROBORATION.

DETMOLD's letter reached Alice at Geneva, after a roundabout transit of some three weeks. It was successively forwarded to and detained a little at each of the points where she had paused in her journey. Her party had gone to Trieste from Venice, and afterwards into the Tyrol.

Miss Lonsdale brought the missive, among others, from the bureau of the hotel, with a sprightly air: "A love-letter, my dear!"

"Oh, no, indeed; nobody likes me well enough to take so much trouble."

"Ah, I fear the fault is with you. We must make you return somebody's liking. I want you to marry, dear," she said, caressingly.

"Why?"

"You will be happier."

Alice was agitated and much reassured at the sight of the familiar handwriting. She read and re-read the letter, and let it fall with supine hands into her lap, — lost in reverie. Sad as was the recital, it was an infinite relief from the suspicions with which she had been troubled. It was a story of frailty atoned for by a heroic expiation. As to Detmold himself, he was involved in nothing but a conventional disgrace; he, at least, had committed no crime. The death of Castelbarco and this history were almost

her first initiation into an acquaintance with the profounder afflictions. She was deeply impressed. She asked herself, as gravely as had Detmold, why these other lives were sombre and full of tumultuous passion while her own had been all brightness and unbroken calm. Detmold seemed full of generous instincts, and far more worthy of happiness than herself. She found nothing culpable in him except his concealment, his want of ingenuousness in this single matter. The blame she should have visited upon him for it was disarmed by his vehement devotion to herself. It was to an orderly, routine demonstration of regard preceding marriage, as has been said, that Alice had been accustomed to look forward. She had even shrunk a little from the idea of any excessive admiration, through a want of confidence in her own merits, an apprehension of the unpleasantness of the time when it should be disillusioned in the future. But she found it, in spite of herself, strangely sweet. This extravagance of sentiment, this despair, this reckless affection, fascinated her.

Yet neither by this letter nor by any other considerations which she had in the mean time entertained was the general conclusion at which she had arrived, at the moment of the disclosure, overthrown, namely, that all was at an end between them. She took it, somehow, for granted that the revelation that had been made separated them, irrespective of any power of hers to help it. The pride of her

family, her dependence upon them, the necessity of doing as the world does, — all the circumstances of her situation, and even the self-abasement of Detmold, which would make it useless to attempt to convey to him any happiness unless he were first raised in his own esteem, seemed to make a union impossible.

It would hardly be fair upon this to condemn Alice as selfish and heartless. She was by nature distrustful of romantic sentiment, and she was not at this moment nor at any former stage of the affair possessed by a passion corresponding to that of Detmold, — reckless of consequences. It was still subject to calculation and control. The conviction that it must be laid aside could cause pangs of regret and seasons of melancholy, but it had in it nothing of despair.

For the first time in any similar matter — she could not say why — Alice took the letter to her father instead of to a mother of extensive experience and powers of management. She found him in his room, which commanded the lake, and the new-born Rhone, where it is spanned by the broad and handsome iron bridge. Before giving him the writing she recounted briefly the scene at the fête, the proposal of Castelbarco, and the accusation hurled forth by him in his jealous rage, which had caused Detmold such extreme distress.

"Ah, conspirator! You have acquired a true Italian genius for intrigue. Why did you tell us nothing of this while we were wondering what had become of Mr. Detmold when he disappeared so mysteriously?"

"The subject was full of painful associations. I did not wish to speak of it. Besides, I could not have done so without giving greater publicity to those cruel statements."

"Well, let us see this famous letter."

As his eye followed down its pages in a quick perusal, he uttered an exclamation of surprise and looked strangely at Alice. Her back was towards him. She stood at the window looking meditatively across at the little steamers, the clustered buildings climbing to the square towers of the cathedral, the long ridge

of the Grand Saleve behind them, and the snowy peak of Mont Blanc, hull down, and less than some petty hillock of the neighborhood, in its leagues of distance.

"What is it, papa?"

He did not reply, but went on reading to the end, and even, it would seem, for a considerable time after, walking slowly up and down with the letter held up before him. He made it a pretext to gain time to collect his thoughts. Then he sat down and called Alice to him.

"Come and sit by me, my daughter."

Between this rugged, keen man of business, weighted with formidable cares, and this pretty woman of twenty-seven there remained an affectionate intercourse that had endured from the time she was a child. He placed his arm about her. She nestled by him, and brushed his hair a little back, critically. She said, "You are getting quite gray, but it is going to be very becoming."

"I do not know, my daughter, how to proceed in a matter which fills me with an astonishment amounting to awe. There is a coincidence here that bears the aspect of a providential interposition. I shall first ask you to tell me something. Are you willing to say whether you were very much attached to this young man who is involved in so sad a history?"

"Well, papa," replied the young lady, with a sweet color stealing into her face, and engaging both hands with a superfluity of pains in some slight adjustment of the lappel of his coat, "I feel very sorry for him, you know, and I — we have been great friends — and he likes me. I *think* he does, you know, papa."

"It would appear so from some of his expressions," said the man of business, dryly. "I know nothing of what has passed between you," he went on. "I am perhaps to blame for my remissness, but I leave such things to your mother, who has your best interests at heart, and who is so amply competent to deal with them. I will say that what I have seen of Detmold leads me to esteem him. I have heard a good character of him, too, from others at Lakeport who know him

in his business relations. He has both talent and industry, and I should judge would succeed. In the letter he speaks of his hopes, — his former hopes, and so on. Had he ever asked you to marry him?"

"Why, yes, papa — a good while ago, at Paris, before you came; and I declined — and he was very sorry — and then, afterwards, I came to know him better, and he — we — became very good friends."

"And you had thought, perhaps, that you might some time like him well enough to be his?"

Alice said, softly, resting her head against his shoulder, "Yes, papa, if it pleased you."

"Then, Alice, what I ought to say to you must not be longer withheld. What if I should tell you that I know something already of the strange story contained in this letter? I know it to be true. The name of Detmold has more than once brought back reminiscences of my own, but I never for an instant imagined there could be a connection between this young man and a Detmold of long ago who was the partner of my ill-fated friend James Belford. Fortunately, perhaps, for his peace, I did not even know that he was from the West. Did he not give himself out as coming from New York?"

"Not directly; but I think he was willing to have it understood so, since he had spent some years there engaged, in studies, before coming to Lakeport. If the mistake was made he did not gain by it."

"James Belford was once my dearest friend. We were playmates and schoolmates, and until he went to seek his fortune at the West, inseparable. There was nothing he would not have done for me, nor I for him. He was unfortunate in his struggle with the world — but you know the story — criminal. When I met him by chance in the great metropolis, after his departure from the scene of his fall, he was living miserably, under an assumed name. He was young and in poverty. His heart-broken wife did not long survive him."

He paused and took one of the pretty hands of Alice caressingly in both his own.

"What I am about to tell you, my dear girl," he continued, "will, I fear, at first distress you; but, I trust, only for a moment. It will be succeeded and recompensed, as I hope, by lasting content. In any case I cannot doubt of my duty to speak. We are humble instruments in the hands of Providence, for some strange purpose to which we seem called upon to adjust ourselves. Alice, you know that you are not really my daughter, — my own daughter."

"Yes," said Alice, tremulously, "I know."

"You are" —

"I am Alice Leland, whom you adopted. I owe all that I have, and a thousand times more than I can ever hope to repay, to the kindness of the most generous of protectors."

"No," said Mr. Starfield, deeply affected, "you are not even Alice Leland. You are Alice Belford, — the daughter of my unhappy friend who was the partner of the elder Detmold."

"Oh, papa, *papa!*"

Alice clutched his arm with a little spasm. It was as if she had been ruthlessly torn from her pleasant life and cast adrift upon a dark and chilling stream. The shadow of crime descended upon her. She was overcome by a great sense of isolation.

"I was with him at the end. He did not ask it, but he looked it — and when your mother died I took you with me."

"Why did I never know anything of this before?" she said, sobbing softly.

"Nothing was to be gained by it. Why should I have made you unhappy without cause? I would even have preferred, if it were possible, that you should never know yourself as other than my child. With me any distinction that there once was between you and mine was long since obliterated. Under no ordinary circumstances would I have made to you this revelation. I seem to have been driven to it by a remarkable fatality of events, and also — have I erroneously inferred it? — by a regard

for your own more complete happiness in the future."

"It makes me feel so lonely."

In her preoccupation with this sudden entanglement in the mazes of crime and suffering, at which, from the outside, as if from a different plane of being, she had vaguely wondered, its contingent bearings were for the moment lost sight of. Mr. Starfield suffered the current of her reflections to flow unchecked. He feared that his perception of an ordained mysterious attraction between Alice and Detmold, to bring them together from afar, to compensate by the harmony of their union the sin and bitterness in the association of their fathers, had been premature. A match with Detmold, although he knew nothing to his disadvantage, and would not at any time have opposed the decidedly expressed wishes of Alice, would not under ordinary circumstances have met his views of what was most desirable. If, after all, it was not to be, of which, as it seemed, there was a possibility, a slight sensation of relief would have mingled with his feelings. But then the disclosures of this interview were to be regretted, since they must have a permanently depressing effect upon Alice's mind, with none of the compensating advantages which he had expected. Upon the whole, he was excessively puzzled.

"Try not to be cast down, dear Alice," said he. "You are still our daughter, and shall never lack our tenderest care. You shall not be lonely. Everything that has been pleasant to you shall encompass you still. What I have told you no other shall ever know. As to your inclinations towards Detmold, your plans in the future, whatever they may be, — whatever seems good to you, — shall receive our sanction and approval."

This mention brought back to Alice all that she had momentarily forgotten. She was joined to Detmold by an inscrutable decree. She rested with him under the shadow of his ancestral disgrace. It was now hers also. It seemed to join their destinies indissolubly. His features arose before her mentally as he had so often conjured up hers. She

would have wished to banish their sad and dejected aspect. His sensitive and noble character, the history in which he was so lamentably, if blamelessly, involved, his foolish worship of herself, filled her with ineffable tenderness.

The distress into which she had at first been plunged gave way, in contemplating the possibilities of the future, to a sweet sense of dignity. A nobility of spirit that had hitherto for the most part lain dormant was awakened. The mission of the comforter — dearest and most fitting to woman — was open to her. She could now look forward with eagerness to being the helpmeet of her husband, to dissipating his moods of depression, to cheering him on in his struggle with the world. She saw herself appointed, as she thought, in pursuance of a far-reaching plan, to administer the concluding rites of a long expiation. Doubtless the period of sorrow was near its end. But she said: "I know he must hate me now, I was so cold and unfeeling."

There was another misgiving. He had looked up to her as the embodiment of perfections, social as well as all others. Her station and manner of life were possibly a tangible factor in his admiration. Now that she was touched with the stigma from the contact of which he had shrank so fearfully, — now that she too was of an inglorious parentage and dependent upon the bounty of her good friends, would there be no change in him? It remained to be seen.

The interview was long and tender. Alice obtained, although Mr. Starfield would have avoided it, the detailed story of her family. She cried over it, and he reiterated again and again his assurances of affection and continued interest. At its conclusion she gave herself up to the work of answering Detmold's letter. Perhaps something of its purport may be divined, but it was not received for man a long day after. It strayed about from place to place, and reached him at last covered with postmarks and strange indorsements, too late to have any bearing upon the events of this narrative.

Meanwhile Detmold, awaiting at Trsimene an answer — though it should

a cold and formal one — that never came, found in this neglect an unmistakable assurance of hardness and contempt. A fit of indignation took him. He fell into a rage with the injustice of destiny, as though it were now for the first time that he discovered it. As if he had natural rights which Providence could infringe upon, he set himself to complain bitterly of his injuries. Has not every man his own life to live? Has he not the consequences of his own sins and follies and omissions? — and heavy enough they are. Why should the guilt of any other — relative, parent, it mattered not who or how near — be suffered to work attainer upon him? When suggestions of his early religious training came to him, and tried to whisper resignation in the well-worn maxims with which he had once been content, he said savagely, “No, all is not for the best; all is for the worst.”

His anger did not spare Alice. She too should have recognized this injustice. She should have been considerate and noble; but instead she lent herself to be the most cruel minister of the Moloch of destiny which punishes the innocent for the guilty.

This indignation served as a tonic. It braced up his energies, — with a cynical, malignant tenseness, it is true, but yet so effectually as to render him again useful to himself. He was weary of moping and longed for action. He came down from his hill city to the great artery, and was absorbed again into the fervid circulation of the world he had left. He betook himself to Venice. For Verona, the dim, rich city of his early admiration, he conceived an aversion amounting to loathing. He could not bear to set foot in it. He caused his effects, lying since his departure in his empty chamber at the Grazzini palace, to be forwarded to him.

He went about his work with a kind of ferocity. He made his drawings with quick, nervous strokes, stopping little to delight in the delicious melting of colors, or to muse over the memories of the past. What cared he for Doges and Councilors of Ten, the splendid state of

the grandees of painting, for hapless queens of Cyprus, or captives in the dungeons of ducal prisons, for ruined hopes of the remote past, when his own were so sharp and real and present? He floated in a black, steel-prowed gondola up the vistas of the narrower water-ways and among the stately structures of the Grand Canal, too often given over to common uses. He noted how signal-ly the effect of dignity and decorum in life is bound up with the plebeian virtues of neatness and scrupulous attention. Without them, palaces incrustated with ornaments could be even squalid. In a remote quarter of dilapidated Murano there was one that especially pleased him. It was of the best age, of red brick and precious marbles, but sordid clothing and utensils swung from its balconies and lofty portal. Coarse freights of hay and wood were unloaded at the water staircase and piled in the frescoed chambers. The domicile of his own existence, he said, fantastically in search of analogies, was similar — despoiled of the fair manner of life that should have graced it, and degraded to ignoble uses.

He passed, now and then, a private gondola, with oarsmen in white having broad silk hat-bands and scarfs of scarlet and yellow, with a Venetian dame within, reading or languidly waving her fan. In front of his apartment on the Riva Schiavoni lay always some fishing-boats with colored sails and painted belts of ornament. From his window at night he could see the moonlight streaming over the lagoons. When he sometimes awoke, far into the morning, to hear from a passing gondola voices singing to the music of a guitar, the faded city became for a moment the Venice of imagination.

The August heat was parching, but he swam every day at the Lido or the floating baths, and managed to endure it. At one of these places he met the artist Gilderoy, who was still endeavoring to make sail upon his phantom ships of Tarshish, and heard from him of the death of Castelbarco. It was the first circumstance that aroused him from the useless contemplation of himself.

XVII.

THE CHANCES OF AN ALPINE PASS.

The death of Castelbarco made a profound but not very lasting impression upon Hyson. He had not lost an intimate friend, and no long-established trains of habit were broken. He assisted at the formal obsequies at Verona. There were in public no excessive manifestations of grief on the part of either of the parents. Perhaps there was a measure of consolation in the coming to the front of the remaining son, the student from Padua. He was a sagacious, proud young man, and, to his mother's view, at least, all that Antonio was not.

Our light-hearted friend mused, as the custom is in the face of such afflictions, upon the transitoriness of human affairs. How easily it might have been he instead of Castelbarco, who was tucked away so quietly under-ground, with the world moving on just as usual above him! He speculated upon the various theories he knew of concerning that great hereafter in which, if it were indeed his own case, he should now be playing some misty sort of a part. He determined to give the whole matter his fullest consideration at some future time. At present it was baffling, and by degrees he dropped it.

No word of Detmold had yet been received except a brief note at his lodgings, with directions about the care of his effects. Hyson concluded that he felt lonely, and made up his mind to go and take a vacation in Switzerland, where he knew he should fall in with acquaintances. He fell in almost immediately with a very agreeable acquaintance. It was Emilia. He met her at Stresa. She had joined her Milan master and his wife, who were continuing the instruction of a portion of their class during the vacation at this pretty port on Lake Maggiore. He hung about for a few days, and saw as much of the attractive young girl as he could under a strict though somewhat overtaxed supervision.

He walked with her on the veranda of a hotel which looked off upon the Borromean Islands, the blue water, and bluer mountains. There are villas with white walls and red roofs. Over the portal of one of them is a motto of Horace, from the verse in which he inscribes his moderate wishes: "*Hoc erat in votis.*" On the beach are women washing, under the striped awnings that shade their roller platforms. "This is the panorama business," he said, "without any discount."

They spoke of the terrible scene they had lately witnessed together. Emilia shuddered with something of her original terror, and prayed fervently that she might ever be protected from another such sight. Hyson ingratiated himself with the professor by complimenting his English. As an American he was perhaps accorded a little more freedom than had he been of another nationality. He was even invited to join in an evening rowing party. Emilia, with her shapely head thrown back, under the white radiance of the moon, sang songs of surpassing sweetness. The pretty and ingenuous young girl had made a winning impression upon him. He preferred her to a number of society belles he could have named from his wide acquaintance. She manifested a frank liking for him, also, and did not affect to conceal her regret when he was going away. From this time he began to send her back as mementoes little articles picked up in his travels. She responded in occasional notes of thanks quaintly expressed.

Hyson flitted from place to place. He saw the Starfields at Geneva and learned the date when they were going to make an excursion through the Bernese Oberland. Towards the time, he set out thither himself from the side of Lucerne. One evening he walked into the hotel at the Baths of Rosenlaui, and found Detmold sitting there, with a careworn expression.

"*Hal-lo, long-lost stranger!*" said he in astonishment. Then, more gayly, "You have a pretty account to give of yourself, I promise you."

His idea was that they should sit down at once to dinner and have a square, old-fashioned talk. But Detmold was not found solicitous for an old-fashioned talk, or scarcely for talk of any kind. He had supposed, in fact, that his story in his absence would be bandied about from one to another. It would come to Hyson as well as the rest, and from him, too, he should meet with coldness and disdain. That it did not prove so at present disconcerted him; but he had no flippant theory ready to account for his movements, and he took refuge in reserve. He heard Hyson's account of the tragic fate of Castelbarco, and speculations as to whether it could have been remorse or some other trouble that had caused his singular conduct, with little comment. When he learned that the Starfields were possibly to be encountered on this very route, he had an impulse to go back. Then he determined not to be turned out of his course. She had made him all the trouble she was going to. He supposed one had a right to travel on a public highway. He told Hyson he was going into Germany, and should probably sail for home before a great while. The latter desisted from inquiries, which he saw were unwelcome. During their next day's journey together along the zigzag foot-path of this delightful region, he confined himself to general topics or his own affairs.

Two days later the pair might have been discovered detained by stress of weather at the Little Scheideck. It is a resting point on the narrow ridge between the Jungfrau and Lauberhorn, and commands a glorious backward view over the valley of Grindelwald. It had rained and snowed for nearly forty-eight hours. Fogs, of the consistency of locomotive smoke, puffed against the glass, and twirled heavily among the grass blades in the few feet of foreground, which at other moments a sunbeam touched with a furtive, yellow radiance. The paths were slippery from melting snow mingling with their clay. In the intermissions of an icy wind the air was epid as on a day of January thaw in

New England. The fires smoked and added to the discomfort of Hyson, already oppressed for lack of his out-of-door exercise. Detmold, instead of being a relief to him, remained mostly by himself, reading, and gave him a sense of being disagreeably rebuffed. The only other travelers confined with him were a French-speaking artist from Geneva, and a gray-bearded English botanist, as garrulous as Polonius. The painter was a sufficient adept in Alpine weather to take his delay philosophically. The botanist was glad of it as an opportunity to put his collections in order.

"You have probably seen my communication, in the last Swiss Times, using up 'Veritas,'" said the botanist, as the young man paused a moment beside him in his uneasy wandering up and down.

"Was that yours?" he exclaimed, affecting an intense interest as a distraction, though he knew nothing of Veritas, and almost as little of the Swiss Times.

"Yes, the impudence of him! To deny that *Epimedium Alpinum* is found in England! I can bring him to a spot in Cumberland where it is to be had in cart-loads. But he is an ignorant dog. I have had a tussle with him before, if it be the fellow I think it is. He claimed that *Cyperus fuscus* is not an annual."

"Heavens! no?" said Hyson.

"He did."

But his listener, already bored, moved on to the window. He brought his field glass. The glittering Jungfrau showed through momentary displacements of the mists, as if they were riven by silvery lightnings.

"There are compensations," said the painter good-naturedly, joining him; "for instance, we have no dust."

Towards four o'clock the weather partially cleared. The flowers, the verdure, the red châteaux, the glaciers and falling cataracts of the valley, showed with tender freshness. The slopes close at hand rose spotless white, the stains and debris of their mighty erosions hidden by the new-fallen snow.

Travelers were seen coming up from the side of Lauterbrunnen. There were

a lady and gentleman on horseback, and a guide in dirt-colored clothes trudged heavily with his shoes full of water, leading the lady's horse.

"Now things will be decently lively," said Hyson, as he watched their approach. They were the arrivals he had been expecting, — Alice and her father. He hurried down to welcome them.

There was mud upon the young lady's small boots, and the blue cloak with black frogs in which she was enveloped was very wet. It had a hood, drawn over the head during the journey, to the detriment of the feather of her hat, but now lowered and forming a cowl-like background to her charming face. There were beads of moisture in the braids of her hair, and its light filaments, that usually floated, hung limp upon her damp but rosy cheeks.

"Oh, we *never* had such a soaking in our lives!" said she. "Please do not look at us till we go and lay aside our bathing costumes."

They were shaking and stamping off the wet, and the host was offering his hospitalities. Alice was giving little renovating taps with a thumb and forefinger to the ill-used feather. Detmold came in. He had been trying to snatch a few moments' exercise on the other side of the plateau, with an umbrella and overshoes. He had seen the horses led away, but had no suspicion who had arrived. It was preposterous to think of her being out in such weather, and by another day he would be over the pass.

His eye rested for a second upon the group with the cursory glance one gives to strangers, then flashed with astonished recognition. He had not considered what he should do if he met her. Indeed, it had hardly appeared that he should ever meet her again, all being irremediably over, even to their ever seeing or hearing of each other. He took off his hat distantly, and was going to pass by. But Mr. Starfield stepped forward and cordially gave him his hand. Alice offered hers. Their eyes met. His were impassive; in hers there almost seemed something like reproach, — but that was incredible.

"We were yawning ourselves to death," said Hyson. "You have no idea what a godsend you are."

"So you have been here for some time. I thought that perhaps Mr. Detmold had just arrived." She turned kindly to him. "Then you escaped this wretched storm?"

"Not entirely," he answered. "It overtook us with some severity before we reached here, — the evening before last."

"We overtook *it*, rather, as I think," said Hyson. "These Alpine storms are very local. This one, probably, belongs on the mountain and nowhere else. Perhaps we could walk out of it if we chose, just as we walked into it."

"It belongs to Lauterbrunnen at least, as we can bear witness," said Alice. "It has rained there for three days. We were so tired of waiting that we determined to come to-day, anyhow. The guides said it was likely to clear up, and it really was not very bad at starting."

"Well, it has, you see."

"Oh, yes, so opportunely, — just as we were under cover and out of it!"

When Alice came down, after half an hour's delay, in dry garments, the two young men were sitting at one end of a long dining-table, which served between meals for miscellaneous purposes. At the other end the cloth was being laid. Her dress was of a substantial kind calculated for rough usage, but not entirely free from certain coqueties. Her hair was now smooth. She wore little golden ear-rings in the shape of bells. Perhaps across the colossal purpose of Detmold to keep his thoughts austere free of her may have come a fancy of the bleak stone hostelry, inclosing this charming figure, as a sturdy weather-beaten jewel-case. She entered hesitatingly. Hyson precipitated himself to place a chair for her.

The conversation went on chiefly between those two. Detmold replied in scarcely more than monosyllables to the overtures in his direction. How could she come there and talk flippant trifles to him! Were they going to sit and play with straws in the belt devastated

by a tornado? He looked at her with a sense of immeasurable distance. The orbit in which she moved henceforth seemed almost a subject for telescopic researches, like that of a planet.

At dinner the discourse was confined to neutral topics. Reminiscences of all kinds were avoided, even by Hyson, who now had clearly defined suspicions. Still he hardly ventured the observation on the Alpine weather that it was like lovers and love-making.

"There is altogether too much coyness and moping," said he, "when a little effusion is the thing most in demand, and a reckless prodigality of attentions when one is too disgusted to care anything about them."

Alice was full of animation. Detmold confessed, with miserable pangs, that she had never been more seductive. She told of their adventures coming up the mountain. They had stopped in a chalet to get warm. The fire was of green sticks, and made her cough. There was a little child there with a marmotte, she said. "I made her sing me a song, and I was afraid she would hug the poor little animal to death, in her embarrassment. How did it go? Let me see— Ah— ah— a—

' Ah ! voulez-vous voir la marmotte,
La marmotte en vie ?
Ah, donnez quelque chose à Javotte
Pour sa marmotte en vie.' "

Detmold found himself drawn into the conversation in spite of himself. It was managed with a delicate persistency. He was deferred to and appealed to in such ways that he could not have avoided it without incivility. The eyes of Alice were turned to him with an appearance of interest that was of course an optical illusion. Naturally all this was but a polite effort to conceal for the moment the deep impression which the revelations concerning him had made.

At the conclusion of the repast the company dispersed variously. Hyson thought of making a purchase from the good-natured painter, and went to examine his portfolios to see what it should be. Mr. Starfield allowed himself to be captured by the loquacious naturalist.

Whether by accident or design, ample opportunities were open to Detmold to be alone with Alice. He took no advantage of them, but went and stood by the window in a small reception room whither the botanist and his listener had repaired, and where a merry party of German tourists—later arrivals—were waiting to be summoned to a supplementary meal.

The sun was setting coldly. There were again dashes of rain against the panes. The wind sighed as drearily about the corners of the rugged building that evening of August as in late November at Lakeport. The chattering tourists flocked away, at a signal, to their dinner.

"The landlord has some fossil specimens illustrating this very point," said the naturalist. "Shall we step and see them for a moment?" and he carried off his listener, leaving Detmold alone. His pain, dulled by time and absence, was renewed in something like its original intensity. This useless meeting, he reflected, was all that was needed to exhaust upon him every resource of a malicious fate. Presently there was a light rustle, and turning he saw Alice.

"Pardon," said she, "I was looking for papa. I thought I heard him talking here."

"He was here a moment ago, and I think meant to return."

"I hope I do not intrude. I will wait for him. I see you are looking at the weather. Shall we have more rain to-morrow?"

"I am a poor weather prophet," said he, making way for her at the window, sorely puzzled.

Could it be, now, that she was good after all, capable of estimating his case with a measure of sympathy? But no, or she would have written. It is but a few days from Trasimene to Geneva; there had been the fullest allowance for delays. No; this was but her whim, to amuse herself in the absence of a more engrossing occupation. In this way he set up between himself and every favorable suggestion the morbid sensitiveness which, instead of any actual maltreat-

ment by the world, had been his bane through life.

"Do you not think it a rather strange coincidence that we should arrive here from opposite directions almost at the same time?" she began.

"It seems somewhat so," he replied stiffly.

It was evident that there was to be, by her desire, some sort of an explanation. He did not wish for any. No explanation except such a one as he had persuaded himself was hopelessly out of the question, namely, that she loved him and might still be his, could be of any avail.

They looked out upon the dismal prospect in silence. Detmold thought of that idyllic afternoon upon the hill-side at Torri. Far greater than the dissimilarity of the two scenes was the difference between the happy future then seeming to open before him and that he now darkly contemplated. The interview, with such a disposition on one side, did not progress easily.

"This mountaineering seems to me very severe," she ventured again. "And you, how do you stand it? Do you never take cold?" It was said almost caressingly, as though it were of consequence whether he did or not. What deliberate torture! He had an impulse to go away and leave her standing there. But he said, No, he was used to knocking about. The elements inconvenienced him very little.

"It was the greatest surprise, you know, to find you here," she persevered, struggling with a consciousness of excessive inanity.

"I am not going to remain. I was not intending to. I shall go down the mountain in the morning."

"Oh, I did not mean that we were not glad to see you. I am sure you did not think I meant that. Only—we—did not know where you were."

"I—wrote a letter from Trasimene," he replied, huskily. The explanation had begun. In what would it end?

"Yes, we—papa—that is, I received your letter. It was much delayed. I replied to it at once."

"You replied? But no reply ever reached me."

His reserve was beginning to be thawed by wonder and dimly suggested possibilities. He debated how to ask her what had been its purport.

"You would not exactly care to— You probably don't entirely recollect just what"—

"Why, certainly. I said, you know, that— Of course the precise words—I think I have a copy among my baggage somewhere. It got blotted just after it was finished, and I happened to keep it. I will go and get it. I would like to have you see—I am so sorry you did not get it, because you must have thought"— And she went away in search of it.

It did not seem to be a work of difficulty. No sooner had she reached her chamber than she held up her dainty skirt with one hand, felt in a pocket in the folds of it, and produced it. She read it, straightened a cheap lithograph on the wall, drummed on the bureau, read it again, smoothed her hair, opened and shut her satchel twice, rang the bell, and sent the missive down by a servant. Then she went and listened with rapt attention to the tiresome botanist, and avoided the place where Detmold was until she was obliged to accompany her father and other people thither.

It was not much of a letter, but if you had brought all the most treasured manuscripts of Christendom to Detmold to exchange for it you would have had them left on your hands. It was dated Geneva, the 8th of August. It read:—

DEAR MR. DETMOLD,— Your letter of July 16th has only just been received, having been forwarded from place to place, owing to my frequent changes of address. I regret the delay so much, as my apparent neglect to reply must have seemed very strange. I am extremely pained by the tone of unhappiness that pervades it. I do not think it is warranted by the facts. I am sure that there is nothing in them to reflect discredit upon you personally, if all were known. I think this would be the opin-

ion of all those, at least, whose opinions are of any value. Circumstances have happened quite recently to make the story of a special interest to me even apart from your connection with it.

[This reference was all she permitted herself to the revelation of her parentage. It was a compromise between an impulse to relate the whole and a decision to await the opportunity of a meeting, if it should then seem desirable. Detmold read and re-read the sentence without arriving at any solution of its meaning.]

We are shortly to start for a little trip over the Wengern Alp, but our address is always kept at the bank in the Petite Corraterie. Do you not find Central Italy very warm in summer? Papa has read your letter, and his views coincide with mine. The respect and esteem he has entertained for you are not diminished. Sincerely your friend,

ALICE STARFIELD.

Detmold was now burning to speak to her; but, though sending him an occasional glance, which was not forbidding, across the room, she gave him no opportunity. His moroseness gave place to an immoderate enthusiasm. He made an extraordinary virtue of her action in this matter. She was all of generous and noble in nature that he had ever dreamed. Yes, it was proved. But Alice, having been forced by his obduracy to go so far, — lengths of which she would not have believed herself capable, — was afflicted with trepidation. In the pretty game of flight and chase which love is, it was she who was again the fugitive.

The company were invited to the dining-room; a clever German gentleman had volunteered to amuse them with impersonations. They were moving thither in a body, Alice with the rest. But Detmold, lingering, managed to intercept her, and asked for a word.

"But — this is to be very entertaining. The ladies say he is a real genius. We ought not to miss it."

"A moment — just a moment, Miss Alice."

"Well — but" —

"I want to say what a very kind letter it is. I thought you were coming back. I have read it twenty times."

"It is not kind; it is only just."

"And you have neither the disdain nor fear of me I dreaded?"

"Why, of course not!"

"Stay — yet a moment. Your letter was perhaps just, but it was also noble. It was worthy of you. I know," he continued, hesitatingly, "that I ought to be satisfied with justice, and that I am infatuated to think of more. But because I am infatuated, because I find in it a renewed pretext for presumption, because justice and esteem and friendship are of scarcely more worth to me than aversion without — your love, I am going on to ask for it once more, to ask if it may not be possible that this great happiness is yet in store for me."

He turned towards her, and his face was full of tenderness.

She cast her eyes down, and, with a charming pretense of pouting and still making a movement to go, said, in a voice that assumed an injured tone, "I am sure, I do not think one ought to make *all* the advances. I" —

But even while she hesitated and complained her lover put his arm about her, and it was completed. Her head rested against his shoulder with a delicious yielding. The countless invisible filaments of attraction that had floated between them were knit in this moment and intertwined beyond the possibility of rupture.

"What an insufferable idiot I was!" he exclaimed, raising both her hands to his lips. "I could knock my head against the wall. *You* were actually making love to *me*, and I repulsed you."

"What must you think of me?" she returned.

"Nobody was ever lifted before from such distress to such a happiness," said Detmold. "I cannot credit that after it all I am really to have so sweet and noble a wife."

The words revived a memory that had been strangely forgotten in the agitation of these moments. She disengaged herself with an earnest, even sad demeanor.

"Why did I not tell you," she said, "what was already upon my tongue? It is I who have a secret now, and perhaps it is your turn to shrink from me. But you must hear it. I too have an inherited disgrace. It is much heavier than yours, because it was never relieved by any such admirable atonement."

"Ah! you are trying to imagine something to keep me in countenance; but it is not necessary. Once I know that you love me, you shall see how self-satisfied I am going to be."

"No, really and truly," protested Alice.

"Well, then, — inherited disgrace? Come on — what next? The reputation of your family is spotless. How — But make me no confessions. You are what you are; what do I care for anything besides?"

"My father was involved in guilt very similar to that of yours. It is what I referred to in my note. Did you know it?"

"Your father? I do not understand. Is not Mr. Starfield your father? — one of the most upright of men?"

"Only by virtue of his own goodness of heart. I am an adopted daughter. You knew that?"

"I recall that I had dimly heard it. But what does it matter? Do not distress yourself with vexatious reminiscences, I beg."

"It does matter. Do you know who my father was? I myself had never learned until after the receipt of your letter. He was — James Belford, the partner in your father's crime."

"Oh, wonderful!" cried Detmold, his hands clasped in a sort of exaltation. "Now you are indeed mine. Now we are indeed united."

He would have drawn her to him, but she still kept him gently at a little distance.

"Take care," she said; "are you sure that you love me now — with nothing — after such a history? It is worse for a woman, you know."

"You have everything," said the young man, passionately. "You are perfect!"

XVIII.

THE END.

"Oh, how joyful it is," concludes, in her most stirring work, a writer who ensnares our interest with apparitions and abductions and mortal combats, with pictures of virtue and vice as strongly contrasted as the Cimmerian dungeons and banquetting halls of light in which they are enacted, "to tell of happiness such as that of Valancourt and Emily; to relate that, after suffering under the oppression of the vicious and the disdain of the weak, they were at length restored to each other, to the beloved landscapes of their country, to the securest felicity of this life! Oh, useful may it be to have shown that though the vicious can sometimes pour afflictions upon the good, their power is transient and their punishment certain; and that innocence, though oppressed by injustice, shall, supported by patience, finally triumph over misfortune!"

Useful indeed! But yet more useful would it be to show how the good might remain always and unalterably good, and deserve and be subjected to no inconveniences but those attributable to the machinations of the wicked. How simple were both life and books could they but be accurately summarized under the clear-cut moralities of the good Mrs. Radcliffe! But it is not to draw attention to a novel proposition to insist a little more that the poison flower of unmitigated depravity is of rare growth; and just as rare the white blossom of immaculate innocence. Inherited traits, social conventionalities, exposure to unavoidable contingencies, are in these days of comparative quiet, at least, the chief agencies through which destiny, overhanging like a vast atmosphere, exerts its pressure upon every square inch of human endeavor. It has not been deemed obligatory in this narrative to show the wicked exalted and the good cast down, nor indeed *vice versa*. The motives of both Detmold and Alice have been confessedly mixed; and would it be

just to esteem Castelbarco wholly a villain? His ill-regulated passion, the misery of Detmold, the calm melancholy of Miss Lonsdale, seem hardly to need an explanation outside of the constitution of human affairs for which individuals are little responsible.

In spite of the view which would make nothing true to life but disappointment and a jangling of cross-purposes, it is not certain that it will be indefensible now, in the end, to trace to our personages a measure of the good fortune of Valancourt and Emily. Happiness, though rarer, is not less realistic than misery. It is perhaps the business of the romancer to seek out those instances in which it especially prevails, and to present them as a relief, a species of redress of grievances, from the more ordinary course of affairs. It does not remain to tell, therefore, that Detmold returns to Lakeport to struggle and despond over a renewal of an architectural practice that never was established, while his betrothed grows old and fades, and becomes set and finical in character, waiting for a success that may never come. Nor would a further indebtedness to the generous man to whom Alice already owed so much be tolerable.

It remains to tell that the agitating news of the death of Detmold's father was received soon after the events last narrated. He died and was buried with honor in the community where he had sinned and suffered. His estate was found to be of considerable value. A keen remorse mingled with Detmold's sorrow for his loss. His long abandonment of him, now that it was too late to atone for it, seemed more than ever shameful. He accepted with some misgiving the fortune that made his union with Alice possible; she shared in his regrets. She had cherished a wish to do something for the declining years of a character which she looked upon as cast in a heroic mold.

Within a seemingly time the wedding took place, at Geneva. It was the fancy of both to make their bridal tour to Verona. They alighted again at the Torre d'Oro al gran Parigi, and visited all the

familiar places. His apartment and the bridge where he had stood on that miserable night of the disclosure were not forgotten.

Oh, the strange sweetness to Detmold of those first days together! Was indeed this proud and flower-like beauty his at last? He recalled her as he had first known her, and at the time when there had seemed such an impassable gulf between them. A too vivid recollection could almost at moments cause a renewal of his old timidity before her.

She assumed little airs of proprietorship. She took an interest in his pronunciation of French, in his preferences of the table, in his dress. She said, "You must always brush your hair up a little in front. It is more in keeping with your style of forehead." Each time that she pronounced his name, — Louis, — it was like a caress.

She had received the shadow upon her life very sweetly. It gave her gravity and insight. It developed latent, more precious qualities, as the beauty of shells and pebbles is developed by a wave that draws a darker margin around them on the sand. The ancestral disgrace, so shared, had nothing any longer chilly or forbidding. Perhaps it may rather have seemed to them like one of the rich planes of shadow in the piazzas of Verona, a spot of refuge in a too gairish sunlight.

Neither could look upon their union as an ordinary marriage. They saw in it the end of a mysterious cycle, the close of a long act of expiation, perhaps a sign that, in the great adjustment of values of good and evil, the guilt followed by such bitter consequences was made as if it had never been. Their fathers were associated together for ignominy; they believed themselves given to each other for honor and happiness.

Is it, then, intended to present this young man, who has simply moped through life endeavoring to avoid an unpleasant situation, who has accomplished nothing, that we are apprised of, except to marry a beautiful wife who is presumably also an heiress, as an especially admirable person?

He is presented simply for what he is; there are both better and worse. If it were legitimate to try to arouse an interest in him for what he may be rather than for what he has been, it might be said as a favorable indication for his future that he cherishes a high ideal; prosperity does not diminish his diligence or render him more easily content with his own achievements. The effect of continued unhappiness and straitened circumstances is not less dwarfing than that of unvaried ease. Detmold has had the broadening experience of both. It would seem that he is at least likely to rise to eminence in the profession he has chosen and exert an important influence upon his section.

The Paradise Valley is not yet irrigated in accordance with the views of its sanguine proprietor. It is found that private enterprise in California, as in Italy, must be preceded by a comprehen-

sive system of public works. But any of us may note that interest in the subject is growing. A survey of the great central plain has been ordered, and reports printed, and his flowering meads and orchards, backed by a little Golconda, are by no means an improbability of the future. Meanwhile he has other projects, and does not lack for employment. Our friends at Lakeport often see him in his flying journeys between the East and the West.

"I fear we shall never have you married," Alice has said to him, smiling at some flippant reflection upon womankind.

"Do not despair," he has replied. "Wait until we observe how my little prima donna turns out."

"You still hear from Emilia, then?"

"She is coming to this country. She has lately sent me her picture."

"How does she look?"

"As pretty as red shoes."

W. H. Bishop.

BORDER LANDS.

Oh, good the air of border lands;
Oh, dangerous dear their subtle spell;
Where thralldoms stretch uncertain lands,
And careless, happy outlaws dwell.

'Twixt dawn and day, 'twixt day and night,
In blissful, shadowy realms they lie;
Sweeter than dark, sweeter than light,
Too swift the moments hurry by.

'Twixt hearts that wait and hearts that love,
Their sunny, vague horizons round, —
Who would not journey back to prove
Once more the joys within that bound?

'Twixt life and life, twixt death and death,
Rise this life's narrow, viewless strands;
Who knows how much it entereth
Our joy that they are border lands!

H. H.

DAYS IN JUNE.

EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

JUNE 1, 1852. Evening. To the Lee place. The moon about full. The sounds I hear by the bridge; the mid-summer frog (I think it is not the toad), the night-hawk, crickets, the peet-weet (it is early), the hum of dor-bugs, and the whippoorwill. The boys are coming home from fishing, for the river is down at last. The moving clouds are the drama of moonlight nights and never-failing entertainment of nightly travelers. You can never foretell the fate of the moon, — whether she will prevail over or be obscured by the clouds, half an hour hence. The traveler's sympathy with the moon makes the drama of the shifting clouds interesting. The fate of the moon will disappoint all expectations. Her own light creates the shadows in the advancing clouds, and exaggerates her destiny.

June 1, 1853. Quite a fog this morning. Does it not always follow the cooler nights after the first really warm weather about the end of May? — Saw a water-snake yesterday with its tail twisted about some dead-weed stubble, and quite dry and stiff, as if it were preparing to shed its skin. . . .

Bees are swarming now, and those who keep them often have to leave their work in haste to secure them.

P. M. To Walden. Summer begins now, about a week past, with the expanded leaves, the shade, and warm weather. Cultivated fields, too, are leaving out, that is, corn and potatoes coming up. Most trees have leaved and are now forming fruit. Young berries, too, are forming, and birds are being hatched. Dor-bugs and other insects have come forth, the first warm evening after showers. The birds have now [all?] come, and no longer fly in flocks. The hylodes are no longer heard; the bull-frogs begin to trump. Thick and extensive fogs in the morning begin. Plants are rapidly growing, shooting. Hoeing corn

has commenced. The first bloom of the year is over. It is now the season of growth. Have not wild animals now henceforth their young, and fishes, too?

The pincushion galls on young white oaks are now among the most beautiful objects in the woods, — coarse, woolly, white, spotted with bright red or crimson on the exposed side. It is remarkable that a mere gall, which at first we are inclined to regard as something abnormal, should be made so beautiful, as if it were the flower of the tree; that a disease, an excrescence, should prove, perchance, the greatest beauty, as the tear of the pearl; beautiful scarlet sins they may be. Through our temptations, aye, and our falls, our virtues appear. As in many a character, many a poet, we see that beauty exhibited in a gall which was meant to have bloomed in a flower, unchecked. Such, however, is the accomplishment of the world. The poet cherishes his chagrin and sets his sighs to music. This gall is the tree's Ode to Dejection. How oft it chances that the apparent fruit of a shrub, its apple, is merely a gall or blight! How many men, meeting with some blast in the moist, growing days of their youth, so that what should have been a sweet and palatable fruit in them becomes a mere puff and excrescence, say that they have experienced religion! Their fruit is a gall, a puff, an excrescence, for want of moderation and continence. So many plants never ripen their fruit. . . .

The news of the explosion of the powder mills was not only carried seaward by the cloud which its smoke made, but more effectually, though more slowly, by the fragments which were floated thither by the river. M—— yesterday showed me quite a pile of fragments and short pieces of large timber, still black with powder, which he had saved as they were drifting by. . . . Some, no doubt,

were carried down to the Merrimack, and by the Merrimack to the ocean, till, perchance, they got into the Gulf Stream and were cast upon the coast of Norway, covered with barnacles, — or who can tell on what more distant strand? — still bearing traces of burnt powder, still capable of telling how and where they were launched to those who can read their signs. Mingling with wrecks of vessels, which told a different tale, this wreck of a powder-mill was cast up on some outlandish strand, and went to swell the pile of drift-wood — collected by some native — shouldered by whales, alighted on at first by the musk-rat and the peet-weet, and finally, perhaps, by the stormy petrel and other beach birds. It is long before nature forgets it. How slowly the ruins are being dispersed. . . .

I am as white as a miller — a rye-miller, at least — with the lint from the young leaves and twigs. The tufts of pinks on the side of the peak by the pond grow raying out from a centre, somewhat like a cyme, on the warm, dry side hill, — some a lighter, some a richer and darker shade of pink. With what a variety of colors we are entertained! Yet most colors are rare or in small doses, presented to us as a condiment or spice; much of green, blue, black, and white, but of yellow and the different shades of red, far less. The eyes feast on the colors of flowers as on tidbits. I hear now, at five o'clock, a farmer's horn calling the hands in from the field to an early tea. Heard afar by the walker, over the woods, at this hour, or at noon, bursting upon the stillness of the air, putting life into some portion of the horizon, this is one of the most suggestive and pleasing of the country sounds produced by man. I know not how far it is peculiar to New England or the United States. I hear two or three prolonged blasts, as I am walking along, some sultry noon, in the midst of the still woods, — a sound which I know to be produced by human breath, the most sonorous parts of which alone reach me; and I see in my mind's eye the hired men and master dropping the implements of their labor in the field, and wending their way with a sober satisfaction to-

ward the house. I see the well-sweep rise and fall. I see the preparatory ablutions, and the table laden with the smoking meal. It is a significant hum in a distant part of the hive. . . . How much lupine is now in full bloom on bare sandy brows or promontories, running into meadows where the sod is half worn away and the sand exposed! The geraniums are now getting to be common. *Hieracium venosum* just out on this peak, and the snapdragon catchfly is here, abundantly in blossom a little after five P. M., — a pretty little flower, the petals dull crimson beneath or varnished mahogany color, and rose-tinted white within or above. It closed on my way home, but opened again in water in the evening. Its opening in the night chiefly is a fact which interests and piques me. Do any insects visit it then? — Lambkill just beginning, — the very earliest. . . . New, bright, glossy, light-green leaves of the umbelled wintergreen are shooting on this hill-side, but the old leaves are particularly glossy and shining, as if varnished and not yet dry, or most highly polished. Did they look thus in the winter? I do not know any leaf so wet-glossy.

While walking up this hill-side I disturbed a night-hawk eight or ten feet from me, which went half fluttering, half hopping, the mottled creature, like a winged toad (as Nuttall says the French of Louisiana call it), down the hill as far as I could see. Without moving I looked about and saw its two eggs on the bare ground on a slight shelf of the hill, on the dead pine needles and sand, without any cavity or nest whatever; very obvious when once you had detected them, but not easily detected from their color, a coarse gray, formed of white spotted with bluish or slaty brown or amber, — a stone-granite color, like the places it selects. I advanced and put my hand on them, and while I stooped, seeing a shadow on the ground, looked up and saw the bird, which had fluttered down the hill so blind and helpless, circling low and swiftly past over my head, showing the white spot on each wing in true night-hawk fashion. When I had

gone a dozen rods it appeared again, higher in the air, with its peculiar limping kind of flight, all the while noiseless, and suddenly descending it dashed at me within ten feet of my head, like an imp of darkness; then swept away high over the pond, dashing now to this side, now to that, on different tracks, as if, in pursuit of its prey, it had already forgotten its eggs on the earth. I can see how it might easily come to be regarded with superstitious awe. — A cuckoo very plainly heard.

Within little more than a fortnight the woods, from bare twigs, have become a sea of verdure, and young shoots have contended with one another in the race. The leaves are unfurled all over the country. Shade is produced, the birds are concealed, their economies go forward uninterrupted, and a covert is afforded to animals generally. But thousands of worms and insects are preying on the leaves while they are young and tender. Myriads of little parasols are suddenly spread all the country over to shield the earth and the roots of the trees from the parching heat, and they begin to flutter and to rustle in the breeze.

From Bare Hill there is a mist on the landscape, giving it a glaucous appearance. Now I see gentlemen and ladies sitting in boats at anchor on the lakes, in the calm afternoons, under parasols, making use of nature. The farmer, hoeing, is wont to look with scorn and pride on a man sitting in a motionless boat a whole half day, but he does not realize that the object of his own labor is perhaps merely to add another dollar to his heap, nor through what coarseness and inhumanity to his family and servants he often accomplishes this. He has an Irishman or a Canadian working for him by the month, and what, probably, is the lesson he is teaching him by precept and example? Will it make that laborer more of a man? this earth more like heaven?

June 1, 1857. P. M. To hill. The weather has been less reliable for a few weeks past than at any other season of the year. Though fair in the forenoon,

it may rain in the afternoon, and the continuance of the showers surpasses all expectation. After several days of rain a fair day may succeed, and you close your eyes at night on a star-lit sky, but you awake unexpectedly to a steady rain in the morning.

A redwing's nest, four eggs, low in a tuft of sedge in an open meadow. What Champollion can translate the hieroglyphics on these eggs? It is always writing of the same character, though much diversified. While the bird picks up the material and lays this egg, who determines the style of the marking? When you approach, away dashes the dark mother, betraying her nest, and then chatters her anxiety from a neighboring bush, where she is soon joined by the red-shouldered male, who comes scolding over your head, chattering and uttering a sharp "phe phe-e."

I hear the note of a bobolink concealed in the top of an apple-tree behind me. Though this bird's full strain is ordinarily somewhat trivial, this one appears to be meditating a strain as yet unheard in meadow or orchard. *Paulo majora canamus*. He is just touching the strings of his theorbo, his glassichord, his water organ, and one or two notes globe themselves and fall in liquid bubbles from his tuning throat. It is as if he touched his harp within a vase of liquid melody, and when he lifted it out the notes fell like bubbles from the trembling strings. Methinks they are the most liquidly sweet and melodious sounds I ever heard. They are as refreshing to my ear as the first distant tinkling and gurgling of a rill to a thirsty man. Oh, never advance farther in your art; never let us hear your full strain, sir! But away he launches, and the meadow is all bespattered with melody. Its notes fall with the apple blossoms in the orchard. The very divinest part of his strain drops from his overflowing breast *singultim*, in globes of melody. It is the foretaste of such strains as never fell on mortal ears, to hear which we should rush to our doors and contribute all that we possess and are. Or it seemed as if in that vase full of melody some notes

sphered themselves, and from time to time bubbled up to the surface, and were with difficulty repressed.

June 2, 1841. I am brought into the near neighborhood, and am become a silent observer, of the moon to-night by means of a glass, while the frogs are peeping all around me on the earth, and the sound of the accordion seems to come from some bright saloon yonder. I am sure the moon floats in a human atmosphere; it is but a distant scene of the world's drama. It is a wide theatre the gods have given us, and our actions must befit it. More sea and land, mountain and valley here is, — a further West, — a freshness and wildness in reserve when all the land shall be cleared.

I see three little lakes between the hills near its edge, reflecting the sun's rays. The light glimmers as on the water in a tumbler, — so far off do the laws of reflection hold. I seem to see the ribs of the creature. This is the aspect of their day, its outside, their heaven above their heads toward which they breathe their prayers. So much is between me and them. It is noon there, perchance, and ships are at anchor in their havens, or sailing on the seas, and there is a din in the streets, and in this light or shade some leisurely soul contemplates.

But now dor-bugs fly over its disk, and bring me back to earth and night.

June 2, 1853. Half past three A. M. When I awake I hear the low, universal chirping or twittering of the chip-birds, like the bursting head on the surface of the uncorked day. First come, first served. You must taste the first glass of the day's nectar if you would get all the spirit of it. Its fixed air begins to stir and escape. Also the robin's morning song is heard, as in the spring, — earlier than the notes of most other birds, thus bringing back the spring; now rarely heard or noticed in the course of the day.

Four A. M. To Nawshawtuck. I go to the river in a fog — through which I cannot see more than a dozen rods — three or four times as deep as the houses. As I row down the stream, the dark,

dim outlines of the trees on the banks appear coming to meet me on the one hand, while they retreat and are soon concealed in it on the other. My strokes soon bring them behind me. The birds are wide awake, as if knowing that this fog presages a fair day. I ascend Nawshawtuck from the north side. I am aware that I yield to the same influence which inspires the birds and the cockerels whose hoarse courage I hear now vaunted. I would crow like chanticleer in the morning, with all the lustiness that the new day imparts, without thinking of the evening, when I and all of us shall go to roost; with all the humility of the cock that takes his perch upon the highest rail and wakes the country with his clarion brag. Shall not men be inspired as much as cockerels? My feet are soon wet with fog. It is indeed a vast dew. Are not the clouds another kind of dew? Cool nights produce them. Now I have reached the hill-top above the fog at a quarter to five, about sunrise, and all around me is a sea of fog; level and white, reaching nearly to the top of this hill, only the tops of a few high hills appearing as distant islands in the main. Wachusett is a more distant and larger island, an Atlantis in the west; there is hardly one to touch at between me and it. It is just like the clouds beneath you as seen from a mountain. It is a perfect level in some directions, cutting the hills near their summits with a geometrical line, but puffed up here and there, and more and more toward the east, by the influence of the sun. An early freight train is heard, not seen, rushing through the town beneath it. You can get here the impression which the ocean makes, without ever going to the shore. The sea-shore exhibits nothing more grand, or on a larger scale. How grand where it rolls off over Ball's Hill, like a glorious ocean after a storm, just lit by the rising sun. It is as boundless as the view from the highlands of Cape Cod. These are exaggerated billows, the ocean on a larger scale, the sea after some tremendous and unheard-of storm, for the actual sea never appears so tossed up and universally white

with foam and spray as this, now, far in the northeastern horizon, where mountain billows are breaking on some hidden reef or bank. It is tossed up toward the sun and by it into the most boisterous of seas, which no craft, no ocean steamer, is vast enough to sail on. Meanwhile, my hands are numb with cold, and my feet ache with it. Now, at quarter past five, before this southwest wind, it is already grown thin as gossamer in that direction, and woods and houses are seen through it, while it is heaped up toward the sun, and finally becomes so thick there that for a short time it appears in one place a dark, low cloud, such as else can only be seen from mountains; and now long, dark ridges of wood appear through it, and now the sun reflected from the river makes a bright glow in the fog, and now, at half past five, I see the green surface of the meadows, and the water through the trees sparkling with bright reflections. Men will go further and pay more to see a tawdry picture on canvas, a poor, painted scene, than to behold the fairest or grandest scene that nature ever displays in their immediate vicinity, although they may never have seen it in their lives. . . .

Cherry birds are the only ones I see in flocks now. I can tell them afar by their peculiar fine springy note. . . .

Four p. m. To Conantum. . . . Arethusas are abundant in what I may call Arethusa Meadow. They are the more striking for growing in such green localities in meadows where the brilliant purple, more or less red, contrasts with the green grass. Found four perfect arrowheads, and one imperfect, in the potato field just plowed up, for the first time that I remember, at the Hubbard bathing place. . . .

Clintonia borealis a day or two. Its beauty at present consists chiefly in its commonly three very handsome, rich, clear, dark-green leaves, which Bigelow describes truly as "more than half a foot long, oblanceolate, smooth, and shining." They are perfect in form and color, broadly oblanceolate, with a deep channel down the middle, uninjured by

insects, arching over from a centre at the ground; and from their midst rises the scape, a foot high, with one or more umbels of "green, bell-shaped flowers," — yellowish-green, nodding or bent downward, but without fragrance. In fact, the plant is all green, both leaves and corolla. The leaves alone — and many have no scape — would detain the walker. Its berries are its flower. A single plant is a great ornament in a vase, from the beauty of its form and the rich, unspotted green of its leaves. The sorrel now reddens the fields far and wide. As I look over the fields thus reddened in extensive patches, now deeper, now passing into green, and think of the season now in its prime and heyday, it looks as if it were the blood mantling in the cheek of the youthful year, — the rosy cheek of its health, its rude June health. The *medeola* has been out a day or two, apparently, — another green flower. . . .

June 2, 1854. p. m. Up Assabet to Castilleja and Anursnack. While waiting for — and S — I look now from the yard to the waving and slightly glaucous-tinged June meadows, edged by the cool shade of shrubs and trees, — a waving shore of shady bays and promontories, yet different from the August shades. It is beautiful and Elysian. The air has now begun to be filled with a bluish haze. These virgin shades of the year, when everything is tender, fresh, and green, how full of promise! — promising bowers of shade in which heroes may repose themselves. I would fain be present at the birth of shadow. It takes place with the first expansion of the leaves. . . . The black willows are already beautiful, and the hemlocks with their bead-work of new green. Are these not kingbird-days, — these clearer first June days, full of light, when this aerial, twittering bird flutters from willow to willow, and swings on the twigs, showing his white-edged tail? The *Azalea nudiflora* is about done, or there was apparently little of it. — I see some beavers' nests near my old bathing place above the stone heaps, with sharp, yellow, sandy edges, like a milk pan from

within. . . . Also there are three or four small stone heaps formed. . . .

The painted-cup meadow is all lit up with ferns on its springy slopes. The handsome flowering fern, now rapidly expanding and fruiting at the same time, colors these moist slopes afar with its now commonly reddish fronds; and then there are the interrupted and the cinnamon ferns in very handsome and regular tufts, and the brakes-standing singly, and more backward. . . .

June 2, 1855. From that cocoon of the *Attacus cecropia* which I found—I think it was on the 24th of May—came out this forenoon a splendid moth. I had pinned the cocoon to the sash at the upper part of my window, and quite forgotten it. About the middle of the forenoon S—— came in, and exclaimed that there was a moth on my window. My *Attacus cecropia* had come out and dropped down to the window-sill, where it hung on the side of a slipper, to let its wings hang down and develop themselves. At first the wings were not only not unfolded laterally, but not longitudinally, the thinner ends of the foremost ones for perhaps three fourths of an inch being very feeble, and occupying very little space. It was surprising to see the creature unfold and expand before our eyes, the wings gradually elongating, as it were, by their own gravity, and from time to time the insect assisting this operation by a slight shake. It was wonderful how it waxed and grew, revealing some new beauty every fifteen minutes, which I called S—— to see, but never losing its hold on the shoe. It looked like a young emperor just donning the most splendid ermine robes, the wings every moment acquiring greater expansion, and their at first wrinkled edge becoming more tense. At first, they appeared double, one within the other. But at last it advanced so far as to spread its wings completely, but feebly, when we approached. This process occupied several hours. It continued to hang to the shoe, with its wings ordinarily closed erect behind its back, the rest of the day, and at dusk, when apparently it was waving them preparatory to

its evening flight, I gave it ether, and so saved it in a perfect state. As it lies, not outspread to the utmost, it is five and nine tenths inches by two and one fourth. . . .

The *Azalea nudiflora* now in its prime. What splendid masses of pink, with a few glaucous green leaves sprinkled here and there,—just enough for contrast!

June 2, 1858. Half past eight A. M. Start for Monadnock. Between Shirley Village and Lunenburg I notice, in a meadow on the right hand, close to the railroad, the *Kalmia glauca* in bloom, as we are whirled past. Arrived at Troy station at five minutes past eleven, and shouldered our knapsacks, steering north-east to the mountain, its top some four miles off. It is a pleasant, hilly road, leading past a few farm-houses, where you already begin to sniff the mountain or at least up-country air. Almost without interruption we had the mountain in sight before us, its sublime gray mass that antique, brownish-gray, Ararat color. Probably these crests of the earth are for the most part of one color in all lands,—that gray color of antiquity which nature loves, the color of unpainted wood, weather stain, time stain; not glaring nor gaudy; the color of all roofs, the color of all things that endure, the color that wears well; color of Egyptian ruins, of mummies, and all antiquity, baked in the sun, done brown,—not scarlet, like the crest of the bragging cock, but that hard, enduring gray, a terrene sky color, solidified air with a tinge of earth.

We left the road at a school-house, and, crossing a meadow, began to ascend gently through very rocky pastures. . . . The neighboring hills began to sink, and entering the wood we soon passed Fassett's shanty, he so busily at work inside that he did not see us, and we took our dinner by the rocky brook-side in the woods just above. A dozen people passed us early in the afternoon while we sat there,—men and women on their way down from the summit, this suddenly very pleasant day after a lowering one having attracted them. . . .

Having risen above the dwarfish

woods (in which mountain ash was very common) which reached higher up along the ravine we had traversed than elsewhere, and nearly all the visitors having descended, we proceeded to find a place for and to prepare our camp at mid p. m. We wished it to be near water, out of the way of the wind — which was northwest — and of the path, and also near to spruce-trees, for a bed. There is a good place, if you would be near the top, within a stone's-throw of it, on the north side, under some spruce-trees. We chose a sunken yard in a rocky plateau on the southeast side of the mountain, perhaps half a mile from the summit by the path, a rod and a half wide by many more in length, with a mossy and bushy floor about five or six feet beneath the general level, where a dozen black spruce-trees grew, though the surrounding rock was generally bare. There was a pretty good spring within a dozen rods, and the western wall shelved over a foot or two. We slanted two scraggy spruce-trees, long since bleached, from the western wall, and, cutting many spruce boughs with our knives, made a thick bed and walls on the two sides, to keep out the wind. Then, putting several poles transversely across our two rafters, we covered them with a thick roof of spruce twigs, like shingles. The spruce, though harsh for a bed, was close at hand, we cutting away one tree to make room. We crawled under the low eaves of this roof, about eighteen inches high, and our extremities protected about a foot.

Having left our packs here, and made all ready for the night, we went up to the summit to see the sun set. Our path lay through a couple of small swamps, and then up the rocks. Forty or fifty rods below the very apex, or quite on the top of the mountain, I saw a little bird flit from beneath a rock close by the path, where there were only a very few scattered dwarf black spruces about, and looking I found a nest with three eggs. It was the *Fringilla hiemalis*, which soon disappeared around a projecting rock. The nest was sunk in the ground by the side of a tuft of grass, and

was pretty deep, made of much fine, dry grass or [sedge?]. The eggs were three, of a regular oval form, faint bluish-white, sprinkled with fine pale-brown dots, in two of the three condensed into a ring about the larger end. They had just begun to develop. The nest and tuft were covered by a projecting rock. Brewer says that only one nest is known to naturalists. We saw many of these birds flitting about the summit, perched on the rocks and the dwarf spruces, and disappearing behind the rocks. It is the prevailing bird now on the summit. They are commonly said to go to the fur countries to breed, though Wilson says that some breed in the Alleghanies. The New York Reports make them breed in the Catskills and some other mountains of that State. This was a quite interesting discovery. They probably are never seen in the surrounding low grounds at this season. . . . Now that the season is advanced, migrating birds have gone to the extreme north or to the mountain tops. By its color it harmonized with the gray and brownish-gray rocks. We felt that we were so much nearer to perennial spring and winter. . . .

We heard the hylodes peeping from a rain-water pool, a little below the summit, toward night. As it was quite hazy we could not see the shadow of the mountain well, and so returned just before sunset to our camp. We lost the path coming down, for nothing is easier than to lose your way here, where so little trail is left upon the rocks, and the different rocks and ravines are so much alike. Perhaps no other equal area is so bewildering in this respect as a rocky mountain summit, though it has so conspicuous a central point. Notwithstanding the newspaper and egg-shell left by visitors, these parts of nature are still peculiarly unhandseled and untracked. The natural terraces of rock are the steps of this temple, and it is the same whether it rises above the desert or a New England village. Even the inscribed rocks are as solemn as most ancient grave-stones, and nature reclaims them with bog and lichen. These sculp-

tors seemed to me to court such alliance with the grave as they who put their names over tombstones along the highway. One, who was probably a blacksmith, had sculptured the emblems of his craft, an anvil and hammer, beneath his name. Apparently, a part of the regular outfit of mountain climbers is a hammer and cold chisel, and perhaps they allow themselves a supply of garlic also. But no Old Mortality will ever be caught renewing their epitaphs. It reminds one what kind of steep do climb the false pretenders to fame, whose chief exploit is the carriage of the tools with which to inscribe their names. For speaking epitaphs they are, and the mere name is a sufficient revelation of the character. They are all of one trade, — stone-cutters, defacers of mountain tops. "Charles and Lizzie!" Charles carried the sledge-hammer, and Lizzie the cold chisel. Some have carried up a paint pot, and painted their names on the rocks.

We returned to our camp, and got our tea in our sunken yard. While one went for water to the spring, the other kindled a fire. The whole rocky part of the mountain, except the extreme summit, is strewn with the relics of spruce-trees a dozen or fifteen feet long, and long since dead and bleached, so that there is plenty of dry fuel at hand. We sat out on the brink of the rocky plateau, near our camp, taking our tea in the twilight, and found it quite dry and warm there, though you would not have thought of sitting out at evening in the surrounding valleys. I have often perceived the warm air high on the sides of hills, while the valleys were filled with a cold, damp night-air, as with water, and here the air was warmer and drier the greater part of the night. We perceived no dew there this or the next night. This was our parlor and supper-room; in another direction was our wash-room. The chewink sang before night, and this, as I have before observed, is a very common bird on mountain tops; the wood-thrush sang, too, indefinitely far or near, a little more distant and unseen, as great poets are. It seems to

love a cool atmosphere, and sometimes lingers quite late with us. Early in the evening the night-hawks were heard to *speek* and boom over these bare gray rocks, and such was our serenade at first as we lay on our spruce bed. We were left alone with the night-hawks. These withdrawn, bare rocks must be a very suitable place for them to lay their eggs, and their dry and unmusical, yet supra-mundane and spirit-like voices and sounds gave fit expression to the rocky mountain solitude. It struck the very key-note of that stern, gray, and barren region. It was a thrumming of the mountain's rocky chords; strains from the music of chaos, such as were heard when the earth was rent and these rocks heaved up. Thus they went *speaking* and booming while we were courting the first access of sleep, and I could imagine their dainty, limping flight, inclining over the kindred rocks with a spot of white quartz in their wings. No sound could be more in harmony with that scenery. Though common below, it seemed peculiarly proper here. But ere long the night-hawks are stilled, and we hear only the sound of our companion's breathing, or of a bug in our spruce roof. I thought I heard once, faintly, the barking of a dog far down under the mountain.

A little after one A. M. I woke and found that the moon had risen, and heard some little bird near by sing a short strain of welcome to it, song-sparrow-like. Before dawn the night-hawks commenced their sounds again, which were as good as a clock to us, telling how the night got on. At length, by three o'clock, June 3d, the signs of dawn appear, and soon we hear the robin and the *Fringilla hiemalis* (its prolonged jingle as it sat on the top of a spruce), the chewink and the wood thrush. Whether you have slept soundly or not, it is not easy to lie abed under these circumstances, and we rose at half past three, in order to see the sun rise from the top and get our breakfast there. It was still hazy, and we did not see the shadow of the mountain until it was comparatively short, nor did

we get the most distant views, as of the Green and White mountains, while we were there. . . .

We concluded to explore the whole rocky part of the mountain in this wise: to saunter slowly around it at about the height and distance from the summit of our camp, or say half a mile, more or less, first going north, and returning by the western semicircle, and then exploring the east side, completing the circle, and returning over the summit at night. . . .

During this walk, in looking toward the summit, I first observed that its steep, angular projections and the brows of the rocks were the parts chiefly covered with dark brown lichens, *umbilicaria*, etc., as if they were to grow on the ridge and slopes of a man's nose only. It was the steepest and most exposed parts of the high rocks alone on which they grew, where you would think it most difficult for them to cling. They also covered the more rounded brows on the sides of the mountain, especially on the east side, where they were very dense, fine, crisp, and firm, like a sort of shagreen, giving a firm hold to the feet where it was needed. It was these that gave that Ararat brown color of antiquity to these portions of the mountain, which a few miles distant could not be accounted for, compared with the more prevalent gray. From the sky blue you pass through the misty gray of the rocks to this darker and more terrene color. The temples of the mountain are covered with lichens, which color it for miles. . . .

We had thus made a pretty complete survey of the top of the mountain. It is a very unique walk, and would be almost equally interesting to take, if it were not elevated above the surrounding valleys. It often reminded me of my walks on the beach, and suggested how much both depend for their sublimity on solitude and dreariness. In both cases we feel the presence of some vast, titanic power. The rocks and valleys and bogs and rain pools of the mountain are so wild and unfamiliar still that

you do not recognize the one you left fifteen minutes before. This rocky region, forming what you may call the top of the mountain, must be more than two miles long by one wide in the middle, and you would need to ramble round it many times before it would begin to be familiar. . . .

We proceeded to get our tea on the summit, in the very place where I had made my bed for a night some fifteen years before. . . . It was interesting to watch from that height the shadows of fair weather clouds passing over the landscape. You could hardly distinguish them from forests. It reminded me of similar shadows seen on the sea from the high bank of Cape Cod beach. There the perfect equality of the sea atoned for the comparatively slight elevation of the bank. . . . In the valley or on the plain you do not commonly notice the shadow of a cloud unless you are in it, but on a mountain top or on a lower elevation in a plane country, or by the sea-side, the shadows of clouds flitting over the landscape are a never-failing source of amusement. It is commonly easy enough to refer a shadow to its cloud, since in one direction its form is perceived with sufficient accuracy. Yet I was surprised to observe that a long, straggling, downy cumulus, extending north and south a few miles east of us, when the sun was perhaps an hour high, cast its shadow along the base of the Peterboro hills, and did not fall on the other side, as I should have expected. It proved the clouds not so high as I had supposed. . . . It was pleasant enough to see one man's farm in the shadow of a cloud, which perhaps he thought covered all the Northern States, while his neighbor's farm was in sunshine.

June 4th. At six A. M. we began to descend. As you are leaving a mountain and looking back at it from time to time, it is interesting to see how it gradually gathers up its slopes and spurs to itself into a regular whole, and makes a new and total impression.

NEW BOOKS ON ART.

I.

THE immediate points of contact between Raphael and Michel Angelo are not so important that their biographies needed to be written together; else it would have been done before. They met at Rome in 1508; they carried on their great decorative works in the Vatican side by side, and the younger man shows in his later productions the influence of the grand manner of the elder. But they seem to have had hardly a speaking acquaintance; there was a large disparity in their ages, and Raphael was taken out of the strange, fruitful turmoil of the time in which they flourished forty-two years earlier than Michel Angelo, though he had entered it so much later. He died, as we know, at thirty-seven, while the other lived on to eighty-eight. Mr. Perkins¹ finds, however, in his plan of treating of the two as at present, for the first time, so far as he knows, conjointly, a warrant for adding something more to the vast bibliography which, in the case of Michel Angelo, was found, on the four hundredth anniversary of his birth, three years ago, to reach to one hundred and fifty good-sized pages of titles of works alone, and with Raphael must be as much. He believes the distinctive peculiarities of each can be better set forth than usual by force of contrast. This, together with their contemporaneous appearance, their connection with the same eminent third parties, the great art patrons of the age, and the relation of their extraordinary prominence in art, which has not been diminished by anything that has succeeded them, is quite warrant enough, if any other were needed than the attractiveness of the manner in which he has accomplished it, for his enterprise. There is not, after all, so very much of this

vast bibliography accessible to the private individual when he comes to look it up; and if there were, the modern manner must be accepted in this field, as in others, as an excuse for a good deal of reprinting. We think the same information and critical estimates contained in Mr. Perkins's book will not be found elsewhere so satisfactorily and lucidly presented. This is in part owing to the full illustrations so necessary in work of this kind, in which many of its predecessors — valuable otherwise, like the biographies of Grimm and Wolzogen — are lacking. The increasing facilities for illustration, as by the heliotype process used in the present case, allowing its advantages to be given to books of moderate cost, will probably make it more and more a feature of the modern manner. There are numerous full plates after the best engravings and autograph drawings of the masters, besides a quantity of minor sketches, tail-pieces, and tasteful initial letters. Heliotypes are not line engravings, it is true; the fastidious can complain of an impairment of the ultimate perfections in them, sometimes a slight thickening and blurring of lines, the incongruous feeling of the smooth paper, and the absence of relief to the touch; but what is lost is infinitesimal compared to what is gained. In the case of the reproductions of drawings, as that of the Lost Soul from the Last Judgment, at page 234, the loss is not appreciable. These plates accentuate the descriptions to those who have seen the originals in a way that mere feats of memory could not. To those who have not they give a definite conception which the greatest expenditure of word-painting might labor in vain to accomplish. The previous volumes of Mr. Perkins, *The Tuscan Sculptors* and *The Italian Sculptors*, issued in London with their elaborate etchings, which prove him artist as well as writer, are a sufficient reference for his inclination and

¹ *Raphael and Michelangelo. A Critical and Biographical Essay.* By CHARLES C. PERKINS. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

trained judgment in the matters in hand. He repeats something of what he there had to say of Michel Angelo, who came prominently into the scope of the inquiry in the most important of his many departments; but it is of course much amplified, and brought into a matured and symmetrical form.

The plan carries along the two subjects of the essay in turn, so as to keep them abreast chronologically, and refers each to the foil of the other, as the successive occasions offer. It recalls a little those formal compositions, the parallels, as between Dryden and Pope; or Jay and Hamilton, with which our ancestors pleased themselves. On the one hand Dryden, on the other Pope: Dryden more capricious and free, Pope more studied and cautious; Dryden content to satisfy, Pope desirous to excel. But there is nothing formal in the easy, pleasing manner of Mr. Perkins, and his method of proceeding by close contrast, we are ready to admit, has the advantages claimed for it. As we progress in knowledge of each we comprehend better the other. Each in turn illuminates and is illuminated, and the appearances have the definiteness coming from illumination by a single direct light. The parallel here is not a case for fine-drawn discriminations. It is a plain, straightforward setting forth of, for the most part, boldly opposed qualities. These two lives can hardly appear to any differently than to Grimm, who found them "like a short and sunny spring contrasted with a long year beginning in tempest and in tempest ending." The volume is fuller in its critical than in its strictly biographical portion, but it does not differ in this from some of the professed biographies. There is, in fact, no very large accumulation of strictly personal details. They had few interests apart from their works. There is a glimpse in two or three mediocre sonnets of Raphael's of some love affair, said to have been with a baker's daughter, the Fornarina, but the author is disposed to put her down as one of the mythical personages of history. Michel Angelo was engaged as an engineer in the defense of Florence against

the imperial troops, and cherished in his later years a Platonic passion for a noble lady, Vittoria Colonna, and a warm friendship for a young amateur artist, Cavalieri. Apart from these, all is pictures and statues and architecture, and the negotiations for them. Raphael appears the more engrossed of the two, yet an idea of the completeness with which Michel Angelo was wrapped up in his occupation, so that he could never conceive of his being engaged in any other way, is gathered from his letter to Francis I.: "If I live long enough I will prepare a statue in marble and one in bronze, and also a picture, for your majesty, as I have long desired to do. If I should die first, and we are permitted to sculpture and paint in the other world, where we shall no longer grow old, then I will perform my promise."

The difference between them was not especially one of circumstances, — both had the fullest opportunities placed at their disposal for the display of all there was in them, — but a radical one of temperament, which extended to all their works. One adapted himself gayly to his conditions, like a dry boat to a tossing sea; the other opposed himself rigidly to them, and bore ill the grievance of their concussion. The history of Michel Angelo is a record of quarrels, ill-regulated receipts and disbursements, the adjustment of which defrauds him of just compensation for his own services, and sometimes subjects him to suspicions of dishonesty, met by indignant calls for investigation. He was sent on distasteful missions to quarry marble, set at occupations he did not like and debarred from those he did. His pride was met by the superior haughtiness of potentates. He fumed, desponded, and cast forth his great works in a sort of paroxysm. Raphael walked like a prince at the head of troops of scholars, wealthily, courted, and unruffled. He expended upon each successive demand only the just measure of energy it required. He completed, touch by touch, the perfection serenely contemplated and proposed in advance. Turning over these alternate chapters, one is impressed somewhat as in watching a suc-

cession of heavy shadows flying across a smiling landscape. The more erratic genius who scattered his powers, the type of all those who have aspired after the unknown and impossible, is perhaps nearer to our sympathies; but the balanced life of Raphael, the exquisite fineness of his quality, his conception of an attainable ideal in the common humanity about him, and his calm progress towards the complete realization of it claim the admiration belonging to so rare an instance of harmonious power. It is not a cold perfection, but full of vitality. His study is extremely close. In the department of Madonnas and Holy Families he painted more in number than the years of his life, yet no two are alike. They are infinitely delicate variations upon a single theme. He drew out of it all that it was capable of. "The Virgin and Child, with Saint John and the attendant saints," says Perkins, "are to him what the notes in the musical scale are to a musician. . . . In the *Seggiola* and the *Tenda* the divine infant nestles in his mother's arms like a bird in its nest; in the *Cardellino* and the *Belle Jardinière* he plays like a child with the infant John; in the *Pesce* he listens graciously to prayer; in the *Palma* he accepts the flowers gathered for him by Saint Joseph; in the *Vela* he sleeps under the watchful eyes of his mother; in the *San Sisto* he is awake, and, as it were, transfigured by a divine spirit which irradiates his brow, beams from his eyes, and, like a light set in a vase of alabaster, shines through his human form. It is by comparing these pictures, identical in subject, but differing so widely in individuality and character of charm, that we get the best idea of the richness of Raphael's fancy."

It is a very human career, too. Its components, in the successive influences brought to bear upon him, can be accurately traced. It is not a digression to examine that contemplative Umbrian school, descending from traditions of the early frescoes at Assisi, which was the first of these influences; nor the character of his mountainous home, abounding in those landscapes of which he made

such use in his pictures; nor the court of good dukes of Urbino, where "the Perfect Courtier" of Castiglione was possible in a time of assassinations and all shameful crimes elsewhere. Nothing is sweeter and quainter, or conceivable, as a fitter preparation for what was to follow than the manner of his youth there, serving, as it is believed, as a model for the child Jesus and an ingenuous blonde angel in the passable altar-pieces of his father, Giovanni Santi, — with his mother turned to account by the thrifty painter as the nearest and most economical model for a madonna. Under Perugino, he was Perugino and something more. At Florence he learned from Lionardo and Fra Bartolommeo a more natural composition, and the secret of a depth and thoughtfulness lacking in the constrained and superficial sweetness of his Peruginese manner. At Rome critics find in his four beautiful allegorical figures in the *Stanze*, Religion, Poetry, Philosophy, and Jurisprudence, the influence of Michel Angelo's Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel, and in his Evangelists a reflection of the mighty prophets of the same. He was influenced at Rome above all by the antique. In his adaptation of it, it is one of his notable features that he is the type of the highest modern notion of reconciling the two conflicting ideals, of the flesh and the spirit, which came so sharply in contact at the Renaissance period. He joined the mediæval soul to the classic body. His forms are beautiful and rejoice in their strength, but the faculties are coördinated. The baser are subdued, and honor is paid to the higher. It results from his talent for assimilation that at the end his work was a sum of all the perfections of the time, with his own genius added, and yet there is no charge of plagiarism. He had the fine sense to seize essences. He took the whole vitalizing principles, but nothing so coarsely tangible that it could be said he copied. "This," we say, contemplating such an unwavering progress and its results, "is life as it should be." It were weak to ask that it should be free from severe and unrelenting toil, but

should not effort at last be crowned with success, and not baffled of its aim?

Unlike Raphael, his brooding, introspective, unhappy contemporary, we are given to understand, resisted all influences. Whatever he had he drew from within himself, and he had but a single manner. It was nearly as strong at first as at last. Apprenticed to Ghirlandaio at thirteen, he took nothing even from this first master, who finished so closely, and introduced, like Holbein, realistic every-day burghers kneeling in his stiff religious tableaux. With some small debt to the antique, he shut his eyes to everything else, and disdained to correct even his faults from observation of others. The naked human figure for the form, and some far-away secret store-house of sublimities for the soul, were his only material. This scornful trait does not impress one as egotism in the ordinary sense. It is more like a supreme disgust at the disparity between the realization and the dim conceptions of the imagination for which he strove, which included merits and faults in a like indifference. He left scores of statues in which the form just begins to emerge from the block, full of a vague impressiveness. Their meaning was perhaps as much a mystery to him as to others. He repeatedly declared himself, in a passion of impatience, neither sculptor, painter, nor architect, yet his pride was not the less intense. He was comparing himself, not with things as they are, but with some standard of towering perfection seen only by himself.

As to his architecture, M. Garnier, who wrote professionally the section on this head of the elegant volume prepared by the *Gazette des Beaux Arts* (and he is followed by Mr. Perkins), agrees with his own dissatisfied estimate. "Though he has the stroke, the force, the breadth, the will, the personality, which make the great composer," he says, "Michel Angelo is ignorant of the language of architecture, does not know its grammar, and can hardly write. Having conceived

the leading lines of the design, it would seem as if he had written upon his drawing, 'Here place a cornice, there a capital.' " The line of criticism seems a little hypercritical. It is not unusual for good architects even at the present day to confide some of the details to subordinates, and we find it hard to believe that so masterly a composer of masses could not have done as well with whatever capitals and cornices, in his great press of affairs, he chose to honor with his attention. Lübke, in his late *History of Art*, continues the old view, and finds one of his cornices at least, that of the Farnese palace, "grandly effective," and his plan for the Capitol "of matchless artistic grace."

The really comprehensive work on pottery has not yet been written. Perhaps the accumulation of material is so great that it would not be reasonable to expect it in any moderate compass. Of the mass of publications on the subject each has its peculiar one-sidedness. This speculates upon ethnological questions, and is broadly philosophic to the neglect of detail. That contains quaint and curious information which is of genuine interest, but cannot be turned to account by the practical collector. The next is a cold catalogue of marks and formulas. In all the equilibrium is disturbed on the side of nationality. The author naturally devotes a preponderating share of attention to the country in which and in whose language his work appears. There are English, French, German, and Italian histories of the ceramic art. It seems to be thought time, brief as has been our career in the fascinating pursuit, for American histories. This means simply that the existing material must be worked over and something incorporated to give it a local flavor.

This object is accomplished both in Mr. Elliott's book¹ and in Mr. Prime's,² which appear side by side, by taking the pictorial illustrations in part from ceramic specimens in our few museums

¹ *Pottery and Porcelain. From Early Times down to the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876.* By CHARLES WYLLIS ELLIOTT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1878.

² *Pottery and Porcelain in all Times and Nations.* By WM. C. PRIME. New York: Harper Brothers. 1878.

and among our home collections. As Jacquemart calls attention to this and that beautiful piece in the collection of Rothschild and others, the writer finds plates and vases to exemplify their meaning at Mr. S. P. Avery's and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. There is further appended to each a brief chapter—very similar in both, and in Mr. Elliott's made up largely of quotations from former writing of Mr. Prime's—on the history of American ceramics. If there is indeed only as much to be said on the subject as here appears, we do not find so good a reason for the existence of the books as we supposed there might be. Our own idea of the American work on pottery that would have been justified would be a moderate-sized volume going much more fully into the American production, its past, its present, and its prospects; a sketch of our earths and other facilities for the manufacture; and such a detailed account of our collectors and acquisitions that it could be understood what the ruling tendencies are, and to what point we have already attained. A good deal more on modern and contemporary pottery abroad than we have been favored with would also not be out of place. Such a volume would be a useful supplement to the general standard treatises, and an addition to the subject, not only for this market, but for others, as the present compilations from former works certainly are not.

It would have been better for Mr. Elliott's book if it had not had Mr. Prime's as a rival. It is impossible to speak of them without drawing comparisons. The latter is much the more methodical and workmanlike in its structure. Mr. Elliott, on the other hand, has the advantage in his illustrations. They are very full and elegant, and this is so important a means of conveying information in this particular branch as to be entitled to considerable weight as an offset. The representations of the Havilands' Limoges *faïence*, at pages 150 and 151, are especially pleasing, and true to the peculiarly bold and artistic effect of this ware. That of Solon's vase, in *pâte sur pâte*, on page 316, is nearly as good.

Both of these wares can now be had in considerable supply of our dealers, the latter example being taken from Tiffany's stock in New York. The Limoges especially is earning a deserved popularity. The author commends it as "equal to the best work of China and Japan. Nothing is niggled or petty. . . . These painters are artists in color. Bold and strange as the work is, nothing is glaring, showy, bright, or flashy; throughout there is that reserve which indicates strength and creates confidence."

The reader will be impressed with a sense of Mr. Elliott's enthusiasm for his pursuit, his understanding of what is really meritorious in good work, and his earnest conviction about certain artistic matters,—as that enlightened conventionalism, and not imitation, is what is desirable in ceramic ornament; and sociological matters,—as that the "busy men who are making railways and coal-pits, under the pleasing illusion that they are developing the country more than the rest of us," are wrong; the *home* is the central fact, and the art of living the first and worthiest object of attention. But this, with much more interesting matter which will repay perusal, is rather jumbled.

Much of the author's illustration of the subject from the exhibits at the Centennial is as loose as the private letter of a casual visitor. For instance: "The Owari porcelain is mostly the blue. . . . But *so far as one visit could reveal*, [our italics] there was nothing equal to the old six-mark blue." Again: "The case of old wares shown by Kiriū Kosho Kuwaisha, from Tokio, contained a collection which had a kind of mysterious fascination even to us outside barbarians, which we suppose might have become an intense desire to possess *could we have known anything about them*."

Surely, there was no necessity for the author's thus, as the very vulgar say, "giving himself away." Would it not have been better to say nothing? The good points of the book are its feeling, considerable information which, however inaptly arranged, is entertaining, and, as has been said, the pictures.

Mr. Gardner¹ appears as an interpreter of the great decorative truths of the moment to an humbler class than that to which they were at first promulgated. It is evident, both from his mingling of very small economies with his æsthetic and moral reflections and from his bold air of original discovery, that he relies upon an audience prevented by the pinchings of severe poverty from having read in Eastlake, Clarence Cook, the Misses Garrett, the popular magazines, or even the original Downing, in a complete form the fragmentary knowledge he treats them to. There is a young lady who foregoes a proposed spring bonnet in order to paper her room, in accordance with correct principles, at a total of three dollars and eighty cents; and a man who has constructed two chairs and a foot-stool out of an empty soap-box. The man's name is John. We know that he employs his leisure time in researches after perpetual motion, and do not wonder that he is not wealthy. His house is an example of what may be accomplished in art with a lofty ideal, a fret-saw, and some knowledge of brick-laying. He has a fire-place which he built in person by the following method: he "bought an old grate and a plate of cast-iron at a junk shop, stole some bricks and mortar, laid up a couple of thin walls as far apart as the length of the grate, supported the grate near the bottom, and put the plate on the top, — all inside of the antique original [fire-place]," and finally a wooden shelf over the whole. Elsewhere, John has a room with two mirrors in the corners instead of one in the middle; and another with a red frieze, on which are pasted a collection of figures in black, representing the animals of Noah's Ark. Though they are supposed to be poor, the author sets strangely little value on the time of his readers. To avoid paying the workmen who could do the things he proposes expeditiously, he advises an amount of personal tinkering in an old coat and overalls that would not consist with success in any occupation. The more so as the

experiments are mainly of a character which could not fail to come to grief and call at last for the employment of a regular practitioner, besides the wear and tear of temper. He makes a visit to a person designated "the prophet" for his great success in matters of the kind in question. He finds him painting his hall with a paneling of blue storks on a black ground. He has already painted the dining-room with squirrels on a red ground, and ornamented the billiard-room with a Chinese paper, a dado with a simple pattern of large checks, and "a serene frieze." The author would like to take all the world with him to this home, which he finds more a temple than a home.

Their triteness is not so much an objection to Mr. Gardner's suggestions as their incompleteness. They are not numerous enough to form a system. Most of his propositions are without value to the person who cannot attempt structural changes and must be content with what can be done to the movable property of his interior. On the other hand, they are too few to suffice the one who owns his house and proposes to tear it quite to pieces. There is a sentiment in favor of platform staircases, window-seats, and an outside hood over windows, but nothing about roofs, dormers, chimney-pots, or a porch; nothing, as we have said, to constitute a system either to build or furnish by. Here is rather a collection of casual recipes, and may well enough have been got together, as they purport to have been, in the experience of nine successive days of an architect's practice. But nine successive days of an architect's life — one of the most useful and thoroughly to be respected as it is — are not necessarily matter for a book, however it may be with nine typical and selected days. The first case is that of "Mollie," whose room is to be repapered. This affords an opening to lay down the valuable ordinance of the dado and frieze, and also to dwell upon the principle that rooms which expect to have pictures hung up in them should not have pictures of hunting scenes and so forth taking part in the pattern of

¹ *Home Interiors.* By E. C. GARDNER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

the wall-paper, as the two kinds conflict. The next is that of "St. Augustine." He thinks of having a hard-wood floor instead of a carpet. He is encouraged in the project, and the argument for rugs rehearsed. "Harry Jr." writes to complain that if he has wide windows in his house, as he wishes, there will be no place for the outside blinds. He is clearly told, as the fact is, that outside blinds have no rights entitled to respect. They should be dispensed with, and replaced with curtains of jute at thirty cents a yard. "Warwick" objects to the ordinary rectangular appearance of doors. He is given some designs with eccentric braces in them, which would by no means come within the scope of moderate purses to build. We are surprised at the "Colonel," on the sixth day. A simple private citizen, he comes forward with a more radical æsthetic idea than the architect himself, to wit: that door and window frames ought to be very like picture frames, and that there is no more reason for doors being all of the same height, style of casing, and curvature at the top than for hanging up a number of copies of Bierstadt's *Yo Semite*. He is gently put down in this by the architect, but in compensation advised that he may and ought to run the window-casings up to the ceiling and down to the base-board, as a more constructive feature. The really startling passage, the crisis of acute interest, is where a bold rebellion is announced against the exclusive domination of hard woods. The fearless statement is hazarded that wood *may be painted* if a general harmony of things seems to require it. In short, every successive difficulty is met. The author comes up smiling to the next, with a geniality, a benevolent largeness, and an air of conveying information without pretense that would be charming except for the trifling lack of the information itself. Mr. Gardner, in fact, instead of appearing as a teacher, is in great need of learning. His illustrations of the effects he would have us try to produce by cheap tricks of copying shadows of grains and grasses on our panels and screens — instead of spend-

ing a year with a drawing-master — are an incontrovertible method of showing it. Another series of home-made illustrations interwoven with the rest gives playful suggestions — as of a party going to Worcester on a pilgrimage to "the prophet" — that come into the author's brain as he writes. They should be a warning to anybody having this seductive taste not to injure his printed matter, bad as it may be, with such an auxiliary. The figures are about five heads high. The women have no feet, and appear to be held to the ground by some crushing pressure; the men consist of a toddling coat and pantaloons. The chapter on stairs is diversified by the incident of a woman falling headlong down a staircase which is a simple, flat, front elevation. It is a problem in foreshortening to amaze Michel Angelo.

Mr. Arthur Little's sketches¹ are interesting as far as they go, but so incomplete as a whole that one wonders why the taste that chose such a subject should have been unable to handle it more attractively. It may be sufficiently accounted for by his mistake in going to work as architect instead of, or much more than, as artist. With an apparent idea of directly benefiting somebody, he has made a number of his views hardly more than formal "elevations," and shown newel posts to a scale large enough to be easily adopted into working drawings. He appears really to take hold with sincerity of the idea, a little coquetted with of late, that our "colonial style" ought to be revived for modern uses. Had he recalled these old New England houses merely for the quaintness in which they abound, and their historic associations, we should have been better pleased. With only so much of a purpose he would have been less scrupulous about a particular molding, and he would by no means have confined himself to interiors. But he would have given us more diversified representations, more picturesqueness, more of their real spirit, which is the important thing. There ought to be in the

¹ *Early New England Interiors*. By ARTHUR LITTLE. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 1878.

ideal work of this kind not only large plates each monotonously finished up to an encompassing heavy black line, but some playfulness, graceful vignetting, irregular "bits" now and then, glimpses of a vine-clad porch, or a dormer window peeping through the foliage, a figure musing by the fire-place or mounting one of the old stair-ways. Letterpress, too, is an essential part. A meagre line on the opposite page, explaining that this is the chimney-piece of the Cabot house or the Pickman house, is not enough. Who outside of Salem knows anything about the Cabot house? The work of Mrs. Greatorex on old New York is not a bad model for this kind of enterprise. There ought to be in the ancient residences of New England fully as much of possibilities in heroic and sentimental reminiscence and gossip about manners and customs long gone by.

As to reviving the colonial architecture, it is not worth while to mince matters in saying that we have nothing to learn of that period in the way of ornament, and it is to this that Mr. Little principally devotes himself. The characteristic of colonial ornament is a spindling thinness of moldings, and a broken-spirited droop in the scrolls and natural festoons of which it availed itself in its carvings, that calls to mind the weeping willow by a funereal urn of the worsted "samplers," another notable decoration of the time. To go back to this product of the hands of ordinary builders, of a date when there were no facilities for art, and even an avowed hostility to it, from the vigorous work in several styles that we have since known would be sickly sentimentality indeed. As well revive the lackadaisical "annuals," and put the monument maker's figures in the front rank of sculpture. The colonists very sensibly covered up their carved decorations with plenty of good white paint. The Ladd house at Portsmouth, we learn, has a garland in pear-wood over its chimney-piece, by Grinling Gibbons. When the colonial taste had yielded a little to that for the honest exhibition of the natural grain and color of

woods to which we have later become accustomed, it was scraped with care, but "the wood was found to be so much stained as to make it necessary to paint it again."

Something can be learned from the spirit of these old residences, if not from their details. There is an art worth seeking in their feeling of homeliness, something emanating from their spread upon the ground, their gambrel roofs and dormers, their wainscots (painted as they are) and their low ceilings, and, let us add, their furniture. It is for this reason that it is reprehensible in Mr. Little, if he wished to instruct us, to have shown almost nothing of them as a whole. His views comprise but one exterior, that of the Wentworth house at Little Harbor, Newcastle. Of the others there is not even a hurried sketch, and of the Wentworth house there are no interiors given. It would have been interesting to follow the correspondence between its outward aspect and its internal arrangements. Nor is there a stick of furniture shown in any of the rooms, although we are informed of one house, the Waters house of Salem, that it "probably contains the finest collection of colonial furniture in the country."

The most pleasing illustrations are those of the various staircases, these having considerable perspective range and something of a pictorial character. The parlor of the Wentworth house of Portsmouth — not to be confounded with the one before mentioned — has quite a magnificent appearance, with its pilasters, deep cornice, and especially some old paper above the wainscot, of an enormously large flowered pattern, which has the effect of tapestry in the drawing. The most notable points of these interiors as here presented are corner cupboards with a scallop-shell finish for their ceilings, and the location of the chimney — contrary to present usage, which retains it with its store of heat as much within the house as possible — in the outside wall. This gives it great projection, and makes prevalent the arrangement of a window on each side, spanned by flat arches and provided

with cozy seats. Sometimes, as in the Devereux house, one of these is a false window with looking-glass instead of lights, which reflects the room. There are plenty of dentils, and the egg and dart molding in the cornices. Frequently a patriotic spread eagle and stars take their place among the ornamental reliefs.

It is not to disparage colonial architecture to point out that more enlightened later styles have all of its peculiar merits, with others. We recognize the

quaint charm of its age and dissimilarity to prevailing patterns. There may even be structural points and methods of treatment worthy of attention. But nobody can seriously contemplate it as a system to be renewed. Mr. Little's aim is too technical for the general public, and he illustrates a style that few architects will be apt to appreciate as such. The work of adequately exploiting old New England houses is still to be done. It is of a kind well worth doing, and we shall hope for further attempts.

DECORATION DAY.

ON this fair morn, when over all the land
Come softly gracious ones, with eyelids wet,
And on the soldier's grave, with reverent hand,
Lay lily and violet,

Who brings to thee, where o'er thy fallen head
The unpyting seasons heedless come and go,
A wreath to deck thy lone and nameless bed,
Where Southern forests grow?

When ode and psalm and tuneful eloquence
Rehearse the deeds that kept the nation free,
And tears rain fast in love and reverence,
Who drops a tear for thee?

Perchance, where thou dost rest, the oriole's psalm
Floats light above thee, and the sweet-brier lays
Her perfumed cheek on thine. When nights are calm,
And all the stars ablaze,

Perchance the dew distills her patient tears
Upon thy breast; or, from the o'erhanging tree,
A dreaming bird, disturbed by midnight fears,
Shakes down soft drops on thee.

I may not know. Afar thou liest, and lone,
Nor love nor grief thy burial-place may see;
But the wide earth, my lost, yet still my own,
Holds but thy grave for me!

Amelia Daley Alden.

COUNT PULASKI'S STRANGE POWER.

I HAVE never been a believer in spiritualism, or mesmerism, or animal magnetism; and it is fair to say also that I have never so far investigated the phenomena claimed to be exhibited in connection with these subjects as to feel myself entitled to pronounce an opinion upon their truth or falsity.

When I say that I am a lawyer of twenty years' practice, it will be at once inferred that I claim at least the common ability to detect attempted imposition. The members of our profession have from an early date been somewhat more distinguished for devouring widows' houses than for swallowing, blind fold, new dogmas, whether true or false.

What I purpose to relate is plain matter of fact, which occurred on shipboard on a passage from Portland to Liverpool, in a screw-steamer in the year 1858.

At least thirty persons were present, and would bear witness to the correctness of my statement. Some of them were believers in spiritualism in certain of its forms, and were ready to accept almost any solution of what occurred. Others were hard business men, who would not have wasted their precious time in the investigation of new theories if they could have found any means to make a dollar in the way of trade; but as the passage was long and tedious, they were glad to be amused by whatever was invented to kill their weary time. Among the passengers was a venerable Catholic priest, an educated and interesting man, and evidently conscious of his influence over several ladies of his church who had come on board with him. He took no part in our various amusements, but looked on with approbation, for the most part, though in the particular scenes into which I design to introduce the reader he was manifestly much disturbed, either because he was himself troubled for a solution of what he witnessed, or perhaps because he feared that some of his people might thereby be led into heretical

opinions. Somewhat conspicuous, too, among the passengers was a Mrs. Ruthen, a tall, thin, earnest Catholic woman of fifty years or more, one of those females, peculiar to no sect or country, whose mission seems to be to take the general oversight of affairs and regulate the walk and conversation of everybody about them. She was evidently a sincere and virtuous woman, and very desirous that others should be just as sincere and virtuous as she herself was. She was what we call a *good* woman, by which we usually mean a woman whose *forte* is goodness, — who runs all to goodness, just as some old trees run all to fruit, with no sap to spare for a single luxuriant ornamental shoot. Such goodness is a constant, even though silent reproach to all less perfect people. In such a presence we are painfully conscious "how awful goodness is." Early in the voyage she began to manifest the consciousness that a wide field of missionary enterprise was before her. She cast much-injured looks upon the games of cards with which even sober-minded citizens are wont to amuse themselves at sea, and the oaths of the second officer of the ship, which ever and anon mingled with the breezes across the deck, were all reflected in tenfold numbers from her injured countenance, like flashes of light from a broken mirror. It is an evidence of the depravity of the human heart that men delight to torment and ridicule good women of this description, and we had not been twenty-four hours on our voyage before the natural antagonism between righteousness and sin began to be manifested in the conduct of some of the young men on board towards this estimable lady.

And now let me introduce the hero of my story, if so pretentious a name may be used to designate the chief actor in the little scenes of our voyage. He was a stranger to every person on board, and all we knew of him was what we gath-

ered from the various incidents of his life, which he recounted for our amusement in no very connected manner, and with the evident air of a man whose object was to entertain his audience rather than to limit himself to the truths of history. Count Pulaski he called himself. He was by birth a Hungarian, and almost in boyhood had attached himself to Kossuth; in the reverses of that hero he had been banished from his country and found an asylum in the city of New Orleans, where he had for some years supported himself by teaching the modern languages. By a recent act of amnesty he was allowed to return to his native land, and to the possession of his paternal estates. He was a handsome, erect, dark-eyed, dark-haired man of about twenty-eight, a little above the middle height, of a lithe and slender though rather muscular form, with a fearless and careless, yet courteous bearing, comporting well enough with his somewhat romantic history. We had on board a large party from St. John's, several of whom I shall have occasion particularly to mention. Among them was Dr. Williams, a tall, thin, fine-looking man of middle age, who, like most others, was quite seasick, and, like most doctors, seemed to regard his own case as of far more importance than that of anybody else, and to be desirous of calling attention to his peculiar sufferings. Now, next to being sick yourself at sea is the disagreeableness of being constantly reminded, especially at table, by the behavior of your fellow passengers, that your turn may come next. Dr. Williams insisted upon eating his regular allowance, and might readily have passed himself off as free from this ridiculous sickness, for which nobody ever had the least sympathy; but he was not willing thus to be forgotten, and annoyed all of us at table by ever and anon sending forth a dreadfully prolonged groan, expressive of the unutterable feelings which pervaded his inner man. The count's patience soon gave way under this extraordinary trial, and conceiving, perhaps, that the doctor was entitled to no monopoly of sweet sounds, he began one day

at dinner to emulate his example. They sat nearly at the extreme ends of the long table, and whenever the doctor at his end sent forth one of his unearthly groans, the count would instantly echo back from the other an intensified and still more sepulchral response. Human nature in her blandest and most polished moods could not retain a becoming gravity at this ludicrous outrage upon the proprieties, and at the third or fourth repetition of it the burst of applause was universal. The doctor, amazed at the audacity of the count's behavior, was too good-natured to resent it and joined in the laugh, and was fully cured, if not of his disease, at least of its worst symptom. Thus the count began to be conspicuous, and as he spent much of his time with the younger ladies it was quite natural he should fall under the special notice of good Mrs. Ruthen, who evidently thought his foreign accent and title made him enough of a heathen to merit the particular attention of a true believer. She soon found occasion to draw him out upon his religious faith, and reported among the passengers that he was an infidel, if not an atheist, and cautioned the young ladies not to be too intimate with so dangerous a man. The count, however, was not to be so summarily dealt with, but boldly introduced his heresies into the general conversation of the cabin, ready to defend them against all who chose to enter the lists. He openly scoffed at all the distinctive articles of the Catholic faith, and spoke of Popes and priests with a want of reverence quite shocking. Of the Scriptures he talked freely, as being historically true and as prescribing an excellent system of morals evidently borrowed from Plato. As to the miracles, he had no doubt they were wrought as related, but insisted that the power to perform them was neither superhuman nor peculiar to the days of the apostles, and finally avowed his belief boldly that the relations between mind and matter are such that the living soul of man is supreme over a vegetable life and over all lifeless matter, and in its highest state of exaltation even in this life, might claim their ob

dience to his will for all good purposes. He cited the instance of the barren fig-tree which withered under the curse, and insisted that the will of any man might be literally obeyed if in faith he should command the mountain to be removed and cast into the sea. He contended that there is nothing incredible in the idea that matter should be obedient to mind.

I cannot give the quaint language of his slightly imperfect English, but it was something like the following: "You say to your hand to raise itself, and it do so. You say to it to take a pen and write what you think in your mind, and it obey, and you do not think it a strange thing. The hand and the pen do what your mind say to them. But your hand is presently cut off. Then you tell it to take a pen and write, and you say it will not do so, because it is not alive. Aha, you say too much. It is not because it was alive that it did obey you. Your hand shall not be cut off, but it shall be paralyzed by disease. Now it is alive, but you cannot make it write. No, no; it was not because it was not alive that it did not obey you. It is not because you have no will to govern it, for your will is strong enough to govern your foot. You cannot tell why it is; still your mind cannot govern its own body. But you have seen a person magnetized; then he cannot govern his own body, but another mind governs it, and his senses are not his own. He sees and tastes and smells what his magnetizer or some person put in communication with him sees and tastes and smells, and not what is presented to his own senses. And so it is that his mind is not his own, for the senses are the way to the mind, and when we know that the mind of one person is conscious of what affects the senses of another, we see that the mind of the one is conscious of the sensations or thoughts of the other. We must believe, then, that the mind, or the soul, or the spirit of one person may communicate with the mind, or the soul, or the spirit of another without the use of such senses as are known to us. And this is

not strange, for we pray to God in private and in public, and believe that he, a spirit without such senses as our own, hears our prayers, or in some way knows our thoughts and wishes. We all believe, then, that the gross bodily senses are not the only means of communication. Cicero, two thousand years ago, in his treatise on Divination, reasoned in this way to prove that dreams might be prophetic. He says, 'The minds of the gods, without eyes, ears, or tongues, know the thoughts of each other; and so men, when they silently pray or vow, doubt not that the gods attend to their thoughts. Thus the minds of men, when released by sleep they leave the body, discern things which they cannot perceive when joined with the body.' Again he says, 'The mind is active in sleep, being free from the senses and from all care, while the body lies prostrate and as it were dead. And since the mind has existed from all eternity, and has been conversant with innumerable other minds, it comprehends all things that exist, — if indeed it be so disposed by moderation and temperance in eating and drinking that it watches while the body is at rest. This is divination by dreaming.' And that same wise heathen, Cicero, explained how the soothsayers, while awake, could detach their minds from their bodies, and wander away among the minds of departed men and among superior intelligences, holding communion with them, and retaining the knowledge thus acquired after returning to the body."

"It seems very strange," the count would say, "that you who pray to the Virgin every day, and think she hears you, will not believe she can answer you and put thoughts into your mind. If your prayers, which are only thoughts, are known to spirits not in human form, why may they not be known to my spirit?"

"Christ, while on earth, knew the thoughts of his disciples and of others, before they were spoken; so that we see the human form does not hinder the spirit from such knowledge."

We had abundant time to listen to

the count's philosophic speculations, as any reader who has crossed the sea will understand when I tell him that the voyage usually made in ten or twelve days lasted us twenty-two. The passengers, too, had been brought into closer acquaintance by the strange accidents which had befallen us. It seems even now, as I look back upon the passage, as if the ship were bewitched, though perhaps our bad luck may be accounted for by the facts which I learned from one of the officers, that the compasses had not been properly adjusted, and that no officer on board had ever made the passage in this ship. Such a chapter of accidents has seldom been written, and I am assured by a captain in the navy that in twenty years in which he had been actually afloat he had not witnessed so many manifest perils.

For the first ten days a fog covered us nearly every hour. The day after we left Portland, in broad daylight, the weather being, however, rather thick, we were steaming at full speed, when suddenly there was a cry of "Land ahead!" We had hardly time to learn the meaning of the cry, before the ship was stopped, the motion of her screw reversed, and we had crept quietly backward out of danger.

Some of us, who had taken our wits along with us, were, however, curious to know what land we had seen, where we were, and where we were likely to go next, questions which nobody on board seemed competent to answer. The fog closed round us thicker and thicker, and by and by night came on. The captain said we had been swept by the ocean currents into the Bay of Fundy; that no skill could make allowance for these great tide rivers, but that he was heading more southerly and should soon be far outside of land. We went to bed somewhat serious, and arose in the morning to find that the fog was still thicker upon the smooth but heaving sea. What wind there was was fair, and our fore and aft sails were set to steady the ship, so that we were running by steam and wind about nine knots an hour. I was

writing in the cabin, at about noon, when a heavy thump upon the bottom of the vessel made me spring hastily upon deck. The sails were furled, the engine was stopped, and orders were given to heave the lead. There was some excitement. "Did we strike a rock?" I asked of the captain. "No," was the reply; "we are a hundred miles from land." "Five and a half [fathom] at the bow!" was the report. "Quarter less four at the starboard!" The captain looked amazed. "Back the engine!" he shouted. "Two and a half at the bow!" exclaimed the first impetuous voice, and then the ship struck heavily again. She careened so suddenly that I sprang to the railing for support. A young American ship-master, who had all along seemed to expect trouble, was at my side. "Are you frightened?" he asked. "Not much; but are we not in danger?" "The sea is calm," he replied, "and the boats will probably save us if we lose the ship." The vessel thumped as before two or three times, and then righted. "She is fast on a rock!" cried a voice. I looked at the captain. He was as calm as a summer morning. "Steady!" said he, "she moves, she is all right. Keep her still." A boat was lowered, and an officer and four men were put off to sound. In the mean time an anchor was got ready to drop; the carpenter sounded the well and ascertained that there was no leak, while we anxiously watched every motion. At length the officer in the boat reported seven fathoms. The ship was headed in that direction, slowly, for two hours, creeping after the boat where its officer reported sufficient water. And so we were out of that immediate danger, but our troubles were by no means ended. The fog was still about us like a pall, so thick that we could not see the length of the ship by day. It was evident that the officers had lost their reckoning entirely and were at their wits' end. Twice we had run almost ashore, and nobody knew where. Night came over us, and slowly we groped about, stopping the ship every half hour to sound, and shrieking every

five minutes with the steam-whistle to warn the fishing-boats from our path, or perchance to get some answer and learn our whereabouts. Lost in a fog! Our only means to guess our position were the particles of earth which adhered to the deep-sea lead, which were noted as carefully as if they were telegrams from Neptune himself. It was Sunday when we ran aground. Three weary days, and nights more weary still,—with no sun by day, no star by night, to guide us; with no sign that we were not alone on the whole ocean, except twice the distant sound of a bell from some fishing smack in the darkness,—three days and nights we held slowly on our easterly course by the compass. The passengers behaved as people usually do in such situations. At first they were frightened and nervous, but fortunately human nature cannot keep up the excitement, even of fear, for many hours. The table was regularly laid, and most of the passengers took their meals as usual; the card players also resumed their games. Madam Ruthen found ample occasion to rebuke the levity of Count Pulaski, who in turn reproved her for her want of faith. “Your religion, madam, is good for nothing; you are afraid you will be drowned; you are afraid to die. I am not a Christian, but I am not afraid to die. I think we shall all be drowned, but I have no fear.”

On Wednesday, before noon, suddenly the fog lifted, and the sun burst forth, welcomed by worshipers as sincere as ever bowed before his rising face. A sail was in sight, which proved to be a brig from Jamaica bound to Halifax. We came within hail of her, and were told by her officers that they had no accurate reckoning, but thought we were about thirty miles from Halifax, and gave us the supposed course. All on board were inspired with new life. We put on full steam and ran bravely on. Soon the fog again settled over us, but we were all on deck, expecting to enter Halifax in a short time. I was standing on the upper deck, near the stern, talking with some ladies, when “Breakers ahead! breakers ahead! Stop

her! stop her!” was shouted from the bows. As I looked forward a sight met my eyes that will remain in my mind so long as life endures. We seemed rushing into the open jaws of destruction. All along-side, close upon us, the breakers, white as snow-clouds, were dashing over black rocks that stretched in a continuous uneven wall clear round the bows. The ship rushed forward into the very crescent of the breakers. “Back the engine!” was the order.

Three men of us, the priest, the count, and myself, stood side by side, intensely watching how a few seconds should decide our fate. We had time for but a single remark from each, which I well remember. “We are gone this time,” said I. “I trust in God not,” piously responded the priest. “She has stopped, and we are safe!” cried Pulaski. The ship seemed to hang, as on a pivot, between the backward motion of the screw and her own momentum aided by the wind and waves. The bowsprit stretched out right over the black ledge, which seemed to rise square up from the sea when the concussion came. The main-spencer-gaff, a spar some twenty feet long, came crashing down upon the chimney and the iron rigging. There was no open pathway except behind us. Just then came up the captain’s clear voice again: “All right,—she moves off!” The tough iron of the hull had rebounded from the rock, and slowly the good ship moved backward. The rocks were frowning high and black close upon the port side of the ship, stretching thrice her length behind, and the waves seemed driving us full upon them. It seemed an age in which we crept backward past their ragged heads, every moment expecting a final collision with some sunken rock, or to be dashed broadside against the reef.

At length we passed beyond the visible danger. The wells were sounded and no water was found. The lead was cast in twenty fathoms of water. We fired signal guns, and soon an answering gun was heard, and a pilot came along-side. He said we had been upon Jed-dore Ledge, a reef well known to sailors.

In a few hours the fog blew away, and we ran gayly into Halifax.

Count Pulaski stood on deck with two young ladies who were to leave us at Halifax, all three anxiously watching the boats that were putting off from shore as we dropped our anchor in the bay. Two or three days before, he had amused us in the cabin by pretending to read the thoughts of the ladies in their faces, and had succeeded so well as to excite considerable curiosity. To one of these young ladies he had said, "Your thoughts are of a young gentleman in Halifax, who loves you very much and will meet you there." The conscious blush upon the maiden's cheek gave proof that there was some truth, at least, in this divination. Her companion seemed much surprised, and asked the count if he could tell them anything further of the gentleman who was to meet them. "Perhaps I can, if the lady will allow me to take her hand and will at the same time keep her friend in her thoughts." At the solicitation of several of the ladies present, the young maiden gave her hand to the count, who held it somewhat fondly in both his own for a few moments, while the rest of the party stood around, urging him, with incredulous laughter, to proceed with his soothsaying before he should himself be entranced. At length, looking the lady intently in the face, he said, "You go to Halifax to be married. Your lover is waiting for you there. He will come off in a boat to meet you. He will be the man at the bow of the first boat. He is a merchant from Quebec; his name is George" — "Stop, stop! do not tell any more!" cried the lady, snatching her hand away, and blushing to the tips of her ears. "There is not a word of truth in all you are saying." But her friend confessed that the count was a prophet, at the same time declaring that nobody on board except herself knew anything of the arrangement, and that she had spoken of it to no one. The story went through the ship how the count had read the young maiden's thoughts, and as no age or sex is exempt from interest in all that pertains to love

affairs we had looked with peculiar regard upon this lady, and now that she was about leaving us we gave her our best wishes. "There!" cried the count, "that is he, in the foremost boat; he sees you already." True enough, as the boat came along-side, it was made evident that the count was a true prophet.

At St. John's, Newfoundland, we received a large accession of passengers, and sailing out of the harbor one clear morning, close by a huge iceberg that was "anchored" in the channel, with six others in sight, glistening in the distance like white snow-peaks, we were soon once more enveloped in fog, and again groping our weary way across the ocean. For days we were shut up as in a cloud, with no sun, or moon, or star to guide, our chief fear being that we might dash at any moment upon an iceberg and go to the bottom of the sea.

At length sprang up a breeze which increased to half a gale, as the sailors said, and the fog blew off and the sea roared and the ship, under full sail, lay over to her work in right earnest. The propeller was too slow for the sails, and was dragged through the water, a mere hindrance to our course; and so the captain, by way of experiment, — for nobody on board had ever seen the thing done, — unshipped the screw, leaving it to turn only with the motion of the vessel as she was propelled by the sails. The gale increased, and on we flew; but the new arrangement brought new trouble, for the huge screw, detached from the engine, somehow found play that was not expected, off and on, like a hub on an axle, beating against the stern as if the Cyclops were there forging thunderbolts. One evening, about nine o'clock, a dozen of us gentlemen were sitting in the cabin, the ladies having all retired early. The wind was still high, and the noise of the screw terrific. I was conversing with the merchant captain, whom I have mentioned, as to the probable effect of this concussion upon the iron plates of the ship. Count Pulaski sat near us, when suddenly we heard a loud crash below, and felt the ship jarred as if she had again run upon a rock, followed

by a rattling of the machinery for a moment, and then by a silence as profound as death. "The engine has broken!" "We have struck again!" cried one after another. "The screw has gone to the bottom, and I am glad of it," coolly remarked the count, "for now we can sleep."

At that moment the door of the ladies' cabin opened, and into our presence marched Madam Ruthen, her thin figure clad in white and spotless garments of the night, and with a skeleton hoop-skirt of the largest dimensions in her hands. Her first remark was, "I am not frightened, but I want to know how long I have to live;" and then she made a vain attempt to protect herself from the vulgar gaze of men by putting on the skirt. We could not have forbore to laugh had we known it was our last hour. "I think there is no danger," I said, as gravely as possible, "and perhaps you had better return to your cabin," which she immediately did. I confess, however, to having been very much alarmed. The dead stillness which seemed to settle upon us was of itself frightful. We went upon deck, but it was many minutes before we knew what had happened. At length the engineer came from below, and reported that the shaft which passes right through the stern of the vessel, to which the screw in the water is attached, and which connects it with the engine, was broken square off on the *outside*, and so we were in no danger. Had it parted on the inside and the shaft gone out, it would have left an opening which would have sunk us in a short time.

We were safe for the present, but suddenly converted from a screw-steamer into a sailing vessel. After that we went quietly on, with varying winds, wearied with the monotony of our long voyage. Chess, backgammon, cards, shovel-board, books, — all were exhausted. Four times a day we met at table and tried to eat. We watched the clouds and the dog-vane, and whistled to raise the wind. We talked of everything, — politics, religion, trade, science, and art. The count's wonderful gifts

were the frequent subject of conversation, several passengers declaring that he had recounted to them, with perfect accuracy, scenes of their past life which could not possibly be known by ordinary means to any person on board. The occurrence at Halifax was often recalled, and the only explanation by the incredulous was that the count had overheard a part of the facts and guessed the rest; and as to his more recent attempts, it was suggested that probably his superior tact had enabled him to draw out from his unconscious victims the very facts which he afterwards professed to divine. Others had a different theory, adopting the common idea of intercommunication between different minds by magnetism. Madam Ruthen solved the mystery in a more direct manner by boldly asserting that the count was in a league with the devil, who helped him to all his boasted knowledge; and she referred to his profane disregard of all her pious exhortations and his levity in the hour of danger as plenary proof of her theory.

Again and again had the count's peculiar powers formed the subject of discussion, until many of us grew weary of it, and we determined to bring the matter to some conclusive test. One morning, when most of the passengers were in the saloon, and the ever-recurring subject of magnetism and spiritualism had once more come up, I proposed that we frankly ask the count to explain his pretensions to peculiar powers, and to give us some illustrations of them by which they might be tested. I stated plainly my disbelief in the whole pretense, and that I had no doubt if we were watchful we should be able to fathom, upon known principles, all the apparent mysteries of the count's wonderful performances.

As I had been the most prominent unbeliever, and was by my profession supposed to be qualified to conduct investigations with propriety, it was the unanimous request of the company that I would take the lead in the proposed experiments. Just as our arrangements were completed the count came down

from the deck, and I, in behalf of the company, stated to him in the most respectful terms our wishes, saying to him that many of the company were believers in spiritualism in some form, while others, like myself, were utterly incredulous; and that as he had already given some illustrations of his powers, we hoped he would freely explain to us his own theory, and give us some practical evidence of its truth.

The count seemed at first somewhat embarrassed at this formal request, but was too well bred to take offense at what he perceived was but a rational curiosity. "I do not pretend," said he, modestly, "to any supernatural power. I suppose every one has the same power in some degree, more or less. One day I have very great sensitiveness. I go in the street of the city, and I get a hundred blows in the face. I meet a man who does not like me, and I feel, as it were, a blow on my face when he passes. I cannot tell how, but I feel what they think of me. I take hold of your hand, and some days I can know your thoughts and see your whole life in your mind; some days I cannot know anything; I cannot tell why. Sometimes I seem to read what will be in future, but I do not well know how that is."

He was at once urged, on all sides, to make an experiment on some one, and I was nominated as the person whose past life should be read in the hearing of the company. Upon my suggestion, however, that I was a stranger to all on board, as well as a professed unbeliever, and that nobody but myself could know whether my history was correctly given or not, it was concluded that experiments should be made with some of the passengers from St. John's, who were quite numerous and knew enough of each other to verify or contradict what might be stated.

Mr. Trowbridge, a fine-looking, grave, middle-aged gentleman, was first selected. The count sat by him holding for some minutes his left hand and gazing quietly into his face. "Have you any enmity against me in your heart?" asked the count. "Certainly I have not," was

the reply. "If you have we cannot be in communication, and I can tell you nothing; if you have not, I think I can read in your mind all your life. You are a very good man," he pursued, in a low, musing tone. "I thought you were a hypocrite, but you are not. You are very good to the poor. You ride a black horse with a very large tail. Aha! a lady rides with you, — a pious lady from England, who came to do good, and gives all her money in charity. How strange! she wears boots, — Wellington boots; a pious, good lady on a white pony."

The St. John's people were amazed, declaring every word to be literally true, and all protesting that none of the facts had been spoken of since the voyage began. The count gave many other particulars of the life of Mr. Trowbridge, and concluded by whispering in his ear a statement which Mr. Trowbridge immediately repeated, declaring that it was true, but that no soul on board knew it but himself. It was that the object of his voyage to England was promotion in the public service.

A young, well-educated gentleman, who was said to be an Englishman, was next selected for exposition. We had observed him as a modest, intelligent young man, who had taken little part in our discussion of the count's peculiar gifts, except to denounce the whole thing as a humbug. He readily gave his hand to the count, with the air of one who had no fear of the consequences. We watched with much interest the half-surprised, half-amused expression of the countenance of our oracle for some moments before he broke forth: "Oh, dear, how strange it is! you are in love, very bad. You love honestly a young girl; she is poor; she has no position, no family; your parents do not approve; she has often crossed the water in a boat with you. Oh, how strange! she rows your boat; can it be true? You will marry her in nineteen months." The truth of this little romance was confessed in the blushes of the youth, while the astonishment of his friends at such an exposure of his secret was equally manifest.

The next subject selected was Captain Gray, of St. John's, a hardy, intelligent sailor, whom everybody seemed to know and respect. Having gone through with the preliminary inquiry, which was never in any instance omitted, as to his subject having any enmity against him, the count proceeded to give a sketch of the captain, a part of which was as follows: "You are a captain of a vessel to catch seals, in the bark Betsy. You have a partner, a Wesleyan, a very pious man. It is very strange he will not let you catch any seals on Sunday. The seals are all around, and other vessels take them Sunday, but you do not."

Miss Horner, a young lady in whose appearance I had been much interested, and from whom I had learned enough to know that she was leaving an unhappy home in the hope of a better across the ocean, was next proposed. The count held her left hand, I fancied, somewhat longer and more tenderly than he had held those of a rougher make. "You have a stepmother," said he, "and she is very cross to you; she makes you sew for money, and gives you only half you earn, and your father is rich. It is very cruel. You ride often in a wagon with three others; you live in the west part of the town and drive to the east with a red old horse. Aha! I would not live there; the bell rings all the time. What for? To call laborers to work. You go to friends abroad to go away from your stepmother."

There were those present who knew enough of the poor girl's history to bear testimony to the truth of what had been spoken. I was triumphantly asked by the believers how I accounted for what I had witnessed. As to Captain Gray, I replied, we all knew he was captain of a seal ship, and a little inquiry would elicit most of his history, so far as the count had given it. As to the others, I suggested that some person on board, from St. John's, might have given the count the information. The excitement was evidently pretty high between doubters and believers, and to make the matter plain the question was put to every passenger present from St. John's wheth-

er he or she had given the count any part of the information which he had made public, and all denied upon their honor any knowledge of how he had acquired it.

The good priest, who had been present, a silent spectator of the scene, suggested that there might be others from St. John's in the ship besides the present company; whereupon the captain was called and produced his list of passengers, and it appeared that all were present except one sick lady who was confined to her state-room, and who had not been on deck or at the table since she came on board; and as none of those present knew anything of her it was natural enough to suppose she could know little of them.

Madam Ruthen, who stood in holy awe of the priest, had followed his example of silent observation, until some one suggested that she should be subjected to the same ordeal as the rest, and have her life exposed. A look from the priest caused her to decline at once, which she did in decided terms, declaring that she would have no part in any such devilish arts. The count turned somewhat sternly towards her, and said, "Madam, if you do not be quiet, I will tell the company your whole life." "I dare you to do it! I dare you to do it!" replied the insulted woman. "There is nothing in my life that I am ashamed to hear."

With the amiable desire to prevent further ebullitions of wrath, I turned to the lady with the inquiry, "Do you not believe he can do it, if he pleases?" "Yes," she replied, "I do believe he can, as much as I believe there is a God in heaven, and he has paid dearly enough for his power. I might do the same if I would sell my soul to Satan." "Madam," interposed the priest, "I cannot allow you thus to take the name of your maker in vain without instant reproof." The poor woman, thus assaulted by friend as well as foe, burst into a flood of tears, and without another word retreated to the ladies' cabin, leaving the company astounded at the new aspect of affairs, hardly knowing whether they had been

engaged in innocent amusement, or scientific investigation, or some diabolical experiment in the black art. Whatever the reason, our meeting was hastily dissolved; but the wizard powers of Count Pulaski continued to be the prominent topic of conversation to the end of the voyage. They who believed in what was called animal magnetism were at no loss to account for all that he had read of the past lives of others, for to them it was plain that mind might communicate with mind without the use of ordinary senses. As to his prophecies, their theory was insufficient; but they had full faith that the human soul has powers, not clearly developed, which might compass even the matter of prophecy.

That the count had in some way read correctly the most secret pages in the lives of some of our circle all were compelled to admit. I had particular reasons for wishing to know the impression the scene had left upon the more intelligent minds of the company. Among them was an elderly gentleman who held a high official position in St. John's, and who had watched our proceedings narrowly throughout. I asked him privately whether the sketches which the count had given were accurate, and what he thought of the matter. "Every word he uttered," replied he, "was exactly true so far as I could judge, and I cannot account for what I have witnessed; but it is all an infernal cheat in my opinion. Those are all respectable, truthful people, and are in no plot with him; but such fellows as that count, as he calls himself, are not inspired."

I ventured to inquire of the priest what he thought of the exhibition. "I have no faith," said he, "that any man now possesses such powers as this man pretends to. We have no warrant for the belief that the powers of darkness confer such gifts upon men, and certainly this person is no saint, that he should receive inspiration from above. What we have seen is very strange, and I have no explanation to offer." All the rest accepted the fact that the count could read the past life of any person with whom he could put himself in contact as

undoubted, and most of them were sure that the future was equally an open book to him. They whose secrets had thus been published were vexed, or ashamed, or amused, according to the circumstances which had been made known concerning them.

Mr. Trowbridge, who was a man of a speculative turn, kept the subject in constant agitation, endeavoring to adapt to the facts some known principles of science; while good Madam Ruthen manifested the same pious horror of the count, whenever she met him, that she would have exhibited had he worn horns and cloven hoof in full view. In short, there was little else of interest aboard ship for the rest of the voyage but discussions and controversies growing out of this affair, and when we finally separated in Liverpool nothing had occurred to throw any new light upon it, and most of the passengers in that unlucky ship, I doubt not, are still at intervals puzzling their brains over the unaccountable revelations of Count Pulaski.

And now, acute reader, what is your theory of this matter, as it is laid before you? Do the facts correspond with any principles of magnetism or spiritualism with which you, are familiar? As for myself, as was remarked at the outset, I have given no such attention to these subjects as to entitle my opinions to any weight as mere opinions. A few facts, however, I feel bound to state in this connection, which may throw some light upon the affair. I had taken with me, this being my first voyage, a specific, given me by a homeopathic friend, for seasickness. Having no occasion to use the medicine myself, I had experimented, early in the voyage, upon two or three gentlemen who were suffering, and who had found permanent relief, as they thought, by the use of my prescription. The captain knew this, and informed me that a lady was very ill below with seasickness superadded to some chronic disease, and begged me to administer my specific to her. Protesting that I was no physician and knew not even the nature of my medicine, I could not refuse the request, and thus I found a pleas-

ant introduction to the sick lady. The medicine seemed to afford her relief, and as she was too ill to go upon deck and had no acquaintance on board except the captain, I used to relieve the tedium of the voyage by occasional conversation with her below. She had been long detained by sickness at St. John's, and through physicians and servants and nurses had become familiar with the private history of the people.

Seeing Pulaski's readiness in guessing the future of the young lady who left us at Halifax, I suggested to him that we might afford some amusement by gathering up materials and at some convenient time telling the fortunes of the passengers. My lady friend supplied most of

the incidents, while the count, whose tact and memory almost as wonderful as witchcraft, picked up the rest. Our performance succeeded so much beyond our expectations, and was complicated with so many personal exposures, that we really dared not confess the deception, and were compelled to leave our victims to go down to their graves in the delusion into which we had so wantonly led them. The count had no compunctions whatever, but for myself I must own that I found in the affair a new illustration

"How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin,"

and have resorted to this confession as my only possible atonement.

Henry F. French.

TIMOTHY PICKERING.

TIMOTHY PICKERING held a high place among the federalists, — no slight honor in a party which in a long list of distinguished men could count the names of Washington, Hamilton, Marshall, and the elder Adams. As a public man and party leader he has strong claims upon the attention of posterity, yet hitherto his life and character have been but partially known and understood. In the presence of four ample volumes devoted to his biography, such a statement may seem strange; but if proof be needed of its correctness recent publications afford conclusive evidence. Mr. Octavius Pickering, the author of the first volume of his father's biography, died before he could complete the work he had so well begun. The unfinished task was then intrusted to the late Mr. Upham, and the three volumes written by him cover the most important events of Colonel Pickering's career. From a well-meant but wholly mistaken view of the nature and obligations of history, Mr. Upham has softened the personal and political

controversies in which Colonel Pickering was engaged, until they seem to be little more than mere speculative differences of opinion, and, not content with this historical peace-making, has gone even further, and passed over in silence the separatist movements in New England from 1804 to 1815. To write Colonel Pickering's biography in this way may have been good-natured, but it was singularly unjust to both reader and subject. Such treatment effaced the most interesting portion of Pickering's career, and omitted the very events in which his strongest qualities, of both mind and character, were most strikingly displayed. A perusal of Mr. Upham's volumes left the reader in that dissatisfied frame of mind which invariably arises from a consciousness that all has not been told. The material for the whole story fortunately existed, but it was hidden from the public eye among the Pickering MSS. in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society; and when a biography has been badly or insufficiently executed,

there is but little chance that it will ever be rewritten, or at least within any reasonable time. We can only hope to supply defects of this sort indirectly from other publications, as in the present case.¹ These additional letters fill the gaps in the biography, and we are now in a position to understand correctly and to appreciate justly the character and career of this distinguished party leader.

Timothy Pickering was a true descendant of the Puritans. He was a fit representative in the eighteenth century of the race which colonized New England in the seventeenth. His ancestors were numbered among those men who had wrung a livelihood from the rocky soil of Massachusetts and the wild seas of the North Atlantic. Surrounded by hardships, in conflict with man and nature, combating earth, air, and the savage with the same grim determination, crushing out domestic dissension with relentless severity, and stubbornly resisting foreign interference, the Puritans in America founded and built up a strong, well-ordered state. Here was worked out to the end the Puritan theory of government; here, and only here, Puritan Englishmen, for a century and a half, kept their race unmixed and their blood pure. The passage of years, the advance of civilization, modified and softened the character of the New England people, but their most marked qualities, moral and mental, remained unchanged.

In every way Timothy Pickering truly represented the race from which he sprang. His family was one of those which formed the strength of the New England population in 1776, and which, taking the tide of revolution at its flood, was borne on to power and place. Limited means, frugality, honesty, industry, order, were the essential facts in Pickering's surroundings during childhood; but narrow fortune could not deprive him of education, dear to the New Englander beyond any other endowment, and he passed with credit through

Harvard College. Returning from Cambridge to Salem, he soon displayed within the confined limits of a New England town the same qualities which he afterwards manifested on the broad field of national politics. Hardly released from college, he plunged at once into party strife, became an ardent whig, and assailed with all the zeal of a young reformer the defective militia system of the colony. Controversy soon followed. An article in the newspaper was wrongly attributed to him, and caused a sharp attack. Far from contenting himself with disclaiming the authorship thus thrust upon him, Pickering accepted the challenge and dashed into the fight. This served as a beginning. Soon after he engaged in a conflict about church matters, and after a brief interval in still another, produced by opposing medical theories. In this last affair Pickering assailed the obnoxious principles with both tongue and pen. He wrote a series of sharp, incisive articles, signing himself "A Lover of Truth," denounced the offending practitioner as a quack, and was threatened with a duel and with personal violence.

The day of Lexington which roused New England to arms saw Pickering hastening at the head of his regiment to the scene of action. He arrived too late to take part in the fighting, but in season to be present at a council of officers, and urge, though wholly unsupported, an immediate attack on the "Castle," the strongest position held by the British. The following year he recruited his regiment, and led it through Rhode Island and Connecticut to join Washington in New York. Scarcely had he returned from this campaign when Washington, whose quick eye had noted his executive capacity, offered him the position of adjutant-general. After some hesitation Pickering accepted this important post, and despite his misgivings rendered efficient service. The next step was to the place of quartermaster-general. The ablest officer in the American army had pronounced it a physical impossibility to carry on the duties of this position, and had relinquished it in disgust. This had

¹ *Documents relating to New England Federalism.* Edited by PROF. HENRY ADAMS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1877.

no effect upon Pickering. He took the place, nothing daunted, and carried it through to the end. Entire success was impossible, but to execute in any way the duties of a quartermaster required energy, vigor, and administrative powers of a high and enduring kind. Here, then, Pickering remained, battling with inefficiency and disorder, with Congress, and with annoyances of every sort, until the close of the war. Peace found him richer in reputation, but as poor as ever in material wealth, and with a growing family to be provided for. A mercantile arrangement having turned out unprofitably, Pickering resolved to follow his natural inclination and take to the wild farming life of the frontier. Space forbids that we should trace out the Wyoming controversies, which are well depicted by Mr. Upham. This struggle among the borderers forms one of the dark chapters in the little-known history of the confederation. But the dangers and turbulence of Wyoming, sufficient in themselves to deter most men from even entering that region, seem to have been a prevailing reason with Pickering in the selection of his future home. To his combative and vigorous nature, filled with the love of order and the spirit of command, this scene of disturbance offered powerful attractions. Perhaps, half unconsciously, his main motives were a longing for the struggle and a belief that he could ride this frontier whirlwind and control the storm. It is certain that to his fearless courage and persistence the peace which finally settled down upon the beautiful and distracted valley was largely due. Through-out every difficulty Pickering sought with stern justice to coerce the insurgents, and at the same time to wrest from the state government the rights which they had withheld from the settlers.

After having supported the cause of the constitution in Pennsylvania, he was called from the wild scenes of Wyoming to the postmaster-generalship of the United States, which proved only a stepping-stone to higher things. On the dissolution of Washington's first cabinet, Pickering was offered and accepted

the secretaryship of war. He was a singular contrast to his predecessor, General Knox, the "handsome book-seller" of earlier days, who was still a fine-looking man, and not a little fond of parade. Knox had not only been a good secretary, but had shone with great lustre in the society of the capital, where he had dazzled the eyes of all beholders by his fine appearance and free style of living. To this rather splendid personage succeeded Pickering, and as he stands at the threshold of his career on the stage of national politics he is a hardly less striking figure than the retiring secretary, although in a very different way. Tall and rather gaunt, large in frame, strong of limb, and possessing a hardy constitution, Pickering was both a powerful and imposing looking man. The brush of Stuart has preserved to us his lineaments, and in them the genius of the artist has fitly represented the mental characteristics of their possessor. An eminently Roman face of a type not uncommon in New England looks out from the canvas. Decision, incisiveness, uncompromising vigor of character, strength, narrowness, and rigidity of mind, are the suggestions of the portrait. A marked simplicity pervades the whole figure. "The lank locks guiltless of pomatum," and the baldness undisguised by wig or powder, to which the colonel refers with pride and John Adams with sarcasm, are conspicuous. So, too, is soberness of dress, the effect of which was heightened in the original by the spectacles that near-sightedness rendered necessary. Stern republican simplicity seems to be the character to which Stuart's subject aspired. But the picture does not tell the whole story. Beneath this quiet exterior were hidden a reckless courage, an ardent ambition, and an unconquerable will.

Once seated in the cabinet, Pickering threw himself with his accustomed zeal into the contests by which the administration was surrounded. The famous struggle over the Jay treaty had just begun, and on this matter, as on most others, Pickering was free from doubt or questioning. He supported the treaty

and advised its signature, coupled with a strong remonstrance against the British provision order. In the discovery of Randolph's infidelity Pickering played a leading part, and to him fell the duty of disclosing to Washington the conduct of his friend and prime minister.

The fall of Randolph threw upon Pickering the temporary charge of both the state and war departments, and never were his untiring energy, persistence, and capacity for work so strongly shown. Unable to fill the secretaryship of state, Washington at last conferred it permanently upon Pickering, and made McHenry secretary of war. Pickering accepted this new position with unfeigned reluctance. Neither experience nor habit of mind fitted him for the place, but he would not desert Washington, and his invincible determination soon overcame every obstacle. He could not practice sufficiently the moderation required by the position, but he rapidly familiarized himself with foreign affairs, and his state papers are able and vigorous. He proved a far better secretary than Randolph, and if the style of his dispatches was inferior in polish to those of Jefferson, and his arguments were less ingenious, he surpassed the great Virginian in directness and strength.

The ratification of the Jay treaty was the signal for fresh difficulties with France. There is no evidence that Pickering entered the cabinet with any violent prejudices against the "great nation" or in favor of England. But as his knowledge of our foreign relations increased, as he perceived the uses which the opposition made of their affection for France, his feelings deepened and his hostility grew apace. In France he beheld the embodiment of the two principles hateful to him above all others, — anarchy and tyranny. He believed the French Revolution to be little less than a crusade against religion, property, organized society, and the ordered liberty which he prized more than life itself; while in the foe of France he saw a kindred people, a strongly governed state, and the sturdy, temperate freedom in whose principles he had been nur-

tured. Hatred of France rapidly extended to her American sympathizers, and strengthened his already firm conviction of the abandoned wickedness of his political opponents. For the gratification of these feelings there was ample opportunity given by the conduct of the French minister, and Pickering grappled with Adet in a manner most startling to a gentleman accustomed to the delicate manipulation of Edmund Randolph.

In the midst of our complications with France John Adams succeeded to the presidency, and retained Pickering as his secretary of state. If the outlook abroad was threatening, it was still more so at home, in regard to the party then dominant. The official head of the federalists had ceased to be their real leader. The mastering influence of Washington no longer held the diverse elements in check, or compelled all to yield to his wise guidance. John Adams was the official chief, and meant to be the real one as well. Hamilton was the actual head of the party, and had no notion of abdicating his controlling position. But there was a third leader, in the person of Timothy Pickering, whose importance during these eventful years has never been justly appreciated. The admirers of Hamilton see in Pickering nothing but an obedient disciple. The supporters of Adams regard him as the tool and mouth-piece of Hamilton. If we accept Mr. Upham's authority as conclusive, Pickering appears as little more than a conscientious performer of his official duties who had the misfortune to differ slightly with his chief. All these conceptions are alike erroneous. It is true that Hamilton alone, almost, among men received the utmost admiration and respect of which Pickering was capable. It is also true that Pickering sought Hamilton's advice, and that their views generally coincided. But Pickering was not the obedient disciple nor the willing tool of any man; still less was he the simple secretary absorbed in the duties of his office. He had his own opinions and his own policy, and he sought to carry them out as seemed best in his own eyes. He was, too, an active poli-

tician, and headed the attack on Adams long before Hamilton took the field. He had not the slightest hesitation in opposing Hamilton, he acted constantly without his guidance, he sought in his own way to control the course of the administration, and more than any other man he precipitated the conflict which resulted in the downfall of Adams and the ruin of the federalist party. The merest outline of the contentions in the cabinet is sufficient to prove this.

At a very early period Hamilton foresaw the necessity of a special mission to France, and urged its adoption by Washington. Pickering, aided by Wolcott, opposed it steadfastly, and kept it off during the closing weeks of Washington's administration, and it was only when Adams threw his weight into the same scale with Hamilton that Pickering gave way. Even then he and Wolcott were strong enough to prevent any further advances to Madison, who had been the central figure in Hamilton's scheme. After the dispatch of the first envoys all went well for a time. The course of France, the insults of Talleyrand, and the publication of the X. Y. Z. letters roused a cry of rage throughout the land. Adams took the lead in his message, the country rallied enthusiastically to his support, Pickering gave free rein in his report to his hatred of the French, and all the federalist chiefs came forward to aid the president. But this ardent union carried the seeds of destruction, and the vigorous measures so unanimously urged by the federalists were themselves the cause of divisions. The unlooked-for danger came from the appointments in the provisional army. In this matter Pickering looked to Hamilton as the proper person for command, and on the nomination of Washington lost no time in urging Hamilton's claim for the second place. A contest, in which Pickering took the lead, ensued as to the relative rank of the major-generals. In this his first struggle with Adams he had every advantage, while his opponent put himself wholly in the wrong. Jealous of Hamilton's influence, disliking Washington's selection of him for the

second place, Adams, in his eagerness to escape from what he considered one intrigue, fell a victim to another. He listened too readily to the representations of a little knot of federalists, like himself unfriendly to Hamilton, and on perfectly untenable grounds determined to give the first place to Knox. Hamilton was ready to yield precedence in deference to the wishes of Washington, but he would not give way to those of Adams. As soon as the president's views became known, Pickering, as well as Wolcott and McHenry, made every effort to change them. Pickering roused his friends in New England to exert their influence with the president against the proposed change, and Adams, sensible of the pressure, hardened himself to resistance. But Pickering had still one card left, and he played it unhesitatingly. An appeal was made to Washington, whose wishes no man cared to dispute, and which, expressed in unmistakable terms, forced the president to give way. The victory at this stage remained with the cabinet; and in the mean time another of less moment had been achieved by Pickering, unaided and alone. The president very unwisely nominated his son-in-law, Colonel Smith, for the responsible position of adjutant-general. Unable to prevent this nomination, which he deemed a most unfit one, Pickering posted down to the senate chamber, to urge upon his friends there the necessity of its rejection. The precaution was superfluous, as Smith was thrown out by a large majority; but the incident was not lost upon the president, who attributed this defeat, as he did everything of a hostile nature, to Hamilton, who had nothing to do with it, and at the same time was much inflamed against Pickering. Another difference soon arose, and still further estranged the president and his first secretary. Elbridge Gerry was warmly attached to Mr. Adams, and sincerely admired him. It is not in human nature to feel otherwise than kindly to those who cherish such feelings toward us. Their very existence is a subtle flattery and a demand upon our gratitude to which we cannot but yield, even if the giver be a dog or a

horse. John Adams was no exception to this universal rule, and he not only reciprocated Gerry's affection, but he seems also to have been convinced that Gerry was a man of great and varied talents. Pickering, on the contrary, in common with all the leading federalists, believed Gerry to be a man of slender ability and feeble character. This belief was confirmed by Gerry's conduct in Paris, and dislike was fostered by the share which he was supposed to have taken in behalf of Knox in the matter of the army appointments. Pickering wrote to George Cabot, "He [the president] will be convinced of Gerry's disgraceful pusillanimity, weakness, duplicity, and, I think, treachery." Of course the president was convinced of nothing of the sort, and although his confidence in his favorite was so far shaken that he permitted a moderate censure of his conduct in the first official reports, it rapidly revived as the quarrel with his cabinet progressed. From the same cause Pickering's dislike of Gerry increased in an equal proportion. If Adams and Pickering could have been content with the reproof already administered, and not sought the one to defend and the other to reprobate the unlucky envoy, all might have gone well. But neither was of this mind. Pickering, in the interests of what he deemed truth and sound policy, was bent on further censures, while Adams, irritated at what he thought unnecessary severity, proposed to put Gerry on the same footing as Marshall and Pinckney. The president considered the secretary to be influenced only by personal malice against both himself and his friend; the secretary saw in the president's course merely an insane affection for an unworthy man whom he desired to screen at the expense of his wiser and more virtuous colleagues. So Pickering drafted reports bristling with the severest reflections on Gerry, which the president either modified or struck out, and each was filled with intense indignation against the other.

At last the quarrel came to a head, and the strife which had long been smoldering now broke out unrestrained. The

president took the decisive step by appointing a new minister to France without previous consultation with his cabinet. For good and sufficient reasons Mr. Adams was convinced that there was still opportunity for an honorable treaty with France, and there was therefore no doubt that he ought, for the sake of the best interests of his country, to make peace. He erred profoundly in not consulting his cabinet, even though he was assured of their united opposition, and in attaining a great end he gave a fatal blow to his party by his mistaken methods. To Pickering and all the war federalists the whole business appeared simply criminal. They saw in it nothing but dishonor to their country and ruin to their party. So completely blinded were they to the true state of the case that they entirely failed to perceive that, if they were united, peace as well as war might be their salvation. Yet they felt themselves to be helpless, and the utmost they could effect was to send three commissioners instead of one. With this tameness Pickering was dissatisfied. Could he have had his way, he would have brought in the senate to control the president and reject the nominations on the ground that negotiation was inexpedient. But now, as in the near future, Pickering found no one ready to proceed to the extremities for which he was himself prepared. The federalists could not abandon the constitutional principle which they had themselves laid down as to the independence of the executive. But though fettered in action, Pickering gave vent to fierce denunciations of the president's course in letters to his friends in Massachusetts. These denunciations soon got abroad. The president, or some of his immediate circle, retorted with the cry of "British faction." The quarrel soon got beyond the possibility of disguise; the federalist nomination had been made, the New York elections had occurred, party safety no longer seemed to demand an appearance of harmony, and Adams turned Pickering out of the cabinet, the latter — with characteristic stubbornness — having refused to resign. The case is suffi-

ciently simple, yet Mr. Upham has dwelt upon the friendship between the president and his first minister until Pickering's expulsion becomes almost inexplicable. In reality, the only wonder is that they did not come to blows long before. There can be no doubt that if Adams had forced Pickering out at the first indication of a settled opposition, and of one which he could not control, he would have acted wisely. As it was, the cabinet engaged in desperate warfare with the president, each faction found its supporters, and the whole party was torn to pieces. Pickering was not in the least dejected by his overthrow, for depression at defeat was at all times unknown to his strong nature. He merely fell back and renewed the conflict with increased vigor. His first idea at this moment was the political destruction of the president, whom he now believed to have gone over to the democrats. He felt sure that party safety could not be secured except by the overthrow of Adams and the election of Pinckney, but he did not see that this plan, wise perhaps in the beginning, had been rendered impossible by the action of the party in their nomination. Further attacks could only make a bad matter worse. But Pickering never balanced advantages, and he now addressed a series of letters to all the leading federalists on the subject of his dismissal, portraying the president's conduct in language which is remarkable for its unrestrained and vigorous invective, while the writer's peculiar attention to the most minute facts and exact details is nowhere so strikingly shown. These letters were in fact elaborate and picturesque indictments of the president, varying somewhat to suit the prejudices of the recipient. The opening sentence of the letter to Pinckney, Pickering's candidate for the presidency, is perhaps the most concise expression of the writer's emotions at this time:—

“Indignation and disgust,—these are and long have been my feelings towards Mr. Adams: disgust at his intolerable vanity; indignation for the disgrace and mischief which his conduct has brought on the cause of federalism and the coun-

try. When I say ‘long have been,’ I mean for near two years past, when I began to know him. In ascribing to Mr. Adams ‘upright views,’ I refer to public measures in general. If you were to scan his actions minutely, you would find them influenced by selfishness, ambition, and revenge; that his heart is cankered with envy, and deficient in sincerity; that he is blind, stone blind, to his own faults and failings, and incapable of discerning the vices and defects of all his family connections. Hence his insatiable desire to provide in public offices for himself and them, and his injurious treatment of those who have opposed his wishes. Of this number I have the honor to be one.”

In one of these letters, written with no other objects than to vindicate himself and save the party from the leadership of Adams, Pickering says, “You know that I have not the talent to lead a party, while you will allow me such a share of common sense as must guard me against the miserable ambition and folly of attempting it.” His humility, he says further, would have alone prevented him from trying to control the administration of government, and the charge that he did make such an effort was the offspring of jealousy which he pitied and despised. Pickering was not a man who ever disguised his feelings, and his denial of a wish to lead a party or control the government was undoubtedly a matter of conscientious belief. His state of mind is a curious example of the Puritan habit of absorption in a cause. So firmly did Pickering believe that he was right that he conceived there could be no honest difference of opinion, and he was thoroughly convinced that all he had done was solely in behalf of abstract truth, where neither personal interests nor opinions entered. To him the conflict did not appear as a conflict between opposing views, for both of which there was something to be said. Victory to him was not party victory, but a triumph of the principles of immutable justice. Defeat was not party defeat, but an overthrow of the powers of light by the powers of darkness. To

him the maxim that there are two sides to every question seemed an insult to the understanding. There was right and wrong, and the eternal battle between them; there could be nothing else. His mental attitude was that of the Puritan of the seventeenth century, who regarded everything he did as done for the service of God, in which no mere personal feelings or individual interests had part. But the Puritan who seemed to himself only the poor instrument of a higher will stood before the world as a stern fanatic, a bold soldier, a wise statesman and man of action. So Pickering, satisfied in his inmost soul that he was but the servant of truth, the defender of right, who was too wise to aspire to party leadership and too humble to seek control of the government, appeared to his fellow-men an ambitious and capable politician, an uncompromising partisan, an unflinching friend, and a relentless foe. From him Adams met the most determined resistance, and his attacks had deeply injured the party long before Hamilton, in his famous pamphlet, dealt the final blow at union and mutual confidence.

The dissolution of the cabinet was but the prelude to the downfall of the federalists, and once more Pickering found himself deprived of public office and almost destitute of private property. In his own words, "Though ashamed to beg he was able and willing to dig." So he again turned his face toward the unsettled lands of the West, and with cheerful courage prepared to return to the wilderness. The delicate generosity of his personal and political friends saved him from this fate, and he came back to Massachusetts, destined never more to leave his native State. He was soon called, however, from his farm to represent Massachusetts in the senate of the United States.

When Colonel Pickering reëntered public life, he found the political world something very different from what it had been in the days when as secretary of state he had helped to shape the policy of the nation. The federalists in the senate were so few in number as hardly to deserve the name of a minority. They

were conspicuous for ability and determined purpose, but they were politically helpless. The Louisiana purchase had just been consummated. Jefferson's stealthy removals from office looked like the political proscription so unhappily familiar to this generation, the dominant party was growing rapidly even in New England, and the constitutional amendment in regard to the manner of casting the electoral vote seemed calculated to insure the democratic tenure of power. Worst of all, the courts, — the last federalist strongholds, the only remaining bulwarks of good government, — were, as Pickering believed, menaced with destruction. There can be no doubt that the more violent democrats aimed at a complete subversion of the judiciary, and here, certainly, the federalists had good reason for alarm. Yet there seemed no prospect of successful resistance to measures fraught with such dreadful consequences.

To Pickering, Louisiana meant only an indefinite extension of slave-holding territory, and the consequent political extinction of New England. Offices had become in his eyes nothing but a means of corruption, contrived, like the constitutional amendment, to give permanency to the rule of Jefferson. The judiciary, that last protection of life, property, and order, seemed to be crumbling beneath the blows of its assailant. From this torrent of evils there was apparently no escape. But while Pickering fully believed ruin to be approaching, he was not for an instant cast down. His courage rose with the emergency. In the rights of States there was still one weapon for an oppressed minority. To these Pickering and some of his associates turned as the last but certain remedy. They regarded secession as the final expedient, but nevertheless as a perfectly natural one; and this, it must be remembered, was then the universal belief. The Union was new, was an experiment; the state governments were old and well tried. The only question was whether the experiment had permanently failed. If this question was answered in the affirmative, then secession became not only

a right but a duty. To Pickering the case was clear: the Union was a failure. His party, his State, and his principles were about to be effaced, and there was no assurance that liberty, property, and even life itself would not soon be sacrificed in deference to the wishes of the rabble. A few of his own sentences bring his opinions vividly before us, and show us the man, full of courage and determination, a leader among those who stood ready to tread the dangerous pathway of disunion. To Cabot he says: "Mr. Jefferson's plan of destruction has been gradually advancing. If at once he had removed from office all the federalists, and given to the people such substitutes as we generally see, even his followers (I mean the mass) would have been shocked. He is still making progress in the same course; and he has the credit of being the real source of all the innovations which threaten the subversion of the constitution, and the prostration of every barrier erected by it for the protection of the *best*, and therefore to him the most obnoxious, part of the community. His instruments manifest tempers so malignant, so inexorable, as convince observing federalists that the mild manners and habits of our countrymen are the only security against their extreme vengeance. How long we shall enjoy even this security, God only knows. And must we with folded hands wait the result, or timely think of other protection? This is a delicate subject. The principles of our Revolution point to the remedy, — a separation. . . . The people of the East cannot reconcile their habits, views, and interests with those of the South and West. The latter are beginning to rule with a rod of iron. The independence of the judges is now directly assailed, and the majority are either so blind or so well trained that it will most undoubtedly be destroyed. New judges, of characters and tempers suited to the object, will be the selected ministers of vengeance. I am not willing to be sacrificed by such popular tyrants. My life is not worth much; but if it must be offered up, let it rather be in the hope of obtaining a more stable government,

under which my children, at least, may enjoy freedom with security."

Pickering saw in Jefferson a fit leader for a party which sought to establish the supremacy of the rabble. He writes to Rufus King: "The cowardly wretch at their head, while, like a Parisian revolutionary monster, prating about humanity, would feel an infernal pleasure in the utter destruction of his opponents. We have too long witnessed his general turpitude, his cruel removals of faithful officers, and the substitution of corruption and looseness for integrity and worth."

In the same strain he wrote to Theodore Lyman: "Under such a man, and with the means he possesses and can command, corruption will continue to make rapid progress, all power will be thrown into the hands of his party in all the States, and the federalists will curse the day which detached them from the milder government of the mother country.

"Such is the fate which awaits us, and we shall live to see it; yes, the next presidential term will not elapse before what is now anticipated will be verified. One or two Marats or Robespierres in each branch of the legislature, with half a dozen hardened wretches ready to cooperate, a greater number of half-moderates, another portion of gaping expectants of office, another of the ignorant and undiscerning, with the many timid characters, will constitute a large majority, up to any measure which the revenge, the malice, the ambition, or rapacity of the leaders shall propose. It will be enough, to render every such measure popular, to declare its object to be to crush aristocracy and monarchy, and to secure liberty and republicanism.

"And are our good citizens so devoted to their private pursuits that they will not allow themselves time to look up and see the gathering cloud? Will nothing rouse them but its thunder, or strike their eyes save the lightning bursting from its bosom?"

But Pickering and his associates in Congress utterly failed to catch the drift of public sentiment. The mists

which hung over the Potomac then as now very often prevented politicians from beholding the country at large, or at best presented an image wholly distorted and false to its original. The people of the United States were gratified by the Louisiana purchase, and the other dangers, so enormous in the eyes of the federalist senators, did not impress the popular imagination. But the advocates of secession were soon undeceived. If they lacked the unerring instinct, the keen perception of the popular feeling which had enabled Jefferson, in 1799, successfully to formulate and publish the doctrine of nullification, others possessed it, in a degree at least. When they applied for support and assistance to their party allies at home, some told them that separation was undesirable and unjustifiable, while others, admitting its probability in the future, dissuaded any movement in the present. All alike refused aid or encouragement, and the death of Hamilton destroyed even the prospect of discussing the project.

Thus ended the federalist scheme to dissolve the Union in 1804. The reelection of Jefferson followed hard upon it, and the next year, marked by signs of decay in the old parties, was the most gloomy period of Pickering's career. He seemed to be threatened with a general desertion, and though he would have gone on unflinchingly in his opposition to Jefferson even if he had been the only opponent of the administration in the country, the idea filled him with sadness. When William Plumer, of New Hampshire, left the fast-thinning ranks of the federalists, Pickering's bitterness knew no bounds. He says he is not surprised; that he has long thought Plumer entitled to no confidence; that Plumer is fitted by religion and moral principles to be Jefferson's helper, and has been known to say that he considered "John Randolph an honest man." Worst of all, Plumer had censured a democrat for telling too freely his party secrets. "This single sentiment," says the old Lover of Truth, "is enough by itself to seal a man's damnation." But the days of the

federalists were not yet over. The death struggle between France and England again involved the interests of the whole civilized world. The timorous policy of Jefferson, built upon unsound theories and dictated by what was supposed to be the popular wish, gave a great opening to the federalists. They failed to grasp their opportunity and rise to national success, but they united New England against the administration. Into the bitter contest caused by the Embargo Pickering flung himself, heart and soul. An old belief, laid aside for a time, once more took possession of his mind. Jefferson was the tool of France; France was the universal spoiler and tyrant, England the defender of liberty and society. The duty of every right-thinking and God-fearing man was plain. He must side with England and resist to the death Napoleon Bonaparte and his minion Thomas Jefferson. But Pickering did not abandon the creed of 1804. He still clung to the text of the federalist preacher, which was often in his own mouth: "Come out therefore from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you and be a father to you: ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Almighty." The uncleanness of the democrats, always extreme, was now increased tenfold by their affection for France and their hostility to England. Their restrictive measures were tyranny. "How are the powers," asked Pickering of Christopher Gore, "reserved to the States respectively, or to the people, to be maintained, but by the respective States judging for themselves, and putting their negative on the usurpations of the general government?" The same spirit breathes in the famous Embargo letter addressed by Pickering to Governor Sullivan, and read by men of all parties throughout the land, and by the leader in Europe as well. The governor was no match for the champion who had as sailed him, but there were others more equal to the contest. John Quincy Adams took up the gauntlet which Pickering had thrown down, and replied to his letter with unsparing vigor. But not

ing could stay Pickering at this moment, — perhaps the happiest of his life. In the thick of a desperate contest, in a hopeless minority, with the eyes of the nation fixed on him, the unquestioned leader of his party in public life, the acknowledged defender of principles which he felt to be sacred, Pickering displayed all the strongest qualities of his powerful nature, and although we may deem them misapplied we cannot withhold our admiration from their possessor. Again Pickering was destined to disappointment. He had the popular feeling in New England on his side this time, but the party leaders, much as they delighted in his fighting qualities, were not prepared for his extreme measure. They would not abandon the opportunity of national success afforded in the Embargo by any plans for disunion. Pickering, too, had his eye on the nation as well as on the State, but the coalition with Northern democrats which he aimed at broke down, and the federalists failed at every point. They forced the repeal of the Embargo, and embittered by defeat the last hours of Jefferson's public life; but that was all.

The next election deprived Pickering of his seat in the senate, but he was in the house of representatives shortly after the outbreak of the war with England. He believed the time had again come for a decided movement, yet the Eastern States still hung back. The progress of the war, however, brought angry quarrels between New England and the general government. They refused to assist each other, and 1814 found the Eastern coasts exposed to devastation, and the Eastern people worn and impoverished by the sufferings of war. At last came the call for the Hartford convention. Pickering, who had incessantly urged strong measures on the Massachusetts legislature, felt that the decisive moment was at hand, and he sent elaborate letters to his correspondents, pointing out the proper course to be pursued by the convention. He saw that a general dissolution was setting in, and he had no doubt that the British expedition to New Orleans would

result in the severance of the Western States, an event which he believed to be for the best interests of the country. Decisive action by New England at such a moment might result, not in a Northern confederacy, but in a union of the "good old thirteen States," dominated and controlled by New England principles. The Hartford convention met and did its work, not at all in Pickering's spirit, but quite to his satisfaction, for he felt that it was an irrevocable step, and the beginning of a movement which subsequent events would determine.

But even while Pickering was speculating about the future and dreaming of the downfall of the backwoods democracy, news came of the Treaty of Ghent, and then, with scarcely a breathing space, of the battle of New Orleans. All was over. The bitter struggle of the past fifteen years was at an end, and a new political era had begun. It must have been to Pickering a cruel disappointment. The hope of coercing the South, of building up anew the power of New England, was destroyed, and whatever personal ambition he may then have had was blasted. He saw it all at a glance, but we can only conjecture the bitterness of his feelings, for he gave no sign. However much he may have repined, no one knew of it. Useless lamentation was not in his nature, and he had, besides, the consolation of seeing all the federalist methods of government adopted by the new war democracy. We must not, therefore, overrate his disappointment, for, ardently as Pickering had worked for a separation, he did not regard it as a good in itself, but merely as a means to an end, as the last resort to rectify bad government and establish the reign of the best political principles. In other words, he desired the supremacy of New England, and he believed that by separation he could coerce the other States into submission to New England principles, or else that a Northern confederacy would be formed in which New England would be master. The establishment of the methods in government which he cherished, and the downfall of Napoleon whom he abhorred,

were sources of great and enduring satisfaction. He did not grieve for the unattainable, nor despair because the government was that of a pure democracy. He refused a reelection to Congress, withdrew to his Essex farm, and, laying aside his weapons, relapsed into a cheerful contentment and the enjoyment of his favorite pursuit of agriculture.

Yet he could not wholly abstain from politics. When, in after years, the old controversies were in any way revived, his spirits rose, and the attraction of the battle was irresistible. The most conspicuous instance of this sort was occasioned by the publication of the "Cunningham correspondence." These letters were given to the public through a most infamous breach of confidence, in order to serve party malice and raise the feeling in Massachusetts against John Quincy Adams, then a candidate for the presidency. William Cunningham had insinuated himself into the friendship of John Adams, and had succeeded in drawing from him a series of letters covering many years and relating chiefly to the agitated period of the last federalist administration. These were the papers which Cunningham's son now gave to the world, and they answered his purpose to the extent of angering the surviving federalists, of awakening old and bitter memories, and of bringing Pickering once more into the field of political controversy. In these letters, John Adams, trusting in the seal of secrecy which he had imposed, had poured forth, with his customary impetuosity, all his hatred of his federalist opponents. He not merely attacked his old enemies, but he made charges of all sorts against them, — some, no doubt, well founded, but others, too, which had no support except worn-out and exaggerated scandal. These assaults carried Pickering back a quarter of a century, and he promptly took down his armor and prepared to fight his battles over again with the same unquenchable vigor, the same *gaudium certaminis*, as in 1799. John Adams's rather vague accusations and loosely worded version of past events, though natural enough in an intimate and strict-

ly private correspondence, were poor material for public warfare. They offered no resistance to Pickering's carefully planned attack. Fortified with documents, and with all his usual attention to details, Pickering reviewed, or rather tore to pieces, the Cunningham letters. His powers of invective were still undiminished, and the sharp, incisive language in which he assailed Mr. Adams shows no abatement in his warlike strength, and no flickering in the fierce flame of party hostility. His pamphlet would have been remarkable for any man, but as the work of one verging upon eighty it is a marvelous production. The bodily and mental fibre which made Pickering capable of such an effort must have been tough indeed. But Pickering's resentments were interwoven with his most deeply-rooted principles, were part of his very being, and could cease only with life itself. Shortly before his death he was invited by Mr. Thorndike, of Beverly, to dine with him in company with John Quincy Adams, at that time president of the United States. Pickering's hostility was never of the kind which leads men to shun meeting their opponents. His consistent theory was that in attacking a man's character and principles he was not actuated by any personal feelings, and he would have deemed it in some sort cowardly to manifest any objection to sitting at the same table with an adversary. In this particular instance he regarded Mr. Adams as an apostate, and there exists among his papers a vigorous definition of the crime of apostacy, clearly intended to cover Mr. Adams's case. Pickering, however, did not desire his host to imagine that because he consented to dine with the president he had on any point changed his views as to the character of that eminent person. Silence in such a case seemed, therefore, to savor of deception, and he accordingly addressed to Mr. Thorndike the following note: —

SALEM, September 19, 1827.

DEAR SIR, — I intended to visit Wenham to-day with my wife, and on our

return to call to see you and Mrs. Thorn-dike; but the rain preventing, I am by this note to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to dinner next Wednesday, "to meet President Adams." On the supposition that I should need some *preparation* for the meeting, this notice was kindly intended; but I needed none. Whenever I should meet Mr. Adams I should be civil; certainly so when meeting as guests at the hospitable table of a friend. But knowing, as I do, his whole political career,—the slanderer of AMES and CABOT, and an apostate from the federal principles which I have always held in common with those eminent citizens and other unchanging patriots,—it is impossible for me to *respect* him. It was his *apostacy* which gained him the high object of his selfish ambition, the presidency of the United States.

I accept with pleasure your invitation to dinner. Very respectfully,

T. PICKERING.

HON. ISRAEL THORNDIKE, *Beverly.*

Shortly after this meeting came the presidential election. The extinction of the federalists had made it possible for Pickering to regard the existing parties with some degree of indifference, and though it must have cost the old man an effort to support a candidate put forward by the legitimate political successors of Jefferson, yet personal feelings prevailed. Andrew Jackson had been always an open enemy, but his opponent was John Quincy Adams, the renegade federalist and the son of John Adams. Pickering could not resist the temptation. For the last time he entered the field of politics to oppose Adams and advocate the election of Jackson. His vigorous articles showed little relaxation of the old energy of purpose and the old strength of conviction. But this was the final effort. Before Jackson was inaugurated, before Adams had returned to private life to answer once more, if he had so desired, his ancient and unforgiving foe, Pickering died. The last sounds that reached his ear from the battle-field of politics announced the defeat

of his enemy, and the grave closed over him before that enemy could retaliate. The last blow had been struck, the last word said, in the long strife of twenty-five years, by the strong old warrior, whose spirit nearly ninety years had failed to tame.

We have tried to outline briefly this remarkable career, dwelling chiefly on those events which have the deepest personal and historical significance, and which his biographer saw fit to pass over in silence. Apart, however, from its purely historic value, the story of Colonel Pickering's life reveals a character fruitful in interest to every student of human nature. The predominant qualities were strong, direct, and simple, yet we are occasionally met by contradictions so glaring that they upset every calculation and seem to paralyze analysis. The character of Timothy Pickering cannot be thoroughly appreciated without a constant recurrence to the marked and peculiar qualities, mental and moral, of the Puritan race from which he sprang and of which he was a type. The Puritan who took arms against Charles I. was a man absorbed in the great thought of religion. All other objects were to be attained merely as means to the one great end,—the establishment of the kingdom of Christ by his chosen people. This religious fervor slowly abated, but the principle of utter devotion to a great cause was too deeply branded in their nature to be soon effaced. This quality has been conspicuous among the descendants of the Puritans; it has led to their greatest glories, and in like manner it has been the source of some of their most grievous errors. In it can be found the key to the characters of some of the most remarkable men in our history. This, as well as other less unusual traits of the Puritan character, was possessed in a marked degree by Colonel Pickering.

He was a man of the most reckless courage, physical as well as moral, and there was nothing which so strongly moved his contempt as wavering or hesitation. It was this which caused his strong distrust of Harrison Gray Otis, "whose capital defect was timidity."

Hardly less remarkable was his confidence in himself, his principles, and his beliefs. The idea that he might be in the wrong never finds the slightest acknowledgment in his letters or speeches. On one or two occasions he was not without misgivings as to his ability to perform some trying duty, or fill some high office, but no shadow of doubt ever fell upon him as to his opinions when they had once been formed. When he had settled in his own mind what was right, he pursued it undeviatingly and without the slightest trace of hesitation. Mr. Upham says that Pickering was not prejudiced. A more extraordinary estimate of character it would be difficult to find. Pickering's prejudices, and his unswerving adherence to them at all times and seasons, were one great secret of his success. And this is merely the statement of a general truth. The majority of successful men are the men of intense prejudices and intense convictions. They may not be of so high a type as the broad and liberal-minded men, but they attain the greatest measure of immediate and practical success. They appeal most strongly to the sympathies and passions of their fellow-men; for to the mass of humanity liberality is apt to look like indifferentism, and independence like unreliable eccentricity. Utter and whole-souled belief in themselves and their cause was the grandest feature in the character of the Puritans. Yet this belief is but prejudice in its highest form, and of strong prejudices in all forms Pickering was an exponent. This assured confidence in his own principles and motives explains also the somewhat strange nature of his personal enmities. When we read his fierce denunciations of the elder Adams, and then find him saying that "he had no resentment toward Mr. Adams," the contradiction seems hopeless, for Pickering never used words to conceal thought. The fact is that his hostility, although directed comprehensively against Mr. Adams's actions, opinions, and character, was not dictated by any small feelings of jealousy, revenge, or personal spite and ill-will. To Pickering everything resolved itself

into the strife between good and evil. As the champion of the former, he felt it to be his duty, as he said to Lowell, "in this wicked world, though he could not restore it to innocence, to strive to prevent its growing worse;" and he had no patience with the good-humored cynicism of his friend George Cabot, when the latter said, "Why can't you and I let the world ruin itself in its own way?" Such speeches sank deep into Pickering's mind, and he never thought of them without sorrow. This unconquerable belief in the justice of one's cause sometimes leads to a subjection of means to ends, a danger from which Pickering did not wholly escape. Confidence in his own rectitude was the prevailing reason for his love of plain statements, amounting at times to an almost brutal frankness. But he felt himself to be the defender not merely of the right in general, but of truth and honesty in particular. On these last qualities he justly prided himself; but here, as in all cases, the strength of his conviction led him to extremes. So wholly did he desire the *fortiter in re* that in public life, at least, he generally sacrificed the *suaviter in modo*.

In one important particular Pickering differed widely from those political and personal friends with whom he was most closely allied. They were, as a rule, genuine aristocrats in feeling, while Pickering was at bottom a democrat. He had a profound contempt not merely for such trappings as heraldic bearings, but for any distinctions which he conceived to be in the least artificial or based on aught but the qualities and services of the individual man. Yet he was not wanting in caste feeling of another sort. He had all the pride of the Puritan who gloried in belonging to the chosen people of God. Within certain limits Pickering was a democrat, pure and simple, but he looked upon all who stood beyond the pale very much as the Greek regarded the barbarian. This peculiarity is curiously manifested in his religious belief, for while he never for a moment doubted his own security of a blessed immortality, he conceived that but few of

his fellow-men would share in this future felicity. In condoling with a friend upon the loss of a son, he says: "But we do not grieve as those who have no hope. We look forward to a brighter and a happier world, where sorrow shall cease, and where all tears shall be wiped from our eyes. How blest are they who entertain such hopes! How wretched those, like numbers round me here (Washington in 1804), whose views extend not beyond the grave, and whose best refuge is annihilation!" In the same way he exhibits the most intense local pride and the strongest affection for his birth-place: "Not that every part of the Union is alike to me," he says; "my affections still flow in what you will deem their natural order, — toward Salem, Massachusetts, New England, the Union at large." Again he says, "Such events would not have happened in New England. I rejoice that I can call *that* my country. I think myself honored by it." Pickering's theory of society was the ideal New England democracy, where all the chosen race were alike before Heaven and before man, but where virtue and ability received unhesitating deference and maintained an unquestioned leadership.

Pickering's aversion to aristocracy in the ordinary sense of the word, and his hatred of shams and false pretenses, carried him far in devotion to the *nil admirari* principle. "How little virtue," he says, "is there among mankind! How small the number whose actions are not dictated by their interest or passions!" No man was stauncher or truer to his friends, but he never permitted affection to blind him to their faults. With the single exception, perhaps, of John Adams, Pickering was the only federalist who had a moderate estimate of Washington's abilities, and of this opinion he made no secret. He respected Washington's character, and he even felt awed by the grandeur of Washington's personal presence, but he could not understand him, nor could he perceive in their full extent those great qualities of mind and heart before which men of all nations have bowed in reverence. The only man whom he

thoroughly admired was Hamilton. The clear, penetrating intellect, commanding will, unhesitating decision, and indomitable energy of that great man appealed most strongly to Pickering. To Hamilton he yielded an admiration and respect which he withheld from all others, but even here he would never sacrifice his own opinion.

If Pickering was true to his friendships, he was no less faithful to his enemies, performing in both respects what he believed to be his duty. He was always collecting evidence on every point, no matter how trifling, which might aid in the exposure of his opponents to the world in their real characters, and thus benefit the country and illumine dark places for the people with the light of truth. With this view he gathered a vast quantity of material, a small portion of which he used in his political controversies, but which was intended in the main for memoirs of his contemporaries. These memoirs in a rough state are preserved among his manuscripts, and would furnish a most entertaining and valuable book if fully published.

Such are some of the more uncommon traits in this remarkable character. Other attributes, such as his industry, energy, untiring persistence, and capacity of work, are apparent in every page of his biography. In Timothy Pickering the defects as well as the virtues were positive and strongly marked. There was nothing negative, doubtful, or colorless in his composition. The same was true of his mind. His intellect was strong, active, and full of vitality and force, but essentially narrow. Within certain limits his mental vision was wonderfully clear and acute, but outside those limits he saw nothing. He was not *homo unius libri*, for in many fields of human thought he showed an equal capacity and strength. But in all alike he worked within certain well-defined and immutable bounds, beyond which he never passed. He did not belong to that small class of far-sighted statesmen who build for unborn generations and weigh the most remote effects of their actions. Pickering rarely looked into the future

at all, but he saw the present with wonderful distinctness, and dealt with it as he found it, untroubled with misgivings as to what was to come after.

But when all is said, when analysis has done its work and posterity pronounced its unimpassioned verdict, we still come back to the stern conviction, the unchanging will, the unflinching courage of the man with an increased measure of admiration and sympathy.

No doubt Timothy Pickering made many mistakes, and in some instances acted wrongly and unwisely, but throughout his life he was imbued to the full with the spirit of the great Puritan captain, when among the mists of Dunbar he cried out, "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered." This spirit, with all its shortcomings, is one the world cannot afford to lose, or men of English race forget.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

CLOSING CHORDS.

I.

Death's Eloquence.

WHEN I shall go
 Into the narrow home that leaves
 No room for wringing of the hands and hair,
 And feel the pressing of the walls which bear
 The heavy sod upon my heart that grieves,
 (As the weird earth rolls on,)
 Then I shall know
 What is the power of destiny. But still,
 Still while my life, however sad, be mine,
 I war with memory, striving to divine
 Phantom to-morrows, to outrun the past;
 For yet the tears of final, absolute ill
 And ruinous knowledge of my fate I shun.
 Even as the frail, instinctive weed
 Tries, through unending shade, to reach at last
 A shining, mellowing, rapture-giving sun;
 So in the deed of breathing joy's warm breath,
 Fain to succeed,
 I, too, in colorless longings, hope till death.

II.

Peace.

AN angel spoke with me, and lo, he hoarded
 My falling tears to cheer a flower's face!
 For, so it seems, in all the heavenly space
 A wasted grief was never yet recorded.

Victorious calm those holy tones afforded
 Unto my soul; whose outcry, in disgrace,
 Changed to low music, leading to the place
 Where, though well armed, with futile use awarded,
 My past lay dead. "Wars are of earth!" he cried;
 "Endurance only breathes immortal air;
 Courage eternal, by a world defied,
 Still wears the front of patience, smooth and fair."
 Are wars so futile, and is courage peace?
 Take, then, my soul, thus gently thy release!

Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

THE ADIRONDACKS VERIFIED.

VI.

CAMPING OUT.

It seems to be agreed that civilization is kept up only by a constant effort. Nature claims its own speedily when the effort is relaxed. If you clear a patch of fertile ground in the forest, uproot the stumps, and plant it, year after year, in potatoes and maize, you say you have subdued it. But if you leave it for a season or two a kind of barbarism seems to steal out upon it from the circling woods: coarse grass and brambles cover it; bushes spring up in a wild tangle; the raspberry and the blackberry flower and fruit, and the humorous bear feeds upon them. The last state of that ground is worse than the first.

Perhaps the cleared spot is called Ephesus. There is a splendid city on the plain; there are temples and theatres on the hills; the commerce of the world seeks its port; the luxury of the Orient flows through its marble streets. You are there one day when the sea has receded: the plain is a pestilent marsh; the temples, the theatres, the lofty gates, have sunken and crumbled, and the wild brier runs over them; and as you grow pensive in the most desolate place in the world, a bandit lounges out of a tomb and offers to relieve you of all that which

creates artificial distinctions in society. The higher the civilization has risen, the more abject is the desolation of barbarism that ensues. The most melancholy spot in the Adirondacks is not a tamarack swamp, where the traveler wades in moss and mire, and the atmosphere is composed of equal active parts of black-flies, mosquitoes, and midges. It is the village of the Adirondack Iron Works, where the streets of gaunt houses are falling to pieces, tenantless, the factory wheels have stopped, the furnaces are in ruins, the iron and wooden machinery is strewn about in helpless detachment, and heaps of charcoal, ore, and slag proclaim an arrested industry. Beside this deserted village even Calamity Pond, shallow, sedgy, with its ragged shores of stunted firs and its melancholy shaft that marks the spot where the proprietor of the iron works accidentally shot himself, is cheerful.

The instinct of barbarism that leads people periodically to throw aside the habits of civilization and seek the freedom and discomfort of the woods is explicable enough. But it is not so easy to understand why this passion should be strongest in those who are most refined and most trained in intellectual and social fastidiousness. Philistinism and shoddy do not like the woods, unless it becomes fashionable to do so, and then

as speedily as possible they introduce their artificial luxuries, and reduce the life in the wilderness to the vulgarity of a well-fed picnic. It is they who have strewn the Adirondacks with paper collars and tin cans. The real enjoyment of camping and tramping in the woods lies in a return to primitive conditions of lodging, dress, and food, — in as total an escape as may be from the requirements of civilization. And it remains to be explained why this is enjoyed most by those who are most highly civilized. It is wonderful to see how easily the restraints of society fall off. Of course, it is not true that courtesy depends upon clothes with the best people, but with others behavior hangs almost entirely upon dress. Many good habits are easily got rid of in the woods. Doubt sometimes seems to be felt whether Sunday is a legal holiday there. It becomes a question of casuistry with a clergyman whether he may shoot at a mark on Sunday if none of his congregation are present. He intends no harm; he only gratifies a curiosity to see if he can hit the mark. Where shall he draw the line? Doubtless he might throw a stone at a chipmunk, or shout at a loon. Might he fire at a mark with an air-gun that makes no noise? He will not fish or hunt on Sunday, — although he is no more likely to catch anything that day than on any other, — but may he eat trout that the guide has caught on Sunday, if the guide swears he caught them Saturday night? Is there such a thing as a vacation in religion? How much of our virtue do we owe to inherited habits?

I am not at all sure whether this desire to camp outside of civilization is creditable to human nature or otherwise. We hear sometimes that the Turk has been merely camping for four centuries in Europe. I suspect that many of us are, after all, really camping temporarily in civilized conditions, and that going into the wilderness is an escape, longed for, into our natural and preferred state. Consider what this "camping out" is that is confessedly so agreeable to people most delicately reared. I have no desire to exaggerate its delights.

The Adirondack wilderness is essentially unbroken: a few bad roads that penetrate it, a few jolting wagons that traverse them, a few barn-like boarding-houses on the edge of the forest, where the boarders are soothed by patent coffee, and stimulated to unnatural gayety by Japan tea, and experimented on by unique cookery, do little to destroy the savage fascination of the region. In half an hour, at any point, one can put himself into solitude and every desirable discomfort. The party that covets the experience of the camp comes down to primitive conditions of dress and equipment. There are guides and porters to carry the blankets for beds, the raw provisions, and the camp equipage; and the motley party of the temporarily de-civilized files into the woods and begins, perhaps by a road, perhaps on a trail, its exhilarating and weary march. The exhilaration arises partly from the casting aside of restraint, partly from the adventure of exploration; and the weariness from the interminable toil of bad walking, a heavy pack, and the grim monotony of trees and bushes that shut out all prospect except an occasional glimpse of the sky. Mountains are painfully climbed, streams forded, lonesome lakes paddled over, long and muddy "carries" traversed. Fancy this party the victim of political exile, banished by the law, and a more sorrowful march could not be imagined. But the voluntary hardship becomes pleasure, and it is undeniable that the spirits of the party rise as the difficulties increase.

For this straggling and stumbling band the world is young again. It has come to the beginning of things, it has cut loose from tradition, and is free to make a home anywhere; the movement has all the promise of a revolution. All this virginal freshness invites the primitive instincts of play and disorder. The free range of the forests suggests endless possibilities of exploration and possession. Perhaps we are treading where man since the creation never trod before; perhaps the waters of this bubbling spring, which we deepen by scraping out the decayed leaves and the black earth, have

never been tasted before except by the wild denizens of these woods. We cross the trails of lurking animals, — paths that heighten our sense of seclusion from the world. The hammering of the infrequent woodpecker, the call of the lonely bird, the drumming of the solitary partridge, — all these sounds do but emphasize the lonesomeness of nature. The roar of the mountain brook, dashing over its bed of pebbles, rising out of the ravine and spreading, as it were, a mist of sound through all the forest, — continuous beating waves that have the rhythm of eternity in them, — and the fitful movement of the air tides through the balsams and firs and the giant pines, how these grand symphonies shut out the little exasperations of our vexed life! It seems easy to begin life over again on the simplest terms. Probably it is not so much the desire of the congregation to escape from the preacher, or of the preacher to escape from himself, that drives sophisticated people into the wilderness as it is the unconquered craving for primitive simplicity, the revolt against the everlasting dress-parade of our civilization. From this monstrous pomposity, even the artificial rusticity of a Petit Trianon is a relief. It was only human nature that the jaded Frenchman of the Regency should run away to the New World and live in a forest hut with an Indian squaw; although he found little satisfaction in his act of heroism unless it was talked about at Versailles.

When our trappers come, late in the afternoon, to the bank of a lovely lake where they purpose to enter the primitive life, everything is waiting for them in virgin expectation. There is a little promontory jutting into the lake and sloping down to a sandy beach on which the waters idly lapse, and shoals of red-fins and shiners come to greet the stranger. The forest is untouched by the axe; the tender green sweeps the water's edge. Ranks of slender firs are marshaled by the shore; clumps of white birch stems shine in satin purity among the evergreens; the boles of giant spruces, maples and oaks, lifting high their crowns of foliage, stretch away in endless gal-

leries and arcades. Through the shifting leaves the sunshine falls upon the brown earth; overhead are fragments of blue sky; under the boughs and in chance openings appear the bluer lake and the outline of the gracious mountains. The discoverers of this paradise, which they have entered to destroy, note the babbling of the brook that flows close at hand; they hear the splash of the leaping fish; they listen to the sweet, metallic song of the evening thrush, and the chatter of the red squirrel, who angrily challenges their right to be there. But the moment of sentiment passes. This party has come here to eat and to sleep, and not to encourage nature in her poetic attitudinizing.

The spot for a shanty is selected: this side shall be its opening, towards the lake, and in front of it the fire, so that the smoke shall drift into the hut and discourage the mosquitoes; yonder shall be the cook's fire and the path to the spring. The whole colony bestir themselves in the foundation of a new home, — an enterprise that has all the fascination and none of the danger of a veritable new settlement in the wilderness. The axes of the guides resound in the echoing spaces; great trunks fall with a crash; vistas are opened towards the lake and the mountains. The spot for the shanty is cleared of underbrush; forked stakes are driven into the ground, cross-pieces are laid on them, and poles sloping back to the ground. In an incredible space of time there is the skeleton of a house, which is entirely open in front. The roof and sides must be covered. For this purpose the trunks of great spruces are skinned. The woodman rims the bark near the foot of the tree, and again six feet above, and slashes it perpendicularly; then, with a blunt stick, he crowds off this thick hide, exactly as an ox is skinned. It needs but a few of these skins to cover the roof, and they make a perfectly water-tight roof, except when it rains. Meantime, busy hands have gathered boughs of the spruce and the feathery balsam, and shingled the ground underneath the shanty for a bed. It is an aromatic bed; in theory it is elastic

and consoling. Upon it are spread the blankets. The sleepers, of all sexes and ages, are to lie there in a row, their feet to the fire and their heads under the edge of the sloping roof. Nothing could be better contrived. The fire is in front; it is not a fire, but a conflagration, a vast heap of green logs, set on fire of pitch and split dead-wood and crackling balsams, raging and roaring. By the time twilight falls the cook has prepared supper. Everything has been cooked in a tin pail and a skillet, — potatoes, tea, pork, mutton, slapjacks. You wonder how everything could have been prepared in so few utensils. When you eat the wonder ceases; everything might have been cooked in one pail. It is a noble meal, and nobly is it disposed of by these amateur savages sitting about upon logs and roots of trees. Never were there such potatoes; never beans that seemed to have more of the bean in them; never such curly pork; never trout with more Indian meal on them; never mutton more distinctly sheepy; and the tea, drunk out of a tin cup, with a lump of maple sugar dissolved in it, — it is the sort of tea that takes hold, lifts the hair, and disposes the drinker to anecdote and hilariousness. There is no deception about it; it tastes of tannin and spruce and creosote. Everything, in short, has the flavor of the wilderness and a free life. It is idyllic. And yet, with all our sentimentality, there is nothing feeble about the cooking. The slapjacks are a solid job of work, made to last, and not go to pieces in a person's stomach like a trivial bun; we might record on them, in cuneiform characters, our incipient civilization, and future generations would doubtless turn them up as Acadian bricks. Good, robust victuals are what the primitive man wants.

Darkness falls suddenly. Outside the ring of light from our conflagration, the woods are black. There is a tremendous impression of isolation and lonesomeness in our situation. We are the prisoners of the night. The woods never seemed so vast and mysterious. The trees are gigantic. There are noises that we do not understand, mysterious winds pass-

ing overhead and rambling in the great galleries, tree trunks grinding against each other, undefinable stirs and uneasinesses. The shapes of those who pass into the dimness are outlined in monstrous proportions. The spectres, seated about in the glare of the fire, talk about appearances and presentiments and religion; the guides cheer the night with bear-fights, and catamount encounters, and frozen-to-death experiences, and simple tales of great prolixity and no point, and jokes of primitive lucidity. We hear catamounts, and the stealthy tread of things in the leaves, and the hooting of owls, and when the moon rises the laughter of the loon. Everything is strange, spectral, fascinating.

By and by we get our positions in the shanty for the night, and arrange the row of sleepers. The shanty has become a smoke-house by this time: waves of smoke roll into it from the fire; it is only by lying down and getting the head well under the eaves that one can breathe. No one can find her "things;" nobody has a pillow. At length the row is laid out, with the solemn protestation of intention to sleep. The wind shifting drives away the smoke; good night is said a hundred times; positions are readjusted; more last words; new shifting about; final remarks; it is all so comfortable and romantic, and then silence. Silence continues for a minute. The fire flashes up; all the row of heads is lifted up simultaneously to watch it; showers of sparks sail aloft into the blue night; the vast vault of greenery is a fairy spectacle. How the sparks mount, and twinkle, and disappear like tropical fire-flies! and all the leaves murmur and clap their hands. Some of the sparks do not go out; we see them flaming in the sky, when the flame of the fire has died down. Well, good night, — good night; more folding of the arms to sleep; more grumbling about the hardness of a hand-bag or the insufficiency of a pocket-handkerchief for a pillow, — good night. Was that a remark? — something about a root, a stub in the ground sticking into the back. "You could n't lie along a hair?" "Well, no; here's another

stub." It needs but a moment for the conversation to become general,—about roots under the shoulder, stubs in the back, a ridge on which it is impossible for the sleeper to balance, the non-elasticity of boughs, the hardness of the ground, the heat, the smoke, the chilly air; subjects of remark multiply. The whole camp is awake and chattering like an aviary. The owl is also awake, but the guides who are asleep outside make more noise than the owls. Water is wanted, and is handed about in a dipper. Everybody is yawning; everybody is now determined to go to sleep in good earnest. A last good night. There is an appalling silence. It is interrupted in the most natural way in the world. Somebody has got the start and gone to sleep. He proclaims the fact. He seems to have been brought up on the seashore, and to know how to make all the deep-toned noises of the restless ocean; he is also like a war-horse,—or, it is suggested, like a saw-horse. How malignantly he snorts, and breaks off short, and at once begins again in another key! One head is raised after another.

"Who is that?"

"Somebody punch him."

"Turn him over."

"Reason with him."

The sleeper is turned over. The turn was a mistake. He was before, it appears, on his most agreeable side. The camp rises in indignation. The sleeper sits up in bewilderment. Before he can go off again, two or three others have preceded him. They are all alike. You never can judge what a person is when he is awake. There are here half a dozen disturbers of the peace, who should be put in solitary confinement. At midnight, when a philosopher crawls out to sit on a log by the fire and smoke a pipe, a duet in tenor and mezzo-soprano is going on in the shanty, with a chorus always coming in at the wrong time. Those who are not asleep want to know why the smoker does n't go to bed. He is requested to get some water, to throw on another log, to see what time it is, to note whether it looks like rain. A buzz of conversation arises. She is sure

she heard something behind the shanty. He says it is all nonsense. "Perhaps, however, it might be a mouse."

"Mercy! Are there mice?"

"Plenty."

"Then, that's what I heard nibbling by my head. I shan't sleep a wink. Do they bite?"

"No, they nibble; scarcely ever take a full bite out."

"It's horrid."

Towards morning it grows chilly; the guides have let the fire go out; the blankets will slip down. Anxiety begins to be expressed about the dawn.

"What time does the sun rise?"

"Awful early. Did you sleep?"

"Not a wink. And you?"

"In spots. I'm going to dig up this root as soon as it is light enough."

"See that mist on the lake, and the light just coming on the Gothics. I'd no idea it was so cold; all the first part of the night I was roasted."

"What were they talking about all night?"

When the party crawls out to the early breakfast, after it has washed its faces in the lake, it is disorganized but cheerful. Nobody admits much sleep; but everybody is refreshed and declares it delightful. It is the fresh air all night that invigorates, or may be it is the tea, or the slapjacks. The guides have erected a table of spruce bark, with benches at the sides, so that breakfast is taken in form. It is served on tin plates and oak chips. After breakfast begins the day's work. It may be a mountain-climbing expedition, or rowing and angling in the lake, or fishing for trout in some stream two or three miles distant. Nobody can stir far from camp without a guide. Hammocks are swung, bowers are built, novel-reading begins, worsted work appears, cards are shuffled and dealt. The day passes in absolute freedom from responsibility to one's self. At night, when the expeditions return, the camp resumes its animation. Adventures are recounted, every statement of the narrator being disputed and argued. Everybody has become an adept in wood-craft, but nobody credits

his neighbor with like instinct. Society getting resolved into its elements, confidence is gone.

Whilst the hilarious party are at supper, a drop or two of rain falls. The head guide is appealed to. Is it going to rain? He says it does rain. But will it be a rainy night? The guide goes down to the lake, looks at the sky, and concludes that if the wind shifts a p'int more there is no telling what sort of weather we shall have. Meantime the drops patter thicker on the leaves overhead, and the leaves in turn pass the water down to the table; the sky darkens, the wind rises, there is a kind of shiver in the woods, and we scud away into the shanty, taking the remains of our supper and eating it as best we can. The rain increases. The fire sputters and fumes. All the trees are dripping, dripping, and the ground is wet. We cannot step out-doors without getting a drenching. Like sheep we are penned in the little hut, where no one can stand erect. The rain swirls into the open front and wets the bottom of the blankets; the smoke drives in; we curl up and enjoy ourselves. The guides at length conclude that it is going to be damp. The dismal situation sets us all into good spirits, and it is later than the night before when we crawl under our blankets, sure this time of a sound sleep, lulled by the storm and the rain resounding on the bark roof. How much better off we are than many a shelterless wretch! We are as snug as dry herrings. At the moment, however, of dropping off to sleep, somebody unfortunately notes a drop of water on his face; this is followed by another drop; in an instant a stream is established. He moves his head to a dry place. Scarcely has he done so, when he feels a dampness in his back. Reaching his hand outside, he finds a puddle of water soaking through his blanket. By this time somebody inquires if it is possible that the roof leaks. One man has a stream of water under him; another says it is coming into his ear. The roof appears to be a discriminating sieve. Those who are dry see no need of such a fuss. The man in the

corner spreads his umbrella, and the protective measure is resented by his neighbor. In the darkness there is re-crimination. One of the guides, who is summoned, suggests that the rubber blankets be passed out and spread over the roof. The inmates dislike the proposal, saying that a shower-bath is no worse than a tub-bath. The rain continues to soak down. The fire is only half-alive. The bedding is damp. Some sit up, if they can find a dry spot to sit on, and smoke. Heartless observations are made. A few sleep. And the night wears on. The morning opens cheerless. The sky is still leaking, and so is the shanty. The guides bring in a half-cooked breakfast. The roof is patched up. There are reviving signs of breaking away — delusive signs that create momentary exhilaration. Even if the storm clears, the woods are soaked. There is no chance of stirring. The world is only ten feet square.

This life, without responsibility or clean clothes, may continue as long as the reader desires. There are those who would like to live in this free fashion forever, taking rain and sun as Heaven pleases; and there are some souls so constituted that they cannot exist more than three days without their worldly baggage. Taking the party altogether, from one cause or another it is likely to strike camp sooner than was intended. And the stricken camp is a melancholy sight. The woods have been despoiled; the stumps are ugly; the bushes are scorched; the pine-leaf-strewn earth is trodden into mire; the landing looks like a cattle-ford; the ground is littered with all the unsightly *debris* of a hand-to-hand life; the dismantled shanty is a shabby object; the charred and blackened logs, where the fire blazed, suggest the extinction of family life. Man has wrought his usual wrong upon nature, and he can save his self-respect only by moving on to virgin forests.

And move to them he will, the next season if not this. For he who has once experienced the fascination of the woods life never escapes its enticement; in the memory nothing remains but its charm.

Charles Dudley Warner.

ENGLAND ON THE RAILS.

JOUY, the author of *L'Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*, which is the French Spectator, has a remark which those who are ready to generalize upon national peculiarities would do well to consider. "Plus on réfléchit," he says, "et plus on observe, plus on se convainc de la fausseté de la plupart de ces jugements portés sur un nation entière par quelques écrivains et adoptés sans examen par les autres."¹ He illustrates and confirms this conclusion by asking, Who is the Frenchman that does not believe himself to be one of a people the most mobile and the most inconstant in the world? Nevertheless, he adds, if we observe and study the character of our people elsewhere than in the capital, where it denaturalizes itself so easily, we shall discover that, so far from being inclined to change, the French is, of the peoples of Europe, the most enslaved by its prejudices, and the most bound down to routine. The French Addison was right; and there could be no more impressive illustration of the truth of his judgment than the opinions formed of each other, and tenaciously held for more than half a century, by the people of England and those of "America," or, as the latter is generally called in the former, "the States," both phrases being brief make-shifts for the long, complex, and purely political designation, "the United States of America." One of these notions is counterchanged, as the heralds say. When one half a shield, for example, is white and the other black (party per pale or per fesse, argent and sable), and a figure is imposed upon it of the tints of the field, the part which is upon the black side being white and that which is upon the white side being black, it is said to be counterchanged. This quaint contrivance, by which a figure, a lion for example, is shown one half black and the other white, in oppo-

¹ The more we reflect, and the more we observe, the more we are convinced of the falsity of the eager part of those judgments passed upon a whole

sition to the party-colored background upon which it is displayed, has a grotesque resemblance to the opinions sometimes entertained of each other on one subject by two individuals or two peoples. Thus British writers, and the British people generally, adopting, as Jouy says, without question the opinions of their writers, speak of us as a nation of travelers; while many of us, on the other hand, think of Englishmen as staid, immobile folk, slow in all their actions, mental and physical, and, compared with ourselves sluggish, stolid, and with a dislike of movement which is composed in equal parts of *vis inertiae* and local attachment. There was never a notion more incorrect, or set up more directly in the face of commonly known facts. Englishmen are, and always have been, the greatest travelers in the world. Englishmen, of all people, have been the readiest to leave an old home for a new one. They are the explorers, they are the colonizers, of the earth. It is because Englishmen are travelers and colonizers that two English-speaking nations monopolize the larger and the fairer part of this great continent; that the vast continent-like island of Australia is rapidly becoming another New England; that Victoria counts among her titles that of Empress of India; and that the aborigines of the southern wilds of Africa are beginning to yield place to the Anglo-Saxon. Even on this continent more men from the Old England than from the New have traveled to the Western plains for curiosity or for the pleasures of the chase; and in South America, — in the Brazils, in Peru, and in Chili, — of the English-speaking denizens and mercantile houses ten to one are British. Upon the latter point I do not of course speak with personal knowledge, but by inference from what I do know and from testimony.

people by some writers and adopted without question by others. (*L'Hermite*, etc. No. v., 21st September, 1811.)

The notion that "the Americans" are a nation of travelers has sprung chiefly from the largeness of our hotels, and the freedom and ease with which we use them. In former years the greater number of English travelers in England went, except when they were actually *en route*, to lodgings. It is only of late years that large hotels like ours have been established in the principal English cities; but there, notwithstanding all that has been said of the Englishman's dislike of hotel life, they are profitable, and seem to be well adapted to the habits of the people. Our large hotels were at first the result of a certain social condition. We had not a class of people who liked to let a part of their own houses to transient lodgers of a class above them. Keeping a hotel or a boarding-house as a business was quite another matter. It was undertaken like any other business. Hence our hotels and boarding-houses, and our free use of them merely as places where we could buy food and rest for a few hours, just as we could buy anything else at any shop, without concerning ourselves about the landlord in one case or the shopkeeper in the other. And this notion of our being so much more given to travel than Englishmen are had its origin many years ago, before railways were, and when we used, even much more than we do now, what Englishmen can never use largely as a means of locomotion, steamboats. A British traveler, finding himself in one of our large river-boats, with one, two, or perhaps three or four hundred people, came not unnaturally to the conclusion that our whole population was constantly moving about in those to him wonderful vessels. He had never seen more than a stage-coach full of fellow-passengers at one time, and the great throng astonished him. But for one traveler in a stage-coach here there were a hundred in England, besides those who traveled post.

However all this may have been, nowadays half England seems to be every day upon the rails. High and low, rich and poor, they spend no small part of their time in railway carriages. Ladies who would not venture themselves in a

London cab alone (although that they do now pretty freely) travel by rail unattended, or at most with a maid, who is generally in a second-class carriage while they are in a first. Not only married and middle-aged women do this, but young ladies, even of the higher and the upper-middle classes.¹ The number of trains that enter and leave London, Liverpool, Birmingham, and other large cities daily is enormous. The great stations in London, of which there are six or seven, like the Victoria, the Charing Cross, and the Euston Street, swarm with crowds at all hours. The entire population of the island seems to be always "on the go." And all this is done without bustle or confusion. The Englishman and the Englishwoman of today are so accustomed to travel that they go about upon the rails with no more fuss than in going from the drawing-room to the dining-room, and from the dining-room back into the drawing-room; and this quiet in locomotion is much aided by the perfect system of the railway management, and the comfort with which the whole proceeding is invested. A long train arrives at a great station whence hundreds of people are just about to start. There is no confusion, and the train is emptied, and in five minutes or less all the passengers, with their luggage, are out of the station and on their way homeward.

There has been much dispute as to the comparative convenience of the English and American systems of railway traveling. I give my voice, without hesitation or qualification, in favor of the English. In England a man in his traveling, as in all other affairs of life, does not lose his individuality. He does not become merely one of the traveling public. He is not transmuted, even by that great social change - worker the railway, into a mere item in a congeries of so many things that are to be transported from one place to another *with the least trouble to the common carrier*. His personal comfort is looked after, his individual wish

¹ *Teste*: the adventure of Colonel Valentine Baker, now, as Baker Pasha, restored to grace and good society in England.

are so far as is possible consulted. He arrives at the station with his luggage. One of the company's porters immediately appears, asks where he is going, and takes his trunks and bags. He buys his tickets, and directed, if he needs direction, by other servants of the company, all of whom are in uniform, he takes his seat in a first-class or second-class carriage, as he has chosen. He is assisted to find a comfortable place, and, if he appears at all at a loss, is prevented by the attendants from getting into a wrong train or a wrong carriage. For here, as in all similar places in England, there is always some authorized person at hand to answer questions; and the answer is civil and pleasant. His luggage, properly labeled, is placed in a van or compartment in the very carriage in which he takes his seat. For, contrary to the general supposition, first, second, and third class carriages are not distinct vehicles or, as we might say, cars, coupled together in a train. The body of the vehicle on each "truck" is divided into first, second, and third class carriages or compartments; and each one of these composite vehicles has a luggage van. A minute or two before the train is to start a servant of the company, whose particular business it is, goes to the door of every carriage and, examining the tickets of the passengers, sees that each one is properly placed. In more than one instance I have seen the error of an ignorant passenger who had neglected to make the proper inquiries rectified by this precaution, which prevents mistakes that would have proved very annoying. When this has been done the doors are closed but not locked, the word is given "all right," and the train starts, and with a motion so gentle that it is hardly perceptible. There is no clanging of bells or shrieking of whistles. The quiet of the whole proceeding is as impressive as its order. And I will here remark that that most hideous of all sounds, the mingled shriek and howl of the steam-whistle, from the annoyance of which we are hardly free anywhere in America, is rarely heard in England. At Morley's Hotel in London,

which is in Trafalgar Square, within a stone's-throw of the great Charing Cross station, and where I stopped for some days, I did not once hear, even in the stillness of night, this atrocious sound. On the rails it is rarely heard; and there the noise is not very unpleasant. It is a short, sharp sound, — a real whistle, not a demoniac shriek, or a hollow, metallic roar.

The care that is taken of the safety of passengers is shown by an incident of which I was a witness when going to Canterbury. The way-stations are on both sides of the road. Passengers who are going up take the train on one side; those going down, on the other. The communication between the two sides of the station is either by a bridge above the rails, or by a tunnel under-ground; and no one who is not a servant of the company is allowed to walk on the tracks, or to cross them, under any circumstances whatever. On the occasion to which I refer, a man stepped down from the platform on one side, and was instantly met by a person in uniform who ordered him back. He submitted at once, and then said, good-humoredly, to the station-master, "I suppose you adopted that regulation because of the accidents that happened." "No," replied the other, with a smile; "we adopted it before the accidents happened." Here we always wait for the accident.

The carriages are the perfection of comfort. The first-class are in every way luxurious. You are as much at your ease as if you were in a large stuffed arm-chair with a back high enough to support your head as well as your shoulders. The second-class carriages on some of the lines are hardly inferior in real comfort, although they are not so handsomely fitted up; the chief important difference being a diminution of room. But even in the first-class carriages there is no glare of color or of tinsel, no shining ornaments of wood or metal. All is rich and sober; and there are no sharp corners or hard surfaces. The holder of a first-class ticket may ride in a second or a third class carriage if he desires to do so and there is room

for him; and I have again and again, on the stopping of the train, gone from one to the other to observe the passengers in each and to talk with them, — for English people are much more talkative and communicative than we are, particularly when they are traveling. In this way I had the pleasure of many long conversations, even with ladies whom I never saw before and whom I shall probably never see again. When a train stops the doors are all immediately thrown open, and if it is at a way-station the passengers give up their tickets as they pass out through the station. If you choose to go beyond the point for which you have bought your ticket, you merely pay the additional fare, for which a receipt is given; doing which causes you no appreciable delay.

When the train reaches its destination it is stopped a short distance from the station, and an officer of the company comes to the door of the carriage and asks for your ticket. Sometimes this is done at the last way-station, if that is very near the end of the line. The train then moves on and quietly enters the station, slowing its gentle movement so gradually that motion insensibly becomes rest. There is no clanging, bumping, or shaking. If you have only your hand-bag and your rug, you step out, and if you do not choose to walk you take the first of the line of cabs in order as they stand, and are off in a minute. If you are in London, and are observant, you will see as you pass the gate that your cabman gives your address to a policeman, who writes it down with the number of the cab, taking a look at you as this is done; but the cab does not perceptibly stop for it, and then is off on a trot. If you have luggage and more than a single trunk, you hold up your finger, and one of the company's porters is instantly at the carriage window. You tell him to get you a four-wheeler, and give him a bag, a rug, a book, or a newspaper, which he puts into some four-wheeled cab, which is thereby engaged for you. You get out, go with the porter to the luggage van, which is not one of two or three huge cars, full of trunks and

boxes, away at the end of the train, but a small compartment just at your side; and the contents are not numerous, of course, as each van has only the luggage of the passengers on one vehicle. You point out your own trunks and boxes, the porter whisks them up to the cab, and in five minutes or less from the time when the train stopped you are trotting off to your house, your lodgings, or your hotel, and *all your baggage is with you* for immediate use, without the bother of checks and expressmen and a delivery of your baggage at some time within half a day afterwards. If by chance any mistake has been made as to the disposition of your baggage, which happens with extremest rarity, according to my observation, it is discovered at once, and there is the whole force of the company's porters and higher officers to rectify it, and to search for and produce your property under your own observation; and the thing is done in a few minutes. Police officers are there, too, not lounging or indifferent, but ready, quick, and active to give you protection and help. The result is expedition and the keeping of your property under your own eye, and the having it immediately at your residence. It is customary to give the porter who gets your cab and takes your luggage to it sixpence or fourpence for his trouble.

Nothing is more remarkable on an English railway than the civility of the company's servants; and this is the more impressive because it does not at all diminish their firmness and precision in obedience to orders. I happened on two occasions to remark this particularly. But before telling my own experience in England I will relate that of another person under similar circumstances in America. A young gentleman, whom I know very well, started from Philadelphia to New York, buying a through ticket. He stopped on the way and remained a night, and the next morning resumed his journey. When he presented his "coupon" ticket to the conductor, he was told that it was worthless, as it was dated the day before, and was good only for the day on which it was

issued. He insisted that as he had paid to be taken from Philadelphia to New York he had the right to be taken the whole distance, whether he stopped on the way six hours or twenty-four, and he refused to pay the double fare demanded. At the next station the conductor ordered him out of the car. He refused to go, and thereupon the other undertook to remove him; this, even with the assistance of a brakeman, was not found highly practicable, and was given up as a bad job. But when the train reached Trenton the conductor and his assistants entered the car with a man in plain clothes who said that he was an officer, and who arrested the passenger. This officer said that he was commissioned by the governor and also by the mayor of Trenton, but that he was in the employ of the company. The passenger demanded the intervention of the mayor, was able to enforce his demand, and the mayor ordered his immediate release. The matter was then placed in the hands of a lawyer, and I believe has not yet been settled.

Now it so happened that just at that time I was in a precisely similar position in England. The affair being in all its circumstances very illustrative of the difference between the two countries in railway regulations, and in the manners of those who administer them, I shall relate it in detail. While at a Liverpool hotel, close by the station, I had spoken to a porter of the house, who did me some little services, of my intention to go to London in a day or two, stopping at Birmingham for the last day of the great triennial musical festival. On the afternoon when I was to start, I came in belated and in great haste. I had but twenty minutes in which to pack, pay my bill, buy my ticket, and get off. I sent this porter to get me a second-class ticket. He went, and my luggage was taken in charge by another porter. I reached the train just in time, and the first porter, whom I found standing at a carriage door, handed me my ticket with some silver change, all of which I thrust into my waistcoat pocket without looking at it, and got into the carriage

which he had selected for me. The other porter, who had taken my luggage, came to the door, said "All right, sir," and we were off. I was so close upon the time of starting that the inquiry as to my destination was made just as the train began to move. To my surprise the ticket examiner said, as I showed him my ticket, which of course I had not yet had time to look at, "This ticket is for London, sir, and you said Birmingham." As it proved, the first porter, having heard me speak of going to London, had in his haste forgotten what I said about Birmingham, and had bought me a London ticket. I was immediately in a state of unpleasant doubt as to what my experience would be and what would become of my luggage, for I had been in the country hardly a week. At the first stopping-place I made inquiry of the guard, and was told that the stops were so short that nothing could be done until we reached Stafford, where the train would stop ten minutes. The train had hardly come to a stand-still at Stafford when he made his appearance and took me immediately to a superior official, who, when I had stated my case, said that I must see the station-master; and in less than half a minute that personage appeared before me. He was an intelligent, middle-aged man, very respectable in his appearance, and very respectful in his bearing. The guard told him the case briefly. He ordered the luggage in the van of my carriage to be taken out. It was all turned out, and mine was not found. I was asked to describe it particularly. I did so, and the order was given to take out all the luggage from all the Birmingham and London carriages. It was now quite dark, and the search was made with lanterns; but in two or three minutes (so many hands were engaged, so quickly did they work, and so little luggage, comparatively, was there in each van) my trunks were found, duly labeled "Birmingham." The second porter had made no mistake. I then told the station-master that I had intended, as he saw by the labeling of my luggage, to stop at Birmingham, and asked him if with a Lon-

don ticket I could break my journey for a day. He said that he thought that I might, bade me good evening, and the train started without the delay of a minute. I stopped at Birmingham, stayed two days, and then resumed my journey to London. At a short distance from the Euston Street Station the train halted, and we were asked for our tickets. I gave mine, and the ticket taker, glancing at it as he was moving on, stopped short, and said, "This is a — day's ticket, sir. I cannot take this." "You'll have to take it," I said, "for I have no other." "Then I must ask you, sir, to pay me your fare from Birmingham." "I've paid it once, and I certainly shall not pay it twice on this line until I have been taken to London." "I beg pardon, sir, but I must positively refuse to take this ticket. It's against my orders; and I must ask you for your fare from Birmingham." I was struck by the man's respectfulness, civility, and quiet good humor, but none the less by his unflinching firmness; and I answered him with, I believe, equal respect and firmness, "I am sorry, but I shall not pay double fare. I refuse positively." "Then, sir," was his reply, "I must ask you for your name and address." I took out my card, wrote upon it the name of the hotel in London to which I was going, and handed it to him. He touched his cap, saying, "Thank you, sir. Good evening." I replied, "Good evening," and he passed on. The affair had, of course, attracted much attention from my carriage inmates, one of whom said to me, as the train started again, "I think you'll find you're wrong. This is a matter the companies are very particular about; I don't know why; and I believe the question has been decided in their favor; I can't see why. You'd better write to the general superintendent of the company when you get to London," and he gave me his name. The next morning I did write, stated my case, received a courteous reply, and the matter was settled quietly, good-naturedly, decently, sensibly, with respect on both sides, and with the least possible trouble. I think so much could not be said of

the proceedings in the case of my young friend between Philadelphia and New York, even although he was a resident of New York and was able to give a name and references very well known, and I was a stranger in England and had never been in London.

At the great railway stations such is the throng of travelers ceaselessly passing back and forth, or waiting for trains, accompanied sometimes, in the case of ladies who are going alone, by friends, that these places afford very favorable opportunities for the observation of all sorts of people from all parts of the country, whose superficial traits may be thus conveniently studied and compared. The variety of classes and conditions is great; the difference unmistakable. Here we see nothing like it. True, we can tell Northerners from Southerners, Eastern from Western men, and can distinguish by the outside between a denizen of one of the great cities and one from the rural districts. An observant eye can even detect slight variations between the urban and the suburban man or woman, none the less easily when the latter has her garments carefully made according to the patterns in Harper's Bazar. But beyond this a close observation of our travelers tells us little. In England, notwithstanding the leveling and assimilating tendencies of the last half century, due largely to the railway itself, the gradation of classes is readily perceptible, even to a stranger's eye; nor is the condition, or in many cases the occupation, less distinguishable than the class. Agricultural laborers are very rarely seen upon the railway, except when they move in gangs for special work; and then they are quite likely to be Irishmen. The farmers travel much more than I supposed they did, — very much more than they do with us. I met with them and talked with them in second-class cars on every line on which I traveled; for as I have said it was my habit, when alone, to change my place at station and station to second and third class carriages, which I learned that the holder of a first-class ticket might do if the trains were not crowded. I found

that my apprehension of their class and condition from their appearance was never wrong; and so it proved (within certain limits, of course) in regard to other classes. Not only are the upper classes, that is, we may say, those who are educated at Eton and Harrow and the two great universities, unmistakable by their bearing and expression of countenance, but among the professional classes a barrister would hardly be taken for a physician, or either of these for a clergyman, or a clergyman for either of those. The London city man, "commercial person," is also unmistakable, unless he is one of those highly educated great bankers or merchants which are found in England, but are very rare in America. Such a person might be taken for a peer, unless you were to see him and the peer together, when, with a few "tip-top" exceptions on the city side, the difference would manifest itself, if in no other way, by the countenance, if not in the behavior, of the city man himself.

The intermediate classes, commercial travelers, small attorneys, tradesmen, and so forth, have also their distinctive outside and expression, difficult to define in words when dress has come to be so identical in form and color among all classes, but still, as I found it, quite unmistakable. I remember that on one Sunday, when I went to morning service at a little village church with the "lady of the manor," I noticed in the choir, close to which her pew was, a man so very earnest in his singing that he attracted my attention. As we walked back through the shubbery, just beyond which the church stood, shut off by a wall through which was a little gate, I spoke to my hostess of this man's singing, and asked if he was not a carpenter. "Yes," she answered, with a look of surprise; "but how did you know that?" (I had come to — only the day before.) "Oh," I said, "I knew that he must be an artisan, for he was plainly neither a farmer nor a laborer; and as he did not look like the village blacksmith or wheelwright, I therefore concluded that he must be a carpenter. And besides, he sawed away so at his singing." The

man's dress was like that of my host in fashion and material, a black cloth frock and trousers, and they were perfectly fresh and good, and his linen was clean; but the difference of rank and breeding between the two men was as manifest as if the one had worn his coronet, and the other his paper cap and apron. All these various classes are nowhere seen together as they are at the railway stations; for, except the agricultural laborer and the lowest classes in the city, all travel. I therefore never was near a station without entering it and walking about for a while among the people there. A trifling incident at one station, which was connected with a hotel at which I was, interested me. I had gone down to breakfast in my slippers; and when I rose from the table I walked out into the station, from which two or three trains were about starting. As I was quietly eying the motley multitude, I heard a small voice: "Black your shoes, sir? — only a penny;" and as I did not immediately reply, my attention being fixed upon a group at a little distance from me, the words were repeated, and I turned my head. The speaker was looking up earnestly into my face. I, smiling, pointed down to my slippered feet; and the boy, a good-looking little fellow, smiled too, but shyly, and, seeing his mistake, blushed to the edges of his hair. Wonder of wonders! thought I. Here is a country in which boys can blush; where boys who speak English and black boots have some shamefacedness in the presence of their elders. The little fellow gained somewhat by my not having a job for him to do; but what he took so joyfully should have been more, by a hundredfold, to acknowledge fitly the pleasure that I had from his shy, glowing face. This was on the 31st of August, and I saw in the station and elsewhere signs of the time unknown in America. There were keepers, with leashes of dogs, going hither and thither to the preserves; for shooting was to begin on the morrow. There was such a fuss and talk about it that one would have thought that it was a matter of life and death to some thousands of gentlemen that they should burn

powder and kill birds on that day, and that some other thousands of men, and three or four times as many thousands of dogs, should be promptly on the spot to help them. The dogs were mostly handsome, intelligent animals; the keepers were smallish, tight-built fellows in long gaiters, with a strange mixture of brutality and shrewdness in their faces.

On this same journey I had the good fortune to witness an incident very characteristic of the society in which I was. I took the train at Birmingham at about four o'clock in the afternoon. Although, as I have said, I had a second-class ticket, I entered by mistake a first-class carriage. The grades of the carriages are indicated on the glass of the upper half of the doors; but as the doors were opened and thrown back against the carriage, I did not see "First Class" on the door of the one I entered. When the guard came I said "London," and put my hand to my pocket for my ticket, and he, supposing I knew my place, nodded his head and passed on. When the train started I was alone in the carriage. When we reached the next station, or the next but one, a party of three, a young gentleman and two ladies, approached the carriage, and one of the ladies entered it and took the seat next me on my left hand, between me and the door, I having one of the middle seats. Her companions appeared to be her brother and sister, or her sister-in-law; and from their talk, which I could not avoid hearing, I learned that she was going a short distance, and was to be met by her husband at the station where she was to stop. When the train began its gentle, almost imperceptible motion, both of them kissed her, — the lady with feminine effusion, but the young gentleman in a perfunctory manner; and when I saw his cool salute, and heard his "Take care of yourself, old girl," I was sure he was her brother. No other man having his privilege could have availed himself of it with such indifference. For my carriage companion was a beautiful woman; and her beauty impressed me the more because of its delicate character, and because she was

the first really pretty woman of her class that I had yet seen in England. She was just tall enough to be noticeably so, and the noble elegance of her figure could not be concealed by her traveling dress. This was a long garment, of a soft texture and light color between buff and cream, buttoned from the throat to the lower hem with buttons of the same tint as that of the dress. Her hat, or her bonnet, was also of the same material, and was without ornament of any kind. As a bonnet has strings, I believe, and a hat has not, it was probably a hat; for no woman not inhumanly disposed could conceal by a ribbon the inner outline of such a cheek as hers; and she was not inhuman. In her dainty ears were small dull-gold earrings set with turquoises, which were matched by the brooch which confined a lace frill around her lovely throat. Her eyes were blue, her brow fair; her mouth had the child-like sweetness which Murillo gave to the lips of his Virgins; in expression her face was cherubic. She apparently had no other luggage than a small Russia-leather bag, which she put into the rack above our heads. We sat in silence; for there was no occasion for my speaking to her, and she looked mostly out of the window. After we had passed one or two stations she took down the little hand-bag, opened it, took out a bottle and a small silver cup, and turning herself somewhat more to the window poured something into the cup and drank it off at a draught. I did not see what she drank; but in an instant I knew. The perfume filled the whole carriage. It was brandy; and the overpowering odor with which I was surrounded told me of the strength of her draught as well as if I had mixed her grog myself, or had joined her in a sociable cup. At this I was not so much astonished as I should have been two or three days before; for at the Birmingham festival I had seen, during the interval between the two parts of a morning performance, potation of the same kind by ladies of whose respectability there could be no question. We went on in silence. After passing one or two more stations we stopped at one — Rug-

by, I believe — for a little longer time than usual. Soon I was conscious that some persons whom I did not see were about entering the open door, when my angelic beauty sprang from her seat, and placing herself before the door cried out, “No, you shan’t come in! I won’t have third-class people in the carriage!” There was remonstrance which I did not clearly hear, and the people attempted to enter. She then threw her arm across the door-way like a bar, clasping firmly one side of the carriage with a beautiful white dimpled hand. I thought at once of Catherine Douglas; and the Scotch girl, when she thrust her arm through the staples of the door, to keep out the pursuers of her king, could not have been more terribly in earnest. She (*my* Catherine Douglas) almost screamed out, “Go back! go back! You shan’t come in! This is a first-class carriage, and I won’t have third-class people put into it!” Then came counter-cries, and there was a hubbub which certainly was of the very first class. She turned her beautiful head to me with an appealing look; but I sat still and made no sign. A guard, or other official person, who accompanied the inferior intruders expostulated with her; and I heard him explain that the train was so full that all the third and even the second class carriages were occupied, and that as these people had their tickets and said they must get on he was obliged to put them into our carriage. It would be for but a little while, only till we reached a certain station. My fair companion was obdurate, and perhaps was a little set up by the contents of the silver cup. But two first-class passengers came in, and as they pleaded for the admission of the luckless third-class people, and the assurances that there was no alternative and that the period of contamination would be brief were repeated, she at last subsided into her seat, still grumbling, and the objectionable persons were admitted.

They certainly were not people with whom it would have been pleasant to sit down to dinner. One, a woman, took a seat on my right, and the other, a

coarse, ill-looking fellow, sat himself opposite to her. The face and hands of the woman, sallow and leathery, although she was young, might have been cleaner, and contrasted very unfavorably with the lovely, fair, and fresh complexion of the angry beauty. Her nails were like claws, with long black tips. She had a red woollen comforter around her neck, and her bonnet was a hopeless mass of crumpled ribbons and dingy, flaring flowers. Her companion was the male proper to such a female, — a little less noisy, however; and I have observed that when a woman sets out to be dirty or disagreeable she succeeds better than a man. Immediately a war of words began between the two “ladies,” and it was fought across me. The beauty repeated her objection to third-class people, and protested that as she had paid for a first-class place it was a shame that she should be made to travel third class whether she would or no. She with the red comforter wished to know what harm she would do anybody by riding in the same carriage with them, and added, “Some peepull that *coll* themselves first-clawss peepull because they paid for a first-clawss ticket might be no better than other peepull that paid for a third-clawss ticket.” A sniff and a toss of the beautiful head. Then she of the comforter: “As for me, I’m not going to stop in Rugby all night with race-peepull.” (It appeared that there had been races somewhere in the neighborhood of Rugby that day.) “If peepull *were* only third-clawss peepull, they could n’t be expected to stop all night in a place wen the ’ole town was filled with only race-peepull.” This proposition seemed to meet with general bland assent from all the company in the carriage; and I was delighted to find that below the deep of common third-class people there was admitted to be still a lower deep, into which third-class people could not be expected to descend. Opposite my fair neighbor now sat a rustic, well-rounded clergyman, to the establishing of whose local color many gallons of richly-flavored port must have gone. He had not an apron or even a dean’s hat, but either would well have

become him. He soothed the fair first-class being with a mild mixture of sympathy and expostulation. There was a general discussion of the situation, in which every one of my fellow-passengers had something to say; and the impropriety of third-class people being put into contact with first-class people was generally admitted, without the least regard for the presence of her of the red comforter and of her companion. At last I was appealed to; for all the while I had sat silent. I replied, "Really, I oughtn't to say anything about the matter; for I myself am only a second-class passenger out of place." The beauty turned upon me a stare of surprise, and with a bewildered look "wilted down" into her corner. She of the dingy claws and flowers tittered, and the subject was dropped.

After a while the silence was broken by the third-class person's saying that she wanted to get to a certain place that night, and asking vaguely, of no one in particular, if she could do so. There was no reply at first; after a moment or two I was surprised by hearing the first-class dame say "Yes," softly, with a mild surliness, and looking straight before her. Her former foe asked, "How?" A shorter pause; then "Take the train that meets this one at Blisworth Junction," came from the beautiful lips between the turquoises, the head turned slightly toward the questioner, and the words dropped sidelong. This seemingly announced a treaty of peace; and again to my surprise, and much more to my pleasure, a conversation went on across me, but now in perfect amity, and information as to the minutest particulars was freely asked for with respectful deference, and given with gracious affability.

The fact that my fair neighbor was accompanied to the station by her brother and sister showed that she was what is called "a respectable woman;" and the manner and speech of the three were those of cultivated people. Moreover, upon reflection I became convinced that she was neither a termagant nor a particularly ill-natured person. She had merely

done, in a manner rather unusual, I believe, even in England, and somewhat too pronounced to suit my taste, what it is the habit of the whole people of England to do: she had insisted upon her rights, and resisted an imposition. She meant to have what she had paid for. This is the custom and the manner there. English people are, according to my observation, kind and considerate, noticeably so, and ready to do a service to any one in need of it; but they resist, *vi et armis, unguibus et ore*, tooth and nail, the slightest attempt to impose upon them; and they do it instantly, upon the spot, and follow the matter up vigorously. The habit is productive of unpleasantness sometimes, and it may cause some disenchantments, but it has its advantages, and they are not small.

Another characteristic of the country is shown in its railway vocabulary. There is, for example, a "guard" or guards on the train, and a "booking office" at the station. The guard guards nothing, and has nothing to guard. The steam-horse was not only "vara bad for the coo," but for the highwayman, who long ago ceased to labor in his vocation. At the "booking office" no booking is done. You merely say, to an unseen if not invisible person, through a small hole, "First (or second) class, single (or return)," put down your money, receive your ticket, and depart. But as there were booking offices for the stage-coaches which used to run between all the towns and through nearly all of the villages of England, the term had become fixed in the minds and upon the lips of this nation of travelers. So it was with the guard and his name; and when the railway carriage supplanted, or rather drove out, the stage-coach, the old names were given to the new things, and the continuity of life was not completely broken. The railway carriages are even now often called coaches. We, however, had traveled so little comparatively, owing in great measure to the long distances between our principal towns and even between our villages, and stage-coaches were so comparatively rare and so little used, that when the railway engine came

not only they but all connected with them, words as well as men and things, disappeared silently into the past, and left no trace behind. In such continuity on the one hand, and such lack of it on the other,

is one of the characteristic differences between the Old England and the New; and its cause, as it will be seen, is not in the unlikeness of the people, but in that of their circumstances.¹

Richard Grant White.

UNFORESEEN RESULTS OF THE ALABAMA DISPUTE.

It is now some sixteen years since the American public was startled by the announcement that a rebel cruiser, built in an English port, by English builders, and of English timber, fitted out with English material, and manned with an English crew, was busily engaged in the destruction of our commerce on the high seas. After a career of what at the time to most Americans seemed piracy, in the course of which the greater part of our commerce was destroyed, while the remainder sought protection under the flag of the nation which was responsible for the peril that had made protection necessary, the *Alabama* was finally sunk by the guns of the *Kearsarge*, leaving behind her a legacy of ill-will between the two foremost maritime powers of modern times which is even yet far from extinguished.

We need not go over the long history of the negotiations which followed the close of the war, and which often seemed merely to tend to keep alive the rankling feeling of injury on this side of the Atlantic; they finally ended, seven years ago, in the ratification of the Treaty of Washington, by which England and the United States agreed to leave all the differences between the two countries, known as the *Alabama* claims, to a court of arbitration. This agreement between the two nations was hailed with great delight on both sides of the water, as a peaceful solution of a grave quarrel, and a substitution, in the most formidable

international dispute of modern times, of a legal decision for that of the sword. From the parliamentary and congressional debates of the day page after page of eloquence might be cited, to show the satisfaction with which, men of both political parties regarded the treaty; and even if here and there a voice or two was raised in dissent or criticism, it was speedily drowned in the general applause. Here at last was a treaty which destroyed a serious *casus belli*, and removed forever all cause of dispute between this country and England; which, by the adoption of new rules of neutrality between sovereign nations, made the escape of future *Alabamas* impossible, and strengthened the bonds of peace throughout the world. Again, it was a harbinger of the general introduction of arbitration between nations as a substitute for war. As is usual in case of political prophecy on a large scale, some of these results have been produced, others have not, and still others which were not at all expected have made their appearance. Seven years have now elapsed since the treaty was ratified, and it is not, perhaps, too early to try to point out some of the actual consequences.

In the first place, it should be noticed that the idea of the submission of such disputes as that relating to the *Alabama* claims to an international court, being something novel and unprecedented, was unfounded. The practice with our government of referring such matters to arbitration has been very common; and indeed it may be said to be, in the case of

¹ I beg the favor of further communications from my anonymous Edinburgh correspondent.

a country separated from Europe by the ocean, and one with which no European nation wishes to fight, a more natural mode of settling disputes than war. Our position is one which gives us great advantages, and these advantages have increased with each advance in the science of war, until to-day, though without a navy or anything more than the skeleton of an army, we have earned a reputation for warlike qualities which no European power cares to put to the test. It is therefore not unfair to say that, instead of the Geneva arbitration under the Treaty of Washington being a unanimous and Christian substitution of a legal for a warlike *arbitrium*, it was on our part nothing more nor less than the application of our usual method to a new case; while with regard to England it was a lucky escape from an awkward dilemma. Either she must arbitrate, or she must look forward to the chances of our letting loose a fleet of Alabamas on the occasion of the first war in which she should engage. We should never have gone to war with her about the claims, for the simple reason that they were better as a grievance than a *casus belli*; she would certainly never have gone to war with us. However much, therefore, we may be disposed to look upon the treaty as in itself a gain to the cause of humanity and progress, we can hardly feel that the very strong language that was used at the time of its adoption in Congress and Parliament was justified by the actual facts of the case.

But it was not only the substitution of arbitration for war that was supposed to be the distinguishing mark of the treaty. It also defined, with great distinctness, the duties of neutral nations in time of war; and it must be admitted that we are here brought face to face with a real innovation. The Treaty of Washington expressly provided that the Geneva arbitrators, in estimating the extent of England's liability for the escape of the Alabama and the other cruisers, should be governed by the following three rules:

“A neutral government is bound, —

“First, To use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equip-

ping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war, as above, such vessel having been specially adapted in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.”

“Secondly, Not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

“Thirdly, To exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.”

The two governments also agreed to invite other powers to accede to these rules, and to adopt them as between themselves for the future.

Now, at the first blush, it may seem as if these rules were a mere declaration of admitted principles of the law of nations. But it will be remembered that England seriously objected to them, and while agreeing to be bound by them in future, and to bring them to the notice of other governments with a view to their general adoption, steadily refused to admit that they had ever been in force before. That the rules are not mere international platitudes may be inferred from the fact that, though it is now seven years since the Treaty of Washington, no other nation has shown the slightest inclination to adopt them; and though they have been made the subject of much diplomatic correspondence between the English government and our own, so much difficulty has arisen in agreeing exactly what they mean that it can hardly be considered likely that any great progress will be made at present in their general adoption. Indeed, we believe the matter has recently been altogether dropped as a subject of diplomatic correspondence. On March 21, 1873, on the occa-

sion of an address to the crown, in the British Parliament, praying the queen, when the rules should be brought before other governments, to declare her dissent from the principles laid down by the Geneva tribunal as the basis of their award, the English feeling on the subject was made very plain. "Here," as Dr. Woolsey says in his well-known treatise on International Law, "we have two governments, differing in their interpretation of the rules, yet bound to observe them, and procure, if possible, the adhesion to them of other powers."

In one quarter, and that an unexpected quarter, we have had an opportunity of seeing an application of the rules. At the time of the adoption of the Treaty of Washington, there was a nation with whom we were on perfectly friendly terms, yet against whom we had permitted, on numerous occasions, the fitting out of hostile expeditions from our own ports, in vessels of American build and equipment, manned with American crews, and officered by American adventurers. With regard to Spain, our assistance to the Cuban rebels was very much like that afforded by England to the Confederates. In fact, almost the only difference was that while the Confederate States were recognized as belligerents, the Cuban insurrection had never acquired the dignity of such recognition in any quarter; in other words, there was no such thing as a "war," in the sense in which it is known to the laws of nations, going on between Cuba and Spain; and our duty was consequently of more stringent obligation than that of a neutral between two belligerents. Notwithstanding this, however, our government had been in the habit, for a generation, of winking at the fitting out of hostile expeditions from our ports to carry men and arms to Cuba; and thus a description of our proceedings as furnishing the real base of military operations for "free Cuba" would be more accurate than a similar description of England's relations to the Confederate States,—for the latter, if they had no navy of their own, at least had an army.

To many people it undoubtedly seemed

that the close of our war would be the signal for a rapid extension of what we are pleased to call "free institutions," both in a northerly and in a southerly direction; on the one hand toward Canada, and on the other toward the Antilles. There was a good deal of talk about the foreclosure of a "mortgage" which we were supposed to hold on the British possessions in America, and there was a strong hope among those in whom the old annexation feeling had survived the war that the success of the North was to be followed by a general evacuation of America by the "tyrants of the Old World," and that we, as good republicans, were to succeed to the inheritance. It is unnecessary to recall in proof of this the attempt of General Grant to secure the annexation of San Domingo, or the negotiations for the purchase of Cuba, or the frequent references in presidential messages and in congressional speeches to the manifest destiny of that island. But strange to say, one fine morning, while the Cuban refugees and conspirators in New York are plotting, and while their agents are trying to raise money by the sale of the "bonds of the Cuban republic," it is announced that the Cuban rebellion is at an end; that the insurrectionary government is dispersed; and that the insurgent forces are coming into the Spanish lines by dozens and hundreds to surrender themselves, and to accept the terms of a very liberal amnesty granted by General Martinez Campos. If we ask what is the reason of this sudden collapse,—why a rebellion carried on for eight or ten years by means of a guerrilla warfare, plunder, and devastation has suddenly come to an end,—the only explanation at hand is the Treaty of Washington. Not, of course, that the treaty itself is of any binding force as between Spain and this country; but it is to be remembered that the position taken by our government has been from the first that the Treaty of Washington was merely declaratory of the rules which this country had always regarded as of binding force; that the three rules were not new rules, but had always been acted upon by us.

This view, as will presently appear, is probably erroneous; but at any rate it was the view taken by our government; and the glaring inconsistency between these professions and our countenancing filibustering expeditions against a friendly nation in a time of profound peace became, after the Geneva arbitration, very apparent. Could we recover heavy damages of England for permitting Alabamas to escape, and let loose vessels much more piratical than the Alabama was to assist in making war upon a friendly state? From the Treaty of Washington unquestionably dates the active enforcement of our obligations towards Spain; and actively to enforce these obligations was to take away the last hope of the Cuban rebels. The alert agents of the Spanish government kept our government constantly informed of the movements of all suspicious vessels, and the seizure of the *Es-telle* seems to have deprived the rebels of their last ray of hope. The seizure (made under circumstances which twenty years ago would have insured her escape) was at any rate closely followed by the general surrender of the insurgents, and the announcement of peace by the Spanish government. It can hardly be disputed that this is closely connected with the strict obligations towards friendly nations observed since and produced by the Alabama dispute; and it will therefore not be wrong to set down the reestablishment of peace in Cuba as one of the unforeseen results of the treaty.

It has been already stated that the view of the three rules taken by our government at the time — that they embodied the traditional American theory of neutrality — is far from correct. In order to make this clear, it is necessary to say a few words on the subject of neutral duties and rights in general.

In the Middle Ages, and down to comparatively recent times, the doctrines of the law of nations relating to a state of war (and these doctrines, it must be remembered, were generally little more than a statement of the practice prevailing among nations) were all, or almost all,

conceived in the interest of belligerents. Nations went to war on slight pretexts and with great frequency, and did not enjoy the spectacle of their neighbors remaining at peace and reaping the benefit of their peaceful pursuits while war was raging around them. War was the rule, and peace the exception; and hence neutral rights were sacrificed to those of belligerents. The consequence of this was that nations preferred offensive and defensive alliances to the position of neutrals, — which had, of course, the effect of still further strengthening the prevailing tendency. As commercial interests have grown up and been extended in the modern world, belligerent rights have sunk into the background, and the position of a neutral has become one favored and protected by the law as much as was formerly that of belligerents. Any one who will take the trouble to compare the small space devoted by Grotius to questions connected with neutral rights with the importance given it in modern books on international law will have a tolerably accurate gauge of the advance made in recent times by the cause of peace and commerce. In this progress the United States has always taken a leading part. Itself one of the leading commercial and neutral nations of our century, its interests have led it to take a stand at the head of the movement; nowhere have the rights of neutrals been so ably advocated as in the dispatches of American secretaries of state; and it is no doubt in part due to the fact of our earlier diplomacy being so much taken up with questions of this sort that the great modern treatise on the law of nations is the work of an American. The development of neutral rights, at the expense, of course, of belligerent rights, went on to the time of the Treaty of Paris, in 1856, when at the close of the Crimean war the great powers of Europe drew up a formal declaration of principles, mainly relating to neutral rights, recognized by the signatories of the treaty. The first of these was the abolition of privateering; the second, the principle that a neutral flag protects belligerent property, with the exception o

contraband of war; third, that neutral goods, with the same exception, are not liable to capture under an enemy's flag; fourth, that blockades, in order to be binding, must be effective, that is, must be maintained by a force really sufficient to close the ports and harbors blockaded. These declarations, it should be observed, were not mere paper announcements by peaceful neutrals, but were solemn ratifications of neutral rights by belligerents at the close of an important war, in which they had respected them, contrary to their own interest. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, both Great Britain and France gave notice that the commerce of neutrals would not be subjected to the rights of war, strictly understood; and in a proclamation, made in 1854, took the ground afterwards reaffirmed at Paris on its victorious close. The declaration therefore marks a great epoch in the advancement of commerce and peace. The "right of search" claimed by England, and over which we went to war in 1812, had long since been practically abandoned by the country which had asserted it; the barbarous right of predatory private warfare known as privateering was now formally surrendered, and the new principles of "free ships, free goods," and "effective blockades" were incorporated into the law of nations. It only needed the ratification of the great transatlantic neutral power to make the declaration a law practically universal in its operation; and when the United States was asked for its assent, Mr. Marcy, then secretary of state, replied by asking Europe to go one step further, and agree that even private property of the belligerents on the high seas should be exempt from seizure.

The Declaration of Paris may be regarded as the most advanced record of the progress made by Europe since the Middle Ages in the development of neutral rights and the interests of commerce. In the fifty years of peace which intervened between the battle of Waterloo and the Crimean war, the world seemed rapidly approaching a state of feeling in which war would be looked upon as a

temporary misfortune or disease, to be "localized" as far as possible, so that its effects should not spread and involve countries having the good sense and good fortune to remain at peace. Sanguine persons even looked beyond this to a day when war would cease altogether. But for some reason, which philosophers have not yet fathomed, the world does not move on in a path of uninterrupted progress toward the millennium. What is won to-day is lost to-morrow, and the advance in one country often seems more than made up by a retrogression in another. Since the year 1856 the movement of opinion in Europe has been tending in quite another direction from that which it had then taken, and international law shows signs already of adapting itself to the change. These twenty years, instead of witnessing an advance in the direction of peace, have seen Europe converted into an armed camp: numerous bloody wars have been waged on a scale unknown in former times, — wars involving great losses of territory, population, and money, the temporary reduction of one power to a condition almost of impotence in European councils, and the absolute annihilation of another; ending with the revival of a question supposed to have been disposed of by the Treaty of Paris, — a question so fruitful of misunderstandings and wars that its mere discussion is to every European government an omen of terrible trials and disasters.

Since 1856, in other words, not only has the progress made by the European countries in the protection of peaceful and commercial nations from the dangers of war carried on by their neighbors been brought to a stop, but a long stride seems to have been made backwards. The United States, however, it might be imagined, true to its ancient character of a defender of neutral rights, has been holding the balance even. On the contrary, the United States too has been for four years a belligerent on a gigantic scale, and for eight more years has been engaged in a struggle to vindicate its rights at the expense of a neutral power; the latest American ideas on the subject

are to be found in the three rules of the Treaty of Washington. Now these three rules, taken in connection with the explanation of their meaning presented in the American "case" at Geneva, are likely to have some far-reaching consequences not at all anticipated by those who drew them up. Down to the time of the treaty, the government of the United States had always, in its intercourse with foreign nations, steadily insisted on the necessity of their taking notice of the dual nature of our system; of the fact that the federal constitution is a grant of powers only so far as expressly appears in the instrument itself, and that otherwise the States are sovereign; that the general government having thus only a limited jurisdiction, foreign nations could only demand of it an execution of its international obligations to them so far as its powers went; that in case of some international duty imposed upon the United States by the law of nations, it was always a sufficient reply if the United States could show that it had no power under the constitution to discharge the duty. But in our anxiety to secure a round sum in damages from England we overlooked this traditional and accepted view of our position, and adopted the three rules as our code for the future. Without going into the details of the Alabama case, it may be said that these rules, as explained by the argument of our representatives at Geneva, and by the opinions of the arbitrators who formed the majority of the court, completely destroy the whole value of this position, and will in the future render it impossible to set up any such defenses in our dealing with belligerent nations. The theory advanced by us under the three rules at Geneva — and advanced for the first time in our history — was that in the eye of international law there exist only governments, bound to one another by ties of absolute obligation. The duty of neutrality is of such supreme obligation that it overrides all laws, constitutions, and municipal regulations, of whatever nature. If the Alabama escaped from an English port in violation of this obli-

tion, England was responsible; if it was in consequence of her laws, her laws ought to have been amended so as to make such an escape impossible. Applying this view to the United States, the first consequence is that, in the eye of international law, neither the constitution of the United States, nor the law of Congress, nor of the several States, can be put forward as excuses for non-performances of international obligations. International law knows nothing of our complicated system of government: it asks only whether one of its own laws has been violated; if it has, the punishment must follow. It is easy to see that this position is radically different from any which we have ever been willing to assume before. Suppose, for instance, that in some war between two naval powers, in which the United States is a neutral, some contemplated breach of neutrality cannot be prevented because the government has not the power under the constitution to prevent it, and the State which has the power will not exercise it; the government must, under its new view of the duties of neutrals, get an amendment to the constitution passed, giving it the power, or suffer the consequences. That an amendment to the constitution would be impossible in nine cases out of ten is evident; hence, in any future complication of the sort, it is probable that the government will strain every nerve to find a power under which it can enforce its neutral obligations upon its citizens, — or, in other words, that the tendency of the government, in the case of such complications, will be towards centralization. We have, therefore, two more unforeseen results of the Geneva arbitration: that in the future the neutral obligations of the government will tend to urge it forward on the road to centralization; and that in the future the government of the chief neutral nation of modern times will be forced into becoming the champion of belligerent at the expense of neutral rights.

Some of the most curious results of the Treaty of Washington and the Geneva arbitration have been connected with proceedings, still going on, to distribute

the money received from England in satisfaction of the Alabama claims. By the terms of the treaty it was agreed that all claims "generically" known as Alabama claims should be referred to the court of arbitration. Unfortunately, this phrase had been very loosely used in this country during the war, and had been made to cover many claims having no immediate connection with the Alabama or the other cruisers sent out from Great Britain. The United States, determined to make up as large a bill against England as possible, cast about them to see what damages could be made to come under the general head embraced by the treaty, and with a great deal of ingenuity, if not discretion, made out a tremendous list of what were known as "indirect claims." These were included chiefly under two heads: first, the damage to this country which the prolongation and increased expense of the war, caused by the escape of the Alabama and other cruisers, had produced; second, the damage to American commerce, caused by the enhanced rates of insurance during the war (war premiums). Exactly what these two items would have amounted to was probably never known by anybody; but it would certainly have been such a sum that any nation would have gone to war rather than pay it. The appearance of these claims was the signal for a renewal of the bitter dispute between Great Britain and this country, it being maintained, on one side, that it was never intended that such claims should be considered under the treaty; on the other, that the tribunal had complete jurisdiction of all claims which might be submitted to it, and that the arbitrators alone must decide upon the merits of the claims. To this it was said in reply (and the analogy between the reply and some of the objections to the fishery award is worth noticing) that the treaty must be construed with some regard to common sense; and that no nation could ever consent to submitting to arbitration claims preposterous and vague in character and incalculable in amount. There was, too, this peculiarity about the "war-premium" claims: that

they had never been heard of before, even in this country. We had heard of the "hasty recognition of belligerency" claim, and the "prolongation of the war" claim, and the claims of the direct losers had been a matter of common notoriety during the war. Whenever a ship-owner or an insurance company made a claim for a loss during the war, they sent a statement of their claim to Washington; this was forwarded at once to Mr. Adams, at London, and by him presented to the British government. So far as is known, however, the payers of war premiums during the war never made out any claim against Great Britain, never forwarded any to Washington, nor had any presented by our minister. The origin of the war-premium claims appears to have been simply this: the representatives of our government, in making up their case against Great Britain, as an *illustration* of the damages caused by Confederate cruisers to our commerce, bethought themselves of the war premiums that our commerce had been taxed to protect itself. This, originally intended as an illustration, soon hardened itself into a claim; and the merchants, on hearing that the government was putting forward war premiums as the foundation of claims against England, then for the first time reflected that if any money was to be recovered from any quarter on this account it must belong to them. Such was the source of the now well-known war-premium claims; and there was never a better instance of poetical justice than the constant return of these claims to plague the government which invented them. That they had no foundation in law or justice was speedily settled by the arbitrators, who, cutting the Gordian knot presented by the question of jurisdiction, unanimously decided that the so-called "indirect claims" had no foundation. Their decision was that "these claims did not constitute, on the principles of international law applicable to such cases, foundation for an award of compensation or computation of damages between nations, and hence should be wholly excluded from the consideration

of the tribunal in making its award." So pleased were the United States with this solution of the dilemma that they immediately made a formal declaration, accepting the decision of the tribunal as final, and withdrawing the claims from its consideration. The indirect claims being thus out of the way, the arbitrators went on to perform the next duty required of them by the terms of the treaty, which was to decide as to "each vessel separately" (that is, as to each of the cruisers which had escaped from England, and as to which evidence might be presented) whether England had violated her neutral duties in permitting the escape. They accordingly decided that her neutral duties had been violated as to the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah*, and their tenders; and further decided that as to all the other vessels (for example, the *Georgia* and the *Sumter*) England had violated no duty. Then, still acting under the treaty, they ascertained the damages, and rendered an award to the United States for the sum of \$15,500,000. Now, this would seem to have been the natural end of the indirect claims, but, strange to say (and it is certainly one of the least expected results of the treaty or of the arbitration), the war-premium claimants ruled out at Geneva have made their appearance at Washington, where they have been insisting, ever since the money was received from England, that it should be distributed among them. Together with these we have another singular group of persons, who, from the nondescript character of their claims, at first had no name, but have gradually become known as the "exculpated-cruiser" claimants; not that they are claimants who have been exculpated from any imputed fault, but that their claims are made on account of acts of vessels exculpated at Geneva, or, in other words, of cruisers other than the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*, — vessels, that is, as to which England had been expressly exculpated. It will be seen from this that the war-premium and exculpated-cruiser claims are absolutely without a shadow of foundation. It is unnecessary here to go into the mer-

its of the other claims on the fund now in the hands of Congress, but the standing of these is sufficiently clear. The curious part of the matter is that Congress, for some reason, has evinced an inclination to recognize these claims; and it is the consequences of such a recognition that might be embarrassing. A recognition of them by Congress, in a bill signed by the president, would be tantamount to a declaration by both the executive and legislative departments of the government that, in the first place, it regarded the decision of the arbitrators under the treaty of no importance whatever; that, in the second place, instead of the arbitration settling the question of England's liability as to particular cruisers, the whole question was unsettled, and could be reopened by our government; and that our government could decide that England had been liable for the depredations of vessels the arbitrators had expressly declared her not liable for, and although there is no evidence to show that she is liable for them. Again, as to the war-premium claims, a recognition of them by Congress would be tantamount to a reversal of the decision of the tribunal and our own ratification of that reversal at the time, and a declaration that whatever the arbitrators may have thought, or even have said, we recognize that a neutral is bound to pay damages which arise from her acts, however remote. In the next war in which we are involved as a neutral, and in which a claim is made on us for violation of our neutral duties, it is easy to see how such a recognition of the war-premium and exculpated-cruiser claimants would be used against us. We should, of course, disclaim all responsibility for indirect damages, or for the escape of any cruisers whose cases resembled those exculpated at Geneva. To this our antagonist would at once reply: "You cannot take any advantage of the decisions of the Geneva arbitrators, for you have, by an act of Congress, repudiated the whole arbitration. It is true that the tribunal held England responsible only for the damage done by the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*; but

you have directed the money received on account of the devastations of these vessels to be paid to persons whose losses were caused by the Georgia and the Sumter. It is true that the tribunal excluded the indirect claims; but you afterwards, by distributing the money received for direct claims among indirect claimants, showed that you regarded the decisions of the arbitrators as of no binding validity." This reply would be of great force; and it is obvious that if by our manner of dealing with the Geneva award we assume such a position, it is highly probable that in the next war in which we take the part of a neutral, if we are unlucky enough, by want of that "due diligence" the extent of which has never been accurately ascertained, to violate our neutral obligation, we shall have presented to us a bill for damages which will closely resemble that filed by us at Geneva, the excessive extent and ridiculous character of which very nearly upset the Treaty of Washington.

One curious and unforeseen result of the Treaty of Washington, which will press itself upon our attention as soon as a war breaks out in Europe in which England is one of the belligerents, is that we shall apparently have two neutral codes to enforce. In case, for instance, of a war between England and Russia, as far as our duties to the former power are concerned we should be governed by the Treaty of Washington; with Russia, however, we have no such agreement. As has been pointed out above, no matter how much we may insist that there is no difference between the rules of neutrality as generally recognized among nations and the three rules of the treaty, we should, if the matter were brought to a test, speedily discover a radical difference. We should then be placed in the curious position of a neutral who, as a neutral, is bound to be absolutely impartial, yet by his treaty obligations is under bonds to exercise a more vigilant care with regard to a violation of the rights of one belligerent than those of the other. Such a case has never arisen before. There have been cases of what writers on in-

ternational law call *qualified* neutrality, in which the neutral is bound to one of the belligerents by an anterior engagement; but hitherto other engagements have been stipulations in the nature of alliances, as for instance to furnish a certain number of troops or ships. In such cases as these, the neutral has always been held free to decide whether he would consider the neutrality real or only pretended; and in deciding he has generally been governed by expediency. If we viewed the supposed case as of this sort of qualified neutrality, it would be a necessary consequence that Russia would be entitled to regard our neutrality under the Treaty of Washington as a cloak to hostility, and to treat us as an ally of Great Britain. This is of course absurd; but the complaints which would follow upon any attempts to enforce different rules of neutrality as to the two belligerents would probably have the effect of producing in our government a stronger insistence than ever upon its view that the rules laid down in the treaty are not innovations, but merely new declarations of the old law. This would avoid the difficulty of different degrees of neutrality, but it would also bind the government to as strict an observance of its neutral duties towards Russia as towards England; would lead to an observance of our neutrality laws probably hitherto undreamt of; and since Russia has most to expect from us, and English commerce has most to fear, the result would be that the action of our government would in such a war be of most positive assistance to that country to which, to judge by the tone of the press, the popular desire is that most harm should be done. This would of itself be a curious result of our new character as champion of belligerent rights.

The Treaty of Washington, besides the Alabama claims, covered two other subjects of dispute between England and the United States, — the boundary line on the Pacific, and the fishery question. Of these the first was settled by the decision of the emperor of Germany, whose award was in favor of our claim, that the line ran through the De

Haro channel, giving us the San Juan Islands. The second has been the cause of a dispute, conducted in a manner not very creditable to the United States, and threatening to produce, like the Geneva arbitration, some curious and not altogether satisfactory results. Without going into the provisions of the treaty with regard to the Canadian fisheries in detail, the citizens of both countries are given the right of fishing in each other's coast waters (a right, of course, chiefly valuable to the United States), while fish and fish-oil are to be admitted to both countries free of duty, and commissioners were to be appointed to determine what compensation, if any, should be paid by the United States for the excess of advantage derived from the treaty. The treaty was to remain in force twelve years, and the reciprocal privileges went into effect at once on its ratification. For various reasons, considerable difficulty was found in selecting the commissioners to settle the question of the compensation. Their number was by the terms of the treaty to be three, our government appointing one, the English government appointing one, and the two governments jointly appointing the third. In case they failed to agree, the appointment was to go to the Austrian minister at London. The English government chose Sir A. T. Galt, and ours Mr. Ensign H. Kellogg; but a long correspondence ensued as to the third, both governments trying to obtain a friendly umpire. This correspondence has all been printed, but it has no bearing on the questions since raised, inasmuch as the third commissioner was finally named in strict accord with the terms of the treaty. The two governments failed to agree upon an umpire, but after the failure both Mr. Fish and Sir Edward Thornton united in a request to Austria that M. Defosse, a Belgian, who had been the Belgian minister at Washington, might be appointed. M. Defosse, accordingly, was appointed, and as he was appointed strictly within the terms of the treaty, and at the request of our own secretary of state, it is evident that no fair objec-

tion can be raised on this ground. The arbitrators met at Halifax, and after many sessions, at which a great deal of evidence was taken and the case ably argued on both sides, the commissioners, by a majority vote, determined that the excess of advantage under the treaty lay with the United States, and accordingly awarded the sum of \$5,500,000 to England, as compensation. Mr. Kellogg refused to sign the award, on the ground that it was excessive.

As to whether it was excessive or not no one can say save those who have made a study of the case. The precise value of the right to fish in Canadian waters, and to import fish and fish-oil into our ports free of duty, is a question which a board specially selected for the work is alone competent to determine; and as to this point the board specially selected for the work has disagreed. But it is clear, too, that the right to refuse to abide by the decision of arbitrators in such a case is always reserved to every government. If the award were clearly excessive, no one would dispute this; and whether it is clearly excessive can be decided only by the government which objects to the amount. If the commissioners at Halifax had awarded \$100,000,000, or \$50,000,000, there can be no question that the award would have been treated as a nullity by our government. Whether \$5,500,000 is so large a sum as to justify such an extreme measure may well be doubted. At the time of the Geneva arbitration, the award of \$15,500,000 to the United States was regarded, as will be remembered, by a large party in England as excessive; and there is little question that the defeat of the liberals, who carried the treaty and the arbitration, was due in great measure to the strong feeling of discontent produced by the award. Indeed, it might almost be laid down as a fact of universal observation that awards, whether under treaties, or common awards under municipal statutes, are generally considered excessive by those who have to pay them.

The best proof, however, that the Halifax award is not so excessive as to justif-

us in refusing to stand by it is afforded by the fact that the objectors, though having this obvious ground of objection, have felt some other to be necessary; they have invented a reason for their objections, the very absurdity of which goes far to discredit everything they may say on the subject. This is that the treaty, in providing for the arbitration, omitted to provide for the case of a disagreement by the umpire; and that therefore the intention must have been that the award should be unanimous, or null and void. The ground for this extraordinary argument is found in the curious rule of the common law that an award of arbitrators, to be binding, must be unanimous. Such is undoubtedly the rule of the common law; and the origin of it carries us back to the time when substantial rights still depended on arbitrary forms of action, to a period of legal barbarism and ignorance of the crassest kind. The rule was founded, unquestionably, on the fact that in common law, when an action was brought based upon a right which could arise only upon the happening of a particular event, the event must be shown to have happened exactly as the condition required. Hence if A and B agreed to refer a matter to the arbitration of three persons, A could not sue B upon their award unless he could also show that it was an award of the three persons; in other words, that it was unanimous. This rule, however, was long ago felt to be so technical and unjust that it was swept away by statutes making an award binding, providing it was agreed to by a majority of the referees. Since the enactment of these statutes, such a thing as a common-law arbitration has been practically unknown in his country; and to contend that the parties to the Treaty of Washington had in view a common-law arbitration as described by Blackstone is to contend that they had in view a process with which they were utterly unfamiliar, which could not possibly serve any end except to make the whole proceeding nugatory, and which was practically obsolete. But besides this, the arbitration could be by no possible stretch of imagination made

to come under common-law rules. International arbitrations have nothing to do with the common law, for the very obvious reason that they are not proceedings within its jurisdiction. They are governed, of course, by the principles of international law, which in this respect follow the dictates of common sense, and require only a majority of the arbitrators to bind.

Whether Congress will direct the award to be paid or not seems to be uncertain; but a discussion of the grounds on which, in case of a refusal, it ought to be placed is by no means profitless or barren. If we decline to abide by the award, as excessive, we shall no doubt lay ourselves open to the charge of sharp practice (particularly as we have enjoyed the benefits of the treaty for some seven years.) But we shall at least take a position which involves no international consequences, save that imputation of bad faith to which we are now tolerably well accustomed. But if we place our refusal on the ground that awards must be unanimous to be binding, we make ourselves ridiculous. It is always possible for any arbitrator to prevent an award from being unanimous; and an arbitration which can be rendered nugatory in this way must always be a solemn farce.

To sum up what has already been said, the position of the United States in the international forum under the Treaty of Washington, as explained by its acts and the interpretation of the Geneva tribunal, seems likely to be very different from what twenty years ago any one would have deemed possible, and to involve a total change in our attitude to the world at large. That it has put a complete stop to our practice of allowing foreign adventurers to make use of our ports as a base for piratical descents upon the coast of countries with whom we are at peace must be regarded as an unmixed blessing; that it has forced the chief neutral nation of modern times into the position of a champion-ship of belligerent rights is a fact which cannot be regarded with so much equanimity; that in order to play this new

part it will have to be still further centralized is not an agreeable result. That the attempt should be made to upset the fisheries award on such a shallow pretext as the absence of unanimity among the arbitrators cannot be considered simply as an evidence of bad faith, but of singular incompetence as well, on the part of representatives of a nation which has always resorted to arbitration as a means of settling disputes. That the question of the indirect claims should still be kept open by Congress in the

face of our obvious exposure to such claims in the future can hardly be regarded as an evidence of statesmanship. Finally, the attitude of the United States in submitting only to the favorable result of the arbitration under the treaty, and refusing in each case in which the decision has gone against them to accept the result without bluster or threats, hardly shows that the cause of arbitration has been advanced, as its advocates hoped, seven years ago, it would be by our example.

Arthur G. Sedgwick.

OPEN LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

V.

To cover one of the prominent superficial aspects of the collision of our two art associations the dispatch might be framed, "They have met the enemy and are mutually each other's." The new society exhibited at the Kurtz Gallery during the month of March. The Academy of Design followed within a few days of its close, and is still in session. A line of demarkation between two antagonistic forces was not as sharply drawn as may have been anticipated. Academicians in regular standing, Colman, Inness, LaFarge, Wyant, Hunt of Boston, and others, formed a considerable and very attractive part of the Kurtz Gallery display. The peculiar constituency of the latter, on the other hand, made up, as has been explained, of the younger men, who have lately completed or are actually engaged in their studies abroad, musters in sufficient force at the Academy to give there also a very fair taste of its quality, and to make the regular exhibition as representative as usual of the various branches. The disclaimer, therefore, on the part of the new movement of any hostility, or of a desire to do more than furnish additional exhi-

bition facilities, seems quite sustained. I think there can be no doubt that the reasonableness of its existence has been sustained too. It has been a useful opportunity to have our attention very distinctly called to the most powerful influences at work upon our art, and to the precise manner in which they take hold of the native element sent directly into their midst. There must have been a good deal of latent curiosity on this point. Perhaps we thought it stoutly defied them. Perhaps we thought at any rate that it opposed to them something of an inherent vital Americanism that might be more or less deflected, of course, but would appear as a resultant in a triangle of forces.

If one had thought so he would have been disappointed at the Kurtz Gallery. He would have found an unconditional surrender to Paris and Munich. He would have seen Bonnat, Breton, Duran, Feyer-Perrin, Gerome, Diez, Piloty taking as complete possession of young Americans from Connecticut as if they were of LeMans or Coblenz. Perhaps more, since the Americans are credited with a quickness at seizing the idea and a facility in adjusting themselves to circumstances which their neighbors do no

always so fully possess. The room, hung with works for the most part of considerable size, had an effect of importance in its subjects, and a well-understood magnificence of color unmistakably foreign. There were but about one hundred and thirty works, including a few unimportant bits of sculpture, against seven hundred and forty-seven at the Academy, but nearly all of them good. A number had passed the fastidious test of admission to the Paris Salon. Nothing could be more French than Pearce, Sargent, Thayer, Comans, Low; nothing more German than Shirlaw, Duveneck, Gross, Dannat, Macy. Yet it is not so easy in every case, though Pearce is readily enough connected with Bonnat, and Bridgman, in his Egyptian archæology, with Gerome, to establish the relation between the pupil and his accredited master. It is a relief to find that the result is a susceptibility to a union of impressions, and not a slavish submission to a single one. The pupil sometimes appears to have been repelled from his master, as in the case of Shirlaw, whose strong manner does not resemble that of Piloty or Lindenschmitt, but is more like Diez, with whom he did not study.

Chase, the most mature and finished of the exhibitors, is of the Germans, sending his pictures from Munich, but he is even more of the Flemings and the old masters. Permeated with the essence of the great galleries in which he has lingered, he seems frankly to have abandoned any attempt at an originality which could detract from the incomparable grand manner of the past. So perfectly does he give a sense of Rembrandt, Hals, Velasquez, Raphael Mengs, that it is difficult to see in what respect he falls short of renewing their dark, rich, full, and vivid portraiture. His work needs no provincial audience for its appreciation, but can take its chances in the markets of the world. The peculiarity is the intense concentration of interest on the points of principal importance. In *Preparing for the Ride*, a full-length life-sized lady in a black riding-habit and a steeple-crowned hat, drawing on her gloves, the head and hands

alone beam out of a rich, olive-tinted gloom. The figure is defined by a pale diffusion of light, which forms but a slight connection between these isolated points. From a distance you see in the large canvas only two white spots. The head, cut off by a spreading lace ruff, seems to float, cherub-like, in space, or, rather, to rest upon a salver. The pale face, of a milk-like complexion, with thin blonde hair fringed above it, to which the large accessories give a sort of preciousness, has once been beautiful, but there is now in it the melancholy of an unmistakable fading. The quaint separation of the parts seems less appropriate for such a subject than for the *Wounded Poacher* above, and I for one should like to have seen a stronger illumination following down the line of the shoulder and arm and connecting these detached high lights. The *Poacher* is a grim bandaged head with a ragged mustache, patched nose, and dangerous eye. Nothing is seen of him, either, but this ominous head and a hand grasping a gun-barrel—into the mouth of which you look—emerging from a thick darkness. Rembrandt, whose allowance of light was one eighth, while more cheerful colleagues take one quarter, never used less of it. Another powerful head, of a soldier in a battered steel helmet, is, by an opposite process, flat and dark against a ground almost white. The *Apprentice* is a graphic study of an unterrified young scion of the working classes, with the dirt grimed into the wrinkled skin of his wrists, who has been sent after a pot of beer. It has the reality of an actual person standing in the frame. In color it is an epitome of Munich. An affinity to the chord struck in its intelligent use of white, of soft grays and browns, the blue of the working apron, the flesh tints, warm and agreeable without floridness, is found in Shirlaw's flock of screaming geese, fed by a young peasant whose drapery twists about her with the spirit of a Virgin of the Assumption, in Velten's (himself a Munich master) peasant interiors at the Academy, and in his landscapes, as well as in the exquisite grave ones of the American Macy.

In the key of red he is equally successful. He has at the Academy a court-jester in scarlet, as rich-hued as Meissonier and on a scale that gives it dignity.

The difference between Paris and Munich, in the abstract conception, consists in a nearer relation to Italy and ideal art in the former, and to Holland and actual life in the latter. Paris is more theatrical, Munich more domestic and sympathetic. French color is more smiling, sunshiny, decorative, inclining to the whole gamut; German lower-toned, and perhaps exhibiting in its sedateness the greater depth of the national character. But in practice they are closely related, so that I can hardly see what it is that should determine a student now to go to one rather than the other. It was in fact Piloty, a pupil of Delacroix, who first brought to Munich the inspiration of the admirable new movement. On the other hand Dutch influences and the revived German seem to react strongly upon the French school. The two were not so far apart in spirit in Millet, Jules Breton, Frère, and the resemblance extends to substance as well, in such landscapes as those of Jacques, such work as that of Munkacsy, Ribot, and John Louis Brown, all of which — the last two rarer, but seen at Cottier's recent singular sale — are not uncommon among our dealers. In the remarkably fine work of Hovenden, one of the younger men and the new school, exhibiting at the Academy, the two fully coincide. His Brittany interior, with the beautifully managed confined light from a window, rounding over the massive, sympathetically felt, harmoniously colored figures, would be credited at once to Munich. Yet he is, one learns, a pupil of Cabanel, who is quite of the preconceived French order, as there was opportunity to see in his tragic Francesca di Rimini at the Centennial.

Of other Munich work the character heads by Dannat and Gross are typical, and interesting for their method. They obtain a great brilliancy by being forced out of an almost black ground. Shadows fall under the nose and upon one side of the face almost as strong as on a

plaster cast from an upper light in the evening. The flesh is roughly and solidly painted, the colors as far as possible being laid in patches side by side and left untroubled, or, at most, one slightly merged in the other by a dexterous sweep of the brush, for in oil scarcely less than in water-color do uncertainty and experiments destroy freshness and the highest attainable results. The practice is carried to the extreme of caricature by Currier, whose Bohemian Beggar's complexion, painted in crude stripes, appears to have been flayed.

Duveneck adds nothing to the great reputation it was his fortune to obtain perhaps in part by his early appearance in the field as an exponent of the novel German inventions. There is no doubt about his strength, but he displays a repulsive want of feeling. His principal piece, a life-size, goggling German baby in a green wooden contrivance, and beating the devil's tattoo with a hammer, is as disagreeable as a young hobgoblin.

The French method in heads is smoother, but bold enough. It avails itself too of the forcing out from black grounds. In the examples here accessible, such as the excellent study of a head and the full-length portrait of a lady by Anderson, pupil of Bonnat, and the three-quarter length by Bonnat himself, all at the Academy, it is not always done with the same artistic discretion. The figures are very real, yet have a hard, too sharply detached outline. But there is hardly anything else in portraits so satisfactory to my mind, so capable of doing good, if its easy naturalness, combined with dignity of attitude, and its skillful opposition of tones, be attended to, as the No. 453, also at the Academy, of J. Alden Weir, a pupil of Gerome. A grayish tinge is diffused over the usually intractable black of the every-day costume. The use of frigid greenish tones in the obscure background gives it even a certain warmth. He had, it is true, in a well-preserved old gentleman with fine gray hair, an unusually good subject; so had Huntington in his No. 480 in the same room. The latter makes of it only the usual bank-president

with his boots in full, on the usual red carpet, and his arm on the usual red table-cover.

The striking novelty at the Kurtz Gallery, the feature which most marked its difference from the ordinary American exhibition, was the lightly draped or wholly nude figures. Two of these subjects may be classed as "high art." The eye was at once drawn to Pearce's Lamentation over the First - Born of Egypt. Bonnat, his master, is a brilliant illuminator and a realizer of his subject to the last degree. His famous Crucifixion, of '74, was absolutely startling. I have heard, from some who saw, that he painted it from a dead body actually nailed to a cross and set up in his studio. It might have been expected that an impressible pupil would display some of these qualities, and these are in fact just what we find. Two slightly draped figures sit upon the floor, bending over a mummy case. They do not impress you as overcome with grief. Oriental lamentation, as I understand it, is wilder, with ululations and contorted countenances. They are studio models posed for a purpose. The well-formed man has a greenish blanket thrown over one shoulder. He might do in some other attitude for a young Saint John, or anything else. The woman is more Egyptian and very ugly in figure. The ugliness, one feature of which is the condition of a thin arm painfully pinched by metal armlets, is dwelt upon with as much interest as if it were beauty. The piece is a close, life-school study, with especial attention to the texture of flesh. It is extremely well done and the best kind of practice, but it cannot be called practice yet turned to account. Miss Dodson, on the contrary, in her group of dancing maidens, led on by a Cupid pretending to fiddle by drawing his arrow across the string of his bow, — one is inclined to ask the pert young genius whence he learned the parody — aims to be an exponent of grace and the decorative qualities of soft pink and white flesh, without over-sensuousness. The difficult action of the dainty figures, springing forward through a grayish-

green Arcadia, is not quite successful. You cannot always say of a poise, as you ought to be able to do, just what it is going to be next. If you look too long at it, the middle one has more the appearance of a person who has sprained her ankle and is being supported to a seat. But it is a delicate and elegant work, a paler modern inspiration from Correggio.

The only things corresponding to these at the Academy from home sources, passing Hall's clumsy allegory of winter, are two canvases by Loop, illustrating Shakespeare. Marina walks by the seashore in a yellow chlamys, and Hermia and Helena recline in an American woodland in different hues of the same. The ambition and a certain dreamy feeling in them are to be commended, but the figures (it is always the same model in three different attitudes) are not more Greek than Shakespeare, and, smoothed down to a rapid tameness in the attempt to idealize, are not modern either.

In the department of more regular *genre* no word less than "exquisite" describes Sargent's Oyster Fishers at Cancale. We envy a mind, that can look thus at common life, the bliss of its daily existence. Where another would see but a group of rude fish-wives plodding heavily in the sand, he shows us a charming procession coming on with a movement almost rhythmical. The light is behind and throws their shadows forward in a dusty violet bloom. Small pools in front give back reflections. The close skirts show the action of the figures. The line of a descending hill in the background is cut by the straight sea horizon. All is as fresh and crisp as the gray and blue of the shifting sky. The light touches only in scattering points upon the forms, which are for the most part in shade. It is managed with a delicious skill. The difficult matter of the relief of white upon white is disposed of as if with an airy nonchalance. The white peasant caps are brought off the light sky with just a sufficient suggestion of detachment, here by a slight darkening of gray, there by a flicker of yellow in the light on an edge. May-

nard, with as good opportunities, in his group of Venetian water-carriers, threw them away. In Thayer's cattle piece there is a feeling and a management of light of the same nice sort. A procession of a dozen boldly fore-shortened cows is coming down hill towards you in a dewy landscape, not quite enough finished. The light again is behind and follows along their sides and vertebræ, throwing shadows forward and deep shades in the hollows of the hips. In another line, his sleeping infant with a puppy held in its naïve embrace, at the Academy, Mr. Thayer has one of the most charming things in either show.

The group of members of the Academy, who were invited to take part in this exhibition, has to be foregone, since an Open Letter from New York will positively not hold everything. They show for the most part, it is important to remark, a close connection of their own, from study and travel, with the foreign influences of which it is here a question.

It will be a useful second division of the subject to inquire what the Americanism is from which the new fashion may be thought to have reprehensibly departed. Have we developed something of value which defines our national direction? which cannot be varied from without treason? If so, it should be found among the older practitioners, at the Academy, the body which peculiarly represents American art and preserves its traditions. Let the exhibition be first examined with reference to its subjects. From a catalogue in which you may have marked the most striking works, perhaps you have derived the impression that the members are not taking part very much. But there are, in fact, forty-four out of eighty-seven Academicians, and twenty-six out of eighty-four associates represented, omitting those engaged in the rival movement. Their contributions are a considerable number of portraits, and a very much larger number of landscapes. In the latter, foreign scenery—the Thames, Brittany, the Isle of Wight—has a fair share of representation. Then, to make a general class composed of everything

else, there are large, spirited cattle by James Hart, and small, tame ones by William, dogs by Tait and James Beard, comic owls and rabbits by William H. Beard, a Seer in Israel, in crayon, by Oertel, a dismal attempt at a fairy pool by Hope, a nicely done old lady knitting by Ryder, a capital small school-girl in a pinafore, decidedly German, by Constant Mayer, two honest-looking grown-up girls by Lay, a very mediocre workman's child preparing his lunch, by Story, and some interiors with figures, good, but of an antiquated sort, by R. W. Weir, brought forth perhaps to hang beside his son, who is a new-comer, of the later school, and of a very different force. There are a few sentimental heads,—one by Julian Scott, with a smooth, warm complexion, small blue eyes, and a coral necklace, quite quaint and pleasing,—one inferior *bric-à-brac*, and one good flower piece, Lambdin's.

The best genre things are Magrath's Irish peasant looking over a flower-fringed wall at a golden harvest, Ehn-inger's monk with a loaded donkey, and another showing peasants, in an evening light, with a curious rainbow sky and reflections, washing in a stream of the Pyrenees. Then there is a sufficient representation, in Chapman, Hall, and Cephas G. Thompson, of the feeble, old-fashioned picturesque, surviving from the days of diligences, when a contadino and a pifferaro and a lazzarone were thought to be the summit of all that was desirable to paint.

There are but five—I am keeping for the present to the actually exhibiting members—who can be called American in their subjects. The animals, interiors, domestic traits, Shakespearean heroines, even the Oneida County game probably, of all the rest could have been selected and painted in any other country as well as ours. Even Mr. Perry, who has penetrated so far into the interior as San Francisco, finds nothing more racy of the soil than an old lady telling a child a story in a luxurious parlor. I do not make this lack of "raciness" a reproach to anybody,—I am a little tired of it myself,—but I only state the fact.

The number will not even include Wordsworth Thompson and Julian Scott in their Revolutionary military pieces. There is nothing to show that they express our national character of that date. The small, uniformed figures are a good opportunity for color, but they could be French, say, of the same date, just as well. In another line of criticism, they are very much without spirit. A pilgrimage to the original battles of Trumbull, at New Haven, would be a stimulating exercise for their authors.

The five are Winslow Homer, J. G. Brown, Eastman Johnson, Guy, and T. A. Wood, who exhibits his ingenious small figure of an old negro, with an aguish expression, and a bed-quilt around his shoulders, pouring out medicine in a teaspoon. They belong to the enumeration in unequal degrees of validity, of course,—Guy and Eastman Johnson the least. I suppose the reading girl and the lazy boy of the former,—though he looks like an American boy enough, yawning over his unsawed wood,—and the row of mites of children, of the other, ranged like swallows on a beam over a hay-mow in a barn, helped up, probably, by some good-natured “hired man,” might be found in England at least, also. These children, with their diminutive legs in striped stockings, and all sorts of well-used shoes dangling, are having just the best kind of a time. Even the baby is supported there, not thoroughly understanding the situation, and looks down with a monumental gravity. The question evidently is, supremely contented as they all are, what shall be done next? The leader, the roguish one of nine, with blue sleeves, and a ribbon in her hair, and her round cheek visible only in profile, will decide it in a moment, I know, by plunging down with a wild shriek, and the rest will follow after as best they can. As a picture, the parts are too much cut up; it was necessary, to convey the idea, to give too much to the comparatively vacant space where the hay is; but the figures contain all the qualities, and, in a frame by themselves, would have made a broad and charming piece.

Homer is intensely American in his subjects. He has selected types which belong essentially to us and to no others. He represents us intimately, and is original. He goes first into his field. He does not follow; nor is he himself much followed—the more is the pity. He unites two qualities not often combined: an appreciation of rugged natural character, with poetic refinement. It is not easy to be blinded to his defects. There are plenty of them. He does not know enough about either light or color. I imagine to myself, knowing nothing whatever about it, that he suffers for lack of a thorough technical bringing up. I wish *he* had studied Plagues of Egypt with Bonnat. He is possessed by his idea and puts upon the canvas, in spite of his materials, the feeling he would convey; but they resist him, they yield sullenly, they do not aid him with their felicities, which, if he had them, would make his work, charming already in its essence, exquisite. He has here five pictures. In the principal a tall, sinewy young mower has paused, looking up, to listen and to follow the flight of a lark. His scythe is held under one arm, his coarse straw hat swings loosely by his side. He is a common young farmer enough, but a good one and a real one, and a type. We have not seen him, but we know him. We know his unpolished laugh and his loud voice calling “across lots.” He is a fellow who would keep a particularly nice colt for his own driving, and get, by a trade, with a moderate cash balance, a harness and buggy to match, not so very different from city style. He would cherish an opinion that he could hold his own very well with city people. He would not care to go there and enter a store, but he decidedly means to experiment with new ideas on the farm. If it were war time he is a fellow who would make a splendid soldierly corporal, and like nothing better than the adventure. Shown in the restrained light to which this artist is so partial, detached against a bosk of trees in the middle distance, the figure has a serious and noble air. A touch or two of light catches on the rings of the scythe snath.

Overhead is a cool, silvery sky with cirrus clouds. It is not of the usual dreamy sort, but accurately studied, and with a kind of *definite* poetry in it, which I should count as one of Mr. Homer's general traits.

Another picture shows a couple of mountain guides, each with a distinct flavor of the American, and no other, scenery about him. One is short, old, and grizzled; the other young, tall, majestic, almost statuesque. The talent is in finding this native dignity, in discerning in a 'Bijah of the Adirondacks something allied to the Apollo and the Germanicus, to the core of Greek art and great art of all times. They are painted against broad planes of mountains, sloping with the grateful unbroken lines for which Mr. Homer has so distinct a liking in the other mountain piece, and in the background of the one in which two small negroes and a white boy, the worst of the lot, are enjoying a water-melon, and shouting back defiance at the farmer from whom it was stolen. There is a great out-of-doors feeling in the shapes, but not in the light of them all. The color, too, which is for the most part gray and harmonious, is always apt to have random harshnesses in it, as the crude red tree on the edge of the hill with the guides, and a scarlet skirt in the centre of the other. The first is simply disagreeable, but has plenty in the foreground to keep it company. The latter is isolated, and has hardly more connection with anything else in the picture than if it were a large wafer pasted on.

J. G. Brown's American piece, though the subject is in a British possession, is a crew of Grand Menan fishermen pulling for the shore in a broad sunshine that renders their faces coppery, and the buoyant sea, in which the deep-laden boat rides heavily, green and crystalline. Each man has a distinct character. By character I do not mean simply that this man has a face different from his neighbor, but that this is George Thompson and this Rufus Warner. You could call them by name. The picture is hard, by reason of this studious finish, which

is besides not so much called for in the kind of subject, since such a tossing boat-load on a friendly sea is a pleasant thing in itself, without too much individualizing. But it is an original work worthy of respect. His other, a simple figure of a girl in white muslin walking by the sea, presents a type, blonde, slender, restrained, thoughtful rather than coquettish, which one would set down pretty unhesitatingly as American of New England. The atmosphere closes in over the vanishing beach behind her. The horizon is at the height of her waist, and the pleasing head is painted against a bright spot in the cool gray sky. There is nothing dashing in the work of this artist. You do not forget the model, but the taste in its selection and the conscientiousness and absence of ostentation with which it is wrought out are very agreeable.

If the inquiry after Americanism be widened to include the whole exhibition, the number of interesting works will be much increased, so that, with the exceptions already made, you are inclined to believe that ability is almost in the inverse ratio of connection with the ruling powers. The range of subjects we are in search of, however, is extended by but a single addition, Gilbert Gaul's *Rainy Day in the Garret*. George Inness, Jr., has large cattle, bolder in treatment and mellower in color than Hart's, set into landscapes in his father's attractive manner; Bispham, some conventional, geography tigers; Sword, some better dogs than Tait's; Miss Jacobs and Miss Brownscombe, well imagined figures — the children of the latter the best — of some size; Brundagee, Bickford, Reinhart, Kappes, figures of smaller size, each with its special merits; Mrs. Dillon, in 219 and 228, good flowers with little reflections of the windows from which they were lighted mirrored on the convexity of the vases, as in some of the still-life etchings of Jacquemart; and Harnett, some representations of vulgar still-life objects, counterfeit hills, and so on, of surprising fidelity.

It belongs to the foreign school, but I will note, in passing, an interior by

Piquet, with portrait figures on a scale which makes it genre. I said a word in favor of the style in my water-color letter, and yet I hope not to be accused of triviality. What is more legitimate? Is not the home one of the foremost objects of modern life? and look at the time and money given to its adornment! It is worthy, if not of its epics, at least of its sonnets. And its inhabitants, — why should they not be painted at length in the surroundings which make a part of them, in which they are natural, instead of always in the strange studio lights?

It would not be a calamity if there were no studios for a time, and artists had to go about from house to house like journeymen tinkers, with their easels under their arms, until some of the charming apartments, with their rugs and blue crockery, and the interesting people who live in them are properly celebrated. Walter Palmer has a very nice room, with a mysterious quality in the permeation of the light from the farther end over a complication of rich objects, and a single figure in front.

But as I was going on to say, Gilbert Gaul's *Rainy Day* in a Garret is the only thing that can be added to the list. Children elsewhere, no doubt, masquerade in the garments of their elders, but surely not in such a garret, with such a hair-leather trunk, such a handbox covered with blue and mauve paper in a large pattern, such a map and old hat and string of onions on the wall, and such a barrel and half-empty bag of seed-corn in the corner. The boy has a long-tailed coat and blue cotton umbrella, and a hat on the back of his head that would envelop him to the shoulders if it were allowed to. The girl — they are aged ten or eleven — wears a great bonnet of a remote period, with the large bows tied under her chin, and a mature shawl trailing over her short dress to the floor. In its make-up, in its light and shade, the picture is neither good nor bad, — simply neutral. Its author is young, not long out of his pupilage, which has been entirely on this side of the water. He seems to me to show much promise in a straightforward, un-

morbid field, which there is room for a great deal of without crowding the purveyors of eccentricities. He has the story-telling talent, a genuine humor, and no mean facility of execution. But there is more. The flicker of a gentle poetic sentiment is detected in the whole. The girl's face, surrounded by its preposterous trumpery, is charming. The boy laughs, but she is pensive, catching for the moment, perhaps, one knows not what premonition of a coming destiny. To gratify, too, an evident bias towards harmonious color, slight sacrifices of probability may be noted, as in the introduction of a warm crimson and gold-bordered shawl, the Curaçoa bottle, and the blue and white ginger jar, which would not occur in such a garret.

It is evident from this narrowing down that the Americanism does not consist largely in the selection of peculiarly national subjects. In what, then, is the secret, for it is certain that one recognizes at sight numerous things as American? It is, it seems to me, in efforts at imitation by the most obvious means, which are largely inadequate; a lack of appreciation of the decorative capacities of colors, even while they depict the objects; and in a thinness and smoothness of finish, in deference to patrons who are too apt to admire the imitations alone, and have only a small conception of the purely artistic qualities. Americanism of the old school in art, in short, it is submitted, is rather a form of weakness than an indigenous style of expression.

The smooth finish at its very best is seen in Guy's reading girl, and in such pieces as Sandford Gifford's mellow sunsets. There is no suggestion of paint. Only the threads of the canvas, when you approach, seem to spread like a film between you and the actual scene. Far more common is a conventionalism like that of Cropsey and Caislear, — foliage rendered by a drawing-book trick and yet not generalized. There is usually a lake in the centre of the picture, surrounded by home-made crags, and with a blasted pine-tree thrown out against it from the foreground. The style of McEntee, the poet of the late sad autumn, seems

to me the happy ideal. It is simple and right; he neither obtrudes his materials nor discredits them. The direct accosting of nature in landscape is seen again in the careful, admirable forest interiors of Fitch and Hetzel, and in T. A. Richards. The last has a landscape of the unrelieved green of nature, — the hue it takes, if you have ever seen it, through the camera. Done by a tyro it would have set your teeth on edge, — the plain fields of grass and the cold gray sky without a spot of blue in it, — but it is saved here, although I would not buy it, by a certain nice feeling in its accuracy of rendition. Contrast with it and with the clear coldness of David Johnson the landscapes of Magrath, Earnest Parton, and Bolton Jones of Baltimore. Such a one as the No. 361 of the last affects you somehow as if the air were full of lilies and chiming bells on a summer morning.

If my letter were not a search for tendencies rather than an attempted account of things in their order of merit, I should not have to pass here again, with so bare a mention, Nicoll's closing in of navigation on the Hudson, in which there is a forlorn melancholy, Quartley's charming marine, and Hartley's statue of Whirlwind, — who comes bearing down upon you with knitted brows, the lithe body

twisted upon the hips, the drapery blown back in sharp curves, with immense spirit, — and much beside with none at all.

As a conclusion of the review of the two displays one cannot fail to recognize, without allowing much originality yet to the new contributions, the arrival of a period of much more thorough preparation and knowledge than has ever hitherto prevailed. It must result in no long time in the abolition of a double standard of criticism, which has had to have its tender side for a weak and struggling art, and in a production of pictures on our own side of the water able to compete with the foreign importations on equal terms. As to subjects, what ought to be demanded of the artist is to obtain the greatest possible power of execution, and to keep his sensibility open to all impressions of beauty, blow from what quarter they will. He is our delegate to expound the universe in this particular branch. If he can find beautiful impressions here, so much the better, and it is a patriotic thing to do. If what he can learn at Munich — not forgetting Paris — enables him to render them freely and joyously instead of lamely and with misgivings, then by all means

"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry."

Raymond Westbrook.

SPRING-SONG.

BLUSH and blow, blush and blow,
Wind and brier-rose, if you will.
You are sweet enough, I know, —
You are sweet enough, but oh,
Hidden lonely, hidden low,
There is something sweeter still.

Come and go, come and go,
Suns of morning, moons of night,
You are fair enough, I know, —
You are fair enough, but oh,
Hidden darkly, hidden low,
Lies the light that gave you light.

Mrs. Sallie M. B. Piatt.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THEY were five, and in a row-boat, floating down a Florida creek in this last month of March: four were women, one was a man; all were passably well-looking, all under forty, all more or less literary, and all good-natured. Three were, or had been, "Contributors," and two wanted to be, which does just as well. They were Miss Mary, Cream, Jane, and the Widow; and then there was the Judge.

Cream. In Kismet, you know, they talk about chameleons as though they belonged to Egypt as exclusively as the Sphinx; those on that sweet-gum make the tenth green and the twenty-sixth brown one I've seen this morning. By the way, did any of you notice how exactly the plot of Kismet was like that of Thomas Hardy's Pair of Blue Eyes?

The Judge. Plot is nothing.

Jane. That, Mary, is a mocking-bird; you can tell them by the pert twitch of their tails. And that is a blue bittern, or poor Job. And — Oh, do paddle us across, Judge! There's a particularly big, horrible moccasin at the foot of that cypress, on the long moss. See him?

The Widow. Ugh! yes. Don't go any nearer.

The Judge, contemplatively. About six feet long.

Cream. Do row away. We are not Elsie Venners.

The Judge, rowing down stream. Ladies, I should like to try an experiment. You are all more or less literary —

The Widow. "Generally less." (The Crushed Tragedian.)

The Judge. All intelligent —

The Others. Hear! Hear!

The Judge. You are not likely to confuse the Warners, mingle the Dodges, or mistake Charles Reade for Christian. Now, I want you to tell me, each one of you, on your honor, and without hesitation or attempt at deception, your favorite novel, — beginning with Jane.

Jane. The Mill on the Floss.

Cream. Les Trois Mousquetaires.

The Widow. Pickwick.

Miss Mary. The Heir of Redclyffe.

The Judge. As I have put you on your honor, I suppose I must believe you. But how in the world you can all leave out Fielding and Thackeray —

Cream. Because we are we, and not you.

Miss Mary. Judge, please stand up and pick that tree-orchid.

The Widow. We have more flowers now than we can carry, — loads.

Miss Mary. I did n't want the pinxter flowers and Easter lilies; Cream *would* bring them. I only wanted those that do not grow at the North, — yellow jessamine, wild orange, the air-plants, the little pinguiculas, the chaptalias or Southern daisies, Cherokee roses, and —

The Judge. Now, ladies, having partially recovered from the Heir of Redclyffe, I ask you to mention, with equal frankness, your favorite poem.

Jane. Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality.

The Widow. Bret Harte's Geological Society on the Stanislaus.

Cream. Evangeline.

Miss Mary. Lucille.

The Judge, despairingly. And Shelley? And Swinburne?

Cream, with excitement. An alligator! Hush, now. Paddle up softly, Judge. His head is turned the other way, and he can't see around the corner of those great calash-tops of horn that protect his eyes. No pun intended, but he is a knobby fellow.

The Widow. Bang him on the back with the oar, Judge; let's see him dive.

Cream. Not yet; I want to look at him. Why *won't* they ever come out of the water and walk on the bank in profile, like sensible beasts? It's the only good way to see them. They roar and snort here in the summer, they say, so that you can hear them ever so far, — miles.

The Judge. Now, ladies, as to tales of horror.

The Widow. Bang him on the back, first, Judge. There's a tail of horror for you!

The Judge, rather severely. I was referring to stories and legends which have had such an effect upon you, for instance, as to keep you awake at night.

Miss Mary. Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue.

Jane. Frankenstein.

Cream. A story published ever so many years ago in Harper's Magazine, called What was It? I cannot think of it even now without shuddering.

The Widow. I think nothing ever kept me awake from horror, unless it was Salvini trying to play David Garrick.

Cream. Oh, you Sotherner!

The Judge. One more trial, and my experiments are over. Will you repeat to me any recent poem, or portion of a poem, which has impressed you sufficiently to remain in your memory. Don't search; take the one that is *there*.

Cream. Well, then, here is mine.

"Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,
Less fleshed than feathered; bagged, you'll find him such;
His virtue silence; his employment pleasure,
Not bad to look at, and not good for much."
(Holmes. January Atlantic.)

Now, Mary, your turn.

Miss Mary, coloring. I would rather not tell.

The Others. Why?

Miss Mary. Because it is — a hymn.

Cream. Ask her no more. The moon may not agree, but I am "done gone shore" it is a — Moody and Sankey.

Miss Mary. Yes, it is.

The Judge, with a sigh. Well, Jane.

Jane. Mine is not new, — 1875. So, not being within the conditions, I am excused.

The Judge. Nothing since?

Jane. Nothing.

The Judge. Then give it.

Jane. Well, then, — if I must.

"The long years come and go,
And the Past,
The sorrowful, splendid Past,
With its glory and its woe,
Seems never to have been. . . .

O sombre days and grand,
How ye crowd back once more,
Seeing our heroes' graves are green
By the Potomac and the Cumberland,
And in the valley of the Shenandoah!
The long years come, but *they*
Come not again!
Through vapors dense and gray
Steals back the May,
But they come not again, —
Swept by the battle's fiery breath
Down unknown ways of death.
How can our fancies help but go
Out from this realm of mist and rain,
Out from this realm of sleet and snow,
When the first Southern violets blow? . . .
How must our thought bend over them,
Blessing the flowers that cover them, —
Piteous, nameless graves."
(Spring in New England. Aldrich.)

Cream. Not quite fair, Jane; too sad. The Judge took off his hat; and in another minute I should have been crying.

Jane. You wanted the truth.

Cream. "When the war is over, let us sail among the islands of the Ægean, and be as young as ever." (Landor. P. and A.) The war is over; and that is what we are doing now.

The Judge. You have not all of you given your quotations.

The Widow. No, I have not; here it is, the latest nonsense-verses by Lear, the inimitable author of those modern classics, The Owl and the Pussy-Cat, and the immortal Jumbles. It is called the Pelican Chorus, and the effect is intensified if you pronounce it Pe-lican.

"King and queen of the Pe-licans, we!
No other birds so grand we see;
None but we have feet like fins,
With lovely leathery throats and chins!
We live on the Nile. The Nile we love;
By night we sleep on the cliffs above,
By day we fish, and at eve we stand
In rows on islands of yellowy sand;
Wing to wing we dance around,
Stamping our feet with a flumpy sound,
Opening our mouths as Pe-licans ought;
And this is the song we nightly snort:
Pluffskin, Pluffskin, Pe-lican jee!
We think no birds so fluffy as we.
Plumpskin, Plushkin, Pe-lican jill!
We think so then; we thought so still."

You remember the rows of pelicans at St. Augustine, sitting on Bird Island? There is a reminiscence of the Jumbles, too, in this epic. The Pe-licans' daughter has married the King of the Cranes, and in the last verse the parents sing as follows:—

"Often since in the nights of June
We sit on the sand and watch the moon.
She's gone to the great Gromboolian plain,
And we probably *never* shall meet again!
She dwells by the streams of the Chankly Bore,
And we probably *never* shall see her more!"

It was to the Chankly Bore, you remember, that the Jumblies sailed.

The other Ladies.

'Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live!
Their heads were green and their hands were blue,
And they went to sea in a sieve!"

The Judge, discouraged. Am I to understand, ladies, that you have been perfectly truthful and honest in these selections?

The Others. Entirely so.

The Judge. All I can say, then, is that the mixture is most extraordinary. How you *can* —

Miss Mary. What is that dark thing in the water-lettuce along-side?

The Judge, hastily. Don't be alarmed. He has been carried out, probably, on one of these floating islands. Sit perfectly still; I can disentangle the boat in a moment.

Cream. But what is it, any way; I cannot see.

The Judge. A rattlesnake. But —

Immediate shrieks, which end the conversation.

— A contributor raises a critical objection to Mr. Stedman's strictures upon the confusion of prose and poetry in the popular use of those words. He makes a good point in saying that "the real distinction is between prose and verse." But his criticism of Mr. Stedman is based upon an absolute misquotation from the Victorian Poets. The passage (chapter on Robert Browning, page 299) is not, as he gives it, "Poetry is beautiful thought expressed in *musical words*," but, "It is beautiful thought expressed in *rhythmical form*, not half expressed or uttered in the form of prose." Whether the original expression and the substitute are synonymous depends entirely on the matters involved in the context, before and after. It happens that the change is an important one, as Mr. Stedman is writing technically, and not essaying a general and philosophical adjustment of

an old dispute. Your contributor's oversight is an example of that indifference to precision in language of which Mr. Stedman complained. The latter's phrase certainly is no complete definition of poetry, it being "essential to a complete definition that it should distinguish the thing defined from everything else." But in the technical use of it, only to be learned from the context, it is what Whately calls an "accidental definition," in respect to which Webster's Dictionary may be consulted.

In the same (March) number of *The Atlantic*, Mr. Stedman, oddly enough, is censured by Mr. Piatt from an opposite point of view, that is, for saying of Hawthorne that

"Prose like his was poetry's high tone."

It seems to me that to any songster a measurable use of analogy and metaphor should be allowed. The poet evidently means that Hawthorne's prose was so exquisite that, as a species of imaginative art, it was no less admirable than noble poetry. I suppose it is a poet's office to convey his idea in the most compact or striking language consistent with good sense, — with "the sanity of true genius." Pray, what has Mr. Piatt to say concerning Keats's imaginative line in *Isabella*?

"So the two brothers and their murdered man."

Possibly that, as the man in fact was not yet murdered, Keats should have restricted himself to an exact and legal exposition of the *status quo*.

— "Set thine house in order," said the prophet, and to-day there is much ado to obey the injunction. Until lately the three quarters of a man's life which is spent within the inclosure of four walls, a ceiling, and a floor has been entirely unconscious of any influences shed upon it from these speechless surroundings. Wall-papers, colors, carpets, tables, and chairs were, to our fathers and grandfathers, only wall-papers, colors, carpets, tables, and chairs, and they were nothing more. Their household virtues flourished and brought forth fruit without the advantage of sympathy and encouragement from a properly adjusted background of acces-

sories. In the academical pictures of the last century, the subjects had their being in the midst of vast conventional draperies and at the feet of architectural columns, which conveyed the idea of inclosure about as happily as the device of Bottom, the weaver. Now the figures of art are projected against possible backgrounds and details suggestive of sentiment and life. You may study archæology or contemporary decoration in the accessories of the pictures of Alma Tadema and of the modern *genre* painters. Sir Charles Grandison, Evelina, the Vicar of Wakefield, the heroines of Miss Austen, owed nothing to the fashion of tables and chairs, or to the surface treatment of walls and ceilings. Now the novelists give us veritable interiors, and are accurate in household luxuries. He whose office it is to "present well" in the modern comedy of life has no sinecure; the highest qualities available among the players are not too much for this function. If we are not curious in patterns and colors, if we are not fastidious in the matter of stuffs and furniture, it is because we are inaccessible to the finer emotions, and do not read the abundant literature of decoration.

In a recent essay by Mr. C. C. Townsend, an English architect, reference is made to a notice in the *Edinburgh Review* for April, 1807, of Mr. Thomas Hope's work on Household Furniture and Internal Decoration, then just published. "There is in England, we believe," said the indignant reviewer, "a pretty general contempt for those who are habitually and seriously occupied about such paltry and fantastical luxuries; and at such a moment as the present we confess we are not a little proud of this Roman spirit, which leaves the study of those effeminate elegancies to slaves and foreigners, and holds it beneath the dignity of a free man to be eminently skilled in the decoration of couches and the mounting of chandeliers."

But through no decadence in the patriotic virtues, I hope, through no corrupt preference for bondage in a gilded

cage over "strenuous liberty" with horse-hair furniture, we have at length learned that art is

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food."

We are indebted to no great prophet or master for this new doctrine of life. It has come first from artists by example, afterwards from *dilettanti* and *littérateurs* by commentary. But the public has been prepared for the revolution by the natural growth of the age towards a belief that the development of the fitness of things is not to be obtained without regard to beauty.

To the literature of the subject we have had of late two notable accessions in *The House Beautiful*, by Mr. Clarence Cook, and *Art Decoration applied to Furniture*, by Mrs. Spofford. These writers are both Americans, both are practiced *littérateurs*, and both are on the side of the layman in art, — that is, they do not pretend to be technical; but they have by no means proved to be of equal merit in this new field. Perhaps from neither of them had we a right to expect any great flood of light on this subject; but such light as they have shed has for the most part come from one of the two. I dare to say that the male readers of *Harper's Bazar* are rare enough to render Mrs. Spofford's book, which is now reprinted from its pages, to them, at least, quite a new contribution. It has come like a sudden revelation, and enjoys the advantage of a surprise. On the other hand, Mr. Cook's familiar talk has been amiably developed for a year past to the consciousness of both sexes in the pages of *Scribner's*. I am bound to say that the lady has done her work well. The chapters in which she has presented, in historical succession, the developmen' and characteristics of the Pompeian, the Gothic (ancient and modern), the Renaissance of Louis Quatorze, Quinze and Seize respectively, of Elizabeth James, and Queen Anne, although sadly wanting in *pertinent* pictorial illustrations, are in every other respect excellent. Her authorities have been consulted with the diligence of the student and the results set forth with the intell

gence of a practiced hand and the elegance of a refined and sensitive spirit. The effort to define these successive styles of decoration has been made before in the South Kensington hand-books, but never before has the effort been crowned with a success so satisfactory. As a contribution to history, the connection which she traces between the forms of art and the spirit of the times out of which they unconsciously sprang is especially notable. The book is to be commended to all who seek, not for notions, but for knowledge.

Mr. Cook's aim, on the other hand, I fancy, is to present rather notions than knowledge, although he formulates his idea in rather more literary fashion by protesting that he merely desires to express in furniture and decoration the proposition that "simplicity seems to him a good part of beauty, and utility only beauty in a mask." In striving to this end, it must be confessed, he "strictly meditates a thankless muse," who inspires her votary to give utterance to no systematic scheme or ideal of decoration, without which, indeed, his *House Beautiful* must needs disappoint all who venture therein. In fact, it is not a house founded upon an idea; it is not a unity in the sense of art, as we had a right to expect from its title. With such a writing above its gate, we should have had the moral decorations and conscientious furniture which belong to this age of introversion developed and classified into a symmetrical system. We should have had principles of form and color roundly set forth and put in practice. But we wander with him through the four apartments of his house, from the entrance to the living-room, from the dining-room to the bed-room, well pleased with the grace and hospitality of our host, but astonished to find rather a museum of *bric-à-brac* than a succession of ideal rooms. They leave upon the mind no impression of color, without which there can be no spirit of grace, no poetry, in any furnishings. In fact, I fear that my host is color-blind, or, more probably perhaps, that he has no convictions or sentiment in this regard. To be sure,

Mr. Cook is not an artist or a decorator; he is not professional in this sense, but he is known as a critic and a man of letters, and art has been taught to expect much from literature in these days. Thus, his fair competitor has, it seems to me, better understood the function of the literary craft in this new field. She points a moral in a very sensible fashion; she not only gives us wall-papers and carpets, but she gives us reasons why. She not only shows us forms of furniture, but she treats of the conditions of life out of which these forms developed, and thereby enables us to judge of their true significance, and helps to make us catholic to all honest forms of art, teaches us to avoid narrow prejudices, and to organize the inevitable eclecticism of our time. She seeks to make archæology useful to art. Mr. Cook is a collector of pretty things, concerning which his conversation is lively and entertaining, but it gives us no new thought; it does not lift us above the region of absolute exclusions and peremptory rules, into which the literary masters of art and the artistic masters of literature have plunged us, and from which we are not rescued by these beautiful pages. The book, in fact, is a series of effective drawings by Mr. Lathrop, and of clever designs by Mr. Sandier, beautifully engraved by Mr. Marsh, concerning which Mr. Clarence Cook indulges in a chatty, after-dinner monologue, bubbling and shallow, missing the serious points to be made, taking no note of any quality in the points by which the essential principles of decoration might have been illustrated; in short, the literary business of the book is of the slightest character, and affords little, if any, of that illumination which the subject so urgently needs.

We have been deceived; the *House Beautiful* is merely an Old Curiosity Shop. We have yet to seek for the ideal abode wherein art has established a condition of perfect fitness for all the appointments by which the life of the household may be made beautiful indeed.

— I like to mark coincidences, and especially when they are so extraordinary

as two were that came to my attention last week. The first occurred at Naples. General Grant was embarking on an American man-of-war, and the cannon of the forts were roaring their salutes. At the same time the French mail steamer was entering the harbor, having on board the Japanese envoy to France. Deeming the firing to be in his honor, the Oriental returned the compliment by repeatedly bowing in the direction of the smoke, to the great amusement of his fellow-passengers.

The second instance comes nearer home. The legislature of Connecticut, warned by the earnest publications of the venerable ex-president of Yale of the laxity of the divorce laws of their State, lately did themselves honor by making them more rigid. It happened that after the writings of Dr. Woolsey had been well circulated in his State, and had created a sort of public opinion in favor of the view he took, a certain lecturer in Boston began to speak in the same line, and when the Connecticut legislature had completed its good action he lifted up his voice and cried to an admiring public, "Behold the power of the Boston Lectureship!"

— An English writer, in treating the works of one whose genius has for twenty years illuminated the pages of *The Atlantic*, met the following passage:—

"Take two such words as *home* and *world*. What can you do with *chrome*, or *loam*, or *gnome*, or *tome*? You have *dome*, *foam*, and *roam*, and not much more, to use in your *pome*, as some of our fellow-countrymen call it."

In a note the careful editor says, "'Pome' is a name given in America to a baked cake of maize or Indian meal, about the size of an apple, but *seems* to be used here in another sense."

The italics are mine. A little learning is a dangerous thing. A reference to a dictionary would have shown that the "cake" is a "pone," which is *not* "the size of an apple." Common sense might have shown that the writer, who was discussing "poetry," referred to a careless pronunciation of the word "poem."

— There is one question which American writers have dragged out lately into philosophy and fiction, always handling it as timidly as if it were a wourali poison for the soul, and always dropping it hastily with a fit of shuddering. Sometimes it is orthodoxy which scares them off, sometimes the vulgar guesses of heterodoxy.

The subject is that inevitable legacy which every man inherits, that is neither money nor lands. How much does he inherit? What choice is left him in the portioning of such goods yonder?

Doctor Holmes began, in his *Guardian Angel*, to pry into the mystery, but suddenly covered it up reverently, turning off into the tenderest of love stories. He knows there are certain courts which ought never to be opened to the profane, though the majority hold that the time has come when all mysteries and all sciences, if worth knowing at all, can be condensed into a lecture or sprightly magazine article, and bought for a quarter of a dollar.

But the public does not relish this particular subject. A man is rather amused and curious about the tracing of his body back to its original elements,—so much lime, so much albumen, water so much. But begin to parcel out the live creature within him among his progenitors,—dramatic faculty to this grandfather, some temper to another, each whim of passion and appetite to some dead and gone source,—and he has an uneasy sense that you are tampering with his soul. Is it falling apart into a mere package of heirlooms?

Putting aside the religious view of the question altogether, however, here is a wide field for strange discoveries, waiting for some Schliemann in human nature. There are forgotten facts and obscure hints in each man's own history, which startle him at times with a meaning which he dimly grasps. We talk of the subtle instinct of blood? Now, here is a man with some mental trait, some peculiar whim, which he has known as his own all of his life; it is a part of himself. In middle age he meets a far-off cousin, unknown before, who faces him

with this bit of his *ego*. What kind of kinship do you call that? Where did this obscure force of connection begin, and where will it end?

Still more uneasy is the consciousness of this inexorable band linking us to some dead human being whom we never saw. A singular instance of this fell in my way last summer. There are many traditions, in the State where I was born, of a certain pioneer and Indian fighter in early times, of exceptional daring and slaying power. One story is that after terrible suffering in his old age, being *in extremis*, he dragged himself out of bed, thrust on his hat, and, standing erect, cried, "Now, Death, do your worst!" and so fell dead. The descendants of this old man have been lazy, easy-going folk, with much general flabbiness of character. Last year, a young fellow from another county, a stranger in the neighborhood, was caught in a mill. While the people were clumsily trying to rescue him, the lad uttered no cry, and joked in a lazy, good-humored way. He died a minute or two after he was taken out, and he was found to be frightfully mangled. After death he was identified as a collateral descendant of the pioneer; he had, too, a remarkable birthmark, which had given his ancestor his name among the Indians.

The more one looks into this matter, the more uncomfortable one grows. Hawthorne somewhere says that a strong-willed man is a bugbear in the whole circle of his kinsfolk. But how shall we submit to the unknown strong-willed man away back in his grave, who has stamped his character, his prejudices, his very taste of palate or whim of stomach on generations who are still trooping into the world? Families of commonplace people develop the most unaccountable tendencies; the W's cannot touch liquor without ending as drunkards; the C's (sensitive, emotional, truthful folk) certainly are not to be trusted as far as money goes; the J's all gravitate to the kennels where are the fighting dogs. How can you account for such paradoxes in character unless by the compelling force of some man back in the ages, of bigger

and better stuff than they, who willfully chose evil, and set body and soul by it? The clock he wound up strikes feebly, running down in his descendants.

I have not the least doubt that all those petty antipathies, for which Shakespeare can render no firmer reason, — the nausea of this man at sight of a cat, of that when the bagpipe sings in the nose, and the like, — could be traced back to some real injury which the dominant grandfather had received from them. We are paying somebody's grudge when we stamp on the innocent spider or grind a garter snake under our heel. Who will find out the secret of these dead Napoleons who rule us out of their graves?

— In reading Mr. Richard Grant White's admirable paper on Americanisms, in the March number of *The Atlantic*, there occurred to me an example of that much-misunderstood class of expressions which he has apparently overlooked, or at least has not mentioned in this article. The use of the word *mail* to denote letters and newspapers coming through the post at one time to one address is a pure Americanism. "Shall I bring your mail from the office?" would be utterly unintelligible to an English ear.

— Can any one explain why English and American printers always put a circumflex accent over the first vowel in the word *chalet*? Why not the acute accent or the diæresis? Either would be as admissible. Outside of French books I have never seen the word correctly printed except in the London edition of *Marmorne*. I thought I had found a second exception in the Boston reprint of that same novel, but the compositor, who started off all right, got discouraged, broke down, and ended by impaling himself on the accent. I suppose that nine authors out of ten write it *châlet*; I write it *châlet* myself, and that is what makes me particularly severe on other persons guilty of the same stupidity.

— Let us suppose that a few hundred persons are killed every year in our streets by something falling upon them from

the house-tops; let it be the general impression that this something is a loose brick. Then let us fancy that some matter-of-fact individual steps forward and says: "My friends, do not be excited; really, there is no cause for alarm; it was not a brick; there is not on record a single well-authenticated instance of a brick falling from a house-top." To be sure, it was not a brick; it was a tile. There are men who will lay down their lives in defense of a distinction without a difference.

I think there is something not slightly comical in the attitude of those gentlemen who stand forth in the public prints with cards and certificates solemnly assuring us that hydrophobia is so rare a disease that not a single well-authenticated case of it can be cited. In the United States during the past eighteen months not fewer than one hundred and fifty persons have died horrible deaths resulting from the bites of dogs. If the information that they did not die of hydrophobia is not more consoling and satisfactory to the luckless victims than it presumably is to their surviving relatives, I fail to see that the point is worth insisting on. A hundred and fifty persons are bitten by dogs; these one hundred and fifty persons go mad, and die in indescribable agony. Now, whether you call that hydrophobia or cholera infantum does not matter a pin; they are dead all the same, and the cause of their death was one that might easily have been prevented. A single human life is more precious than that of the entire canine race, and I hold that every dog—

"Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree"—

which is let run at large without a muzzle should instantly be shot or drowned. Then if anybody wishes to split technical hairs, there is no objection; it is a harmless amusement and does n't hurt the hairs.

—I hear my scientific friends complain that the well-known lecturer, Rev. Joseph Cook, seldom gets his scientific facts just right. There is almost always some error, large or small, they say,

showing a want of habitual accuracy of mind. This is their business; what strikes me is a similar inaccuracy often shown in his poetical quotations. Take, for instance, this from Lowell, with which he closed one of his lectures, not long ago:—

"Careless seems the Omnipresent. History's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word;
But the yet-veiled rules the future, and behind
the dim Unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

Thus it stands in the authorized and copyrighted report in the New York Independent, with the usual parenthetical [Applause] following. But in the original it stands as follows, those words being italicized which are altered or omitted by the lecturer:—

"Careless seems the *Great Avenger*; history's pages
but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word;
*Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on
the throne,*
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind
the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

The lines are from *The Present Crisis*; the percentage of altered or omitted words is something formidable, and I must say that, considering the two as poets, I prefer Lowell to Cook. The most objectionable aspect of the matter is that the substitution of the vague phrase "yet-veiled" for the strong word "scaffold" seems deliberately done to conceal the omission of the finest line in the whole poem.

—Since the time seems to have come when a man's expression of his wishes with regard to what is to be done after his death is violently and persistently opposed by all who survive him, is it not a good opportunity to suggest that perhaps respect has been paid for a long enough time to the doggerel over Shakespeare's grave?

"GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE:
BLEST BE THE MAN THAT SPARES THES STONES
AND CURST BE HE THAT MOVES MY BONES."

When we consider how little we know of the great poet, and the possibility of

finding something more by an examination of his tomb, it seems as if, with proper care, an investigation might be made that would possibly reward the trouble. Perhaps some documents could be found that would give us precious knowledge; or it may not be too late to find some traces of the shape of Shakespeare's skull. Such light would be of great value, and there is surely no sound reason to be urged against this step. It is easy to call one's neighbors "harpies," "ghouls," and even "vampires," but there is no irreverence towards Shakespeare in this suggestion; indeed, it springs from a desire to learn more about his vague personality. Two centuries and a half have passed by without infringing this command of Shakespeare's, and it is easy to suppose that if he had foreseen the admiration now felt for him he would have sanctioned what some will doubtless call a sacrilege. One thing is sure: if Schliemann, in his excavations, were to come across the tomb of Homer with curses like those quoted in *Tristram Shandy* against the man who should open it, nothing would prevent the modern investigator from going on in his good work. The reasons against it, however, would be quite as strong as in the case of Shakespeare. Is it not advisable, then, to avoid waiting till it is too late? That is to say, unless, as I may fear, it is too late already.

— I don't believe there is any change between the social modes of past and present more significant than is the altered face of social gossip; that is, if the old dramatists have given us anything like the truth; and unless they have, their people could hardly impress us so potently as they do to-day. Supposing, however, that the Mrs. Candors and Sir Benjamin Backbites could again rehabilitate themselves in the flesh, and make morning calls among their social equals, how easily we can fancy the broad laugh with which they entered upon their old-time sport gradually dying away, until it subsided into petrified silence, as the altered tenor of modern gossip dawned upon them! How strangely out of tune would be their pitiless

thrusts, however polished, amidst the moral refinements of our social criticisms, our quasi-benevolent analysis of person and motive, into which that old, ugly-sounding word scandal is now so often made to resolve itself! The rampant, full-blooded, and perhaps somewhat honest style of rending an absent friend for an hour's mad amusement would now nowhere be dubbed funny, but brutal!

Listen to two or three women of the polite world when they come together now to discuss the faults, foibles, or misfortunes of an acquaintance. Mark the accents of most catholic charity in which the thing is likely to be done, and how strictly the scientific method is held to. With scalpel and microscope in hand, the moral anatomy is carried on: every trait is severally classified; and, after the dissection is completed, some attempt may be made again to unite the fragments into a consistent whole. There may be a total absence of malice, as well as of any warm-blooded desire for sport at another's expense. It is a purely mental exercise, with a dash of conscientious accuracy about it. The accuracy, of course, depends altogether upon the narrator's discernment or imagination; for it partakes somewhat of the novelist's art, brought to bear upon the nearest available subjects. And what an immense relief is thus afforded to a number of half-idle, would-be-intellectual women!

But, after all, is n't the modern method of social gossip quite as despicable as the old, since its quasi-conscientiousness is more a matter of brain than of soul, of taste than of feeling?

I wish some clever story-teller, with the true touch for portrait-painting, would show the legitimate descendant of Mrs. Candor, — her own likeness, full length and breadth. She is too subtly analytical for the dramatist, and would elude the grasp of Sheridan himself to put in a telling light upon the stage. I used to think that real people, set within the prosaic light of every-day life, with common moral defects uncovered, and without any profound passion, or even

crime, for a background, would make figures too sorry for our fiction; but since I read that remarkable novel *Afterglow* I think so no longer.

By the way, I don't believe that story has got all the praise it has earned. It is a wonderful example of realistic art that can give us a dozen or so characters, with only two or three for whom we can feel anything like admiration or respect, and yet keep us from utterly despising the every-day crookedness and meanness of the others. How can we despise them, when we are imperceptibly made to feel that they are so much like — well, perhaps ourselves, or those we are obliged (for the want of better) to call our friends? Contrast the art here with some that is more lauded, — Daudet's *Sidonie*, for example, who is allowed no flutterings of scruple, no hesitating weakness, in her well-mapped-out career from childhood. We are forced to reject her as not of kin, and the obvious moral lesson of the author is made to count for less than he would have it, after all.

But most readers still want to *know* that a book has a moral lesson. Is it because the art of some of the best recent stories makes the moral less obvious that so many readers don't exactly know what to believe about them?

— There is one feature of our domestic architecture which, like so many other of our American inconveniences and discomforts, has been transmitted from England: that is, our windows. It would perhaps be interesting to know how much profanity and bad temper has been caused by our cumbrous mode of construction, the sashes sliding heavily in their frames and balanced by a rude system of weights. How often we rush to the window, panting for fresh air, only to find the sash swollen by the damp weather and stolidly resisting all our efforts to move it! We can get no good purchase; if there is a perpendicular

middle sash we grasp it with our fingers, we grow red in the face, our hand slips, and crash goes our elbow through the glass. I believe there is hardly a house in the country where some of the windows are not in a chronic state of immovability. Everywhere on the continent of Europe casement windows are universal, swinging freely on their hinges and easy to manage. On a pleasant summer day, what a delight to throw open the entire large window space to the air, and feel yourself out-doors! With our style of window construction this is impossible; at the utmost but half the window opening can admit the air freely. If we will look outside, we generally have to duck our heads under the raised sash, and maintain an uncomfortable stooping, half-standing position. And if some one within the room happens suddenly to call our attention, we are apt to turn quickly and bump the backs of our heads against the sash's sharp edge. On visiting Chester, England, I was delighted with the quaint picturesqueness of the old town. It reminded me of ancient *Hildesheim*. But somehow there was a difference; what was it? What gave the houses such a grim, "keep-outside" expression? Ah, the windows! It was a warm day in May, and some of the sashes were lowered a little at the top, and some were raised a little at the bottom, and the rows of fascinating façades were half spoiled by the insolent stare of glaring panes of glass. A fit symbol of buttoned-up British exclusiveness! And as I glanced out of my tavern window at the vista of quaint gables, distorted through glass of doubtful translucency, with a dozen or so of large flies imprisoned and buzzing noisily between the two sashes which kept out half of heaven's air and kept in the hateful odors of weak tea, I thought, When I build a house it shall be in the Queen Anne style, but it must have casement windows.

RECENT LITERATURE.

GENERAL PALFREY has used a wise discretion in allowing the story of his old friend and companion in arms, General Bartlett,¹ to tell itself almost entirely in the hero's own words, as set down in his diaries and letters during his army life and the years—ennobled by the manliest endurance and endeavor—that followed till his lamented death. Hardly a page is given to the facts of his history previous to his leaving Harvard in his junior year and going into the war, and after that the biographer's comments are very sparing, and the thread of narrative by which he connects the notes and letters is made as slight as possible. Not only is General Bartlett's story told here in his own words, but his character presents itself to the reader almost wholly without critical interpretation or analysis, and without superfluous eulogy. It would be hard to say why this story moves so deeply, or takes so strong a hold upon the imagination. Others gave as much and suffered as much in the war, from motives as pure and high as General Bartlett's; and he had limitations of sympathy which prevented him from making his self-sacrifice a devotion to its supreme result,—the destruction of slavery and the overthrow of a barbaric social system. Up to the breaking out of hostilities he had been a friend of the South, and a believer in the justice of her cause; he seems to have had still faith enough in her, after several years' service, to be surprised that he should, as a maimed and helpless prisoner, be brutally used by people calling themselves chivalrous; and apparently he had little concern for the slaves whom the war was to free. But in spite of these limitations,—so inexplicable now in reference to such a man, but very common in the days when slavery influenced the whole nation,—he was an American of such knightly instincts, such heroic courage, such generous ideals of duty united to so much common sense, that among the names made memorable in the great struggle his remains one of the most representative of the highest American soldier-ship. Governor Andrew said, "General Bartlett was the most conspicuous soldier

in the Department of the Gulf," yet history can hardly assign him the fame of the most successful. Indeed, he never had an opportunity of showing what he might have been as a general officer, for it seemed as if his body had some magnetic attraction for shot and shell. In every engagement in which he took part, with the exception of his first at Ball's Bluff, he was wounded within an hour from the time the first gun was fired. If he had had the good fortune to show his remarkable genius for leadership in the field, as he had already done in camp, or if he had been able to avail himself of his cool nerves and good judgment, it is more than probable that he would have risen to a very high command. But that good fortune he never had. What made his life chiefly valuable as a heritage and an example was his *character*, which in any and all circumstances shone with a marvelous union of strength and sweetness, far above all the deeds of courage he was permitted to do, all the qualities of generalship that his adverse fate suffered him to display. His military career was brilliant, his political life full of noble purposes; the fortitude with which he met adversity in business and endured years of the keenest physical suffering was sublime. Others dared; others endured; others sank at last under misfortune and pain, under broken hopes and broken health; but few have left so bright a fame as he in whom all the finest soldierly qualities seemed to meet, and who, with the tenderness of a woman, was always so strongly and greatly a man. As an officer he was the strictest of disciplinarians, and he was reserved to coldness save with his intimate friends, of whom he had very few; but his letters in this memoir reveal the warmest and tenderest heart. As contributions to the history of the war they are perhaps not of the greatest value, but as records of character they are inestimable, and they bring back, as only such direct and unaffected letters—at once vividly suggestive and wholly unconscious—can bring back, the days and scenes in which they were written. Some were written to the rhythm of bursting shells and dropping bullets; to say that others are from the hospital, and others yet from the prison, is best to indicate their character and hint their pathos.

¹ *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett.* By FRANCIS WINTHROP PALFREY. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1878.

A very interesting part of the book is devoted to his letters written after the war, during his travels in Europe, and to the story of his political and business life to the time of his death. A few closing pages sum up the biographer's sense of his friend's great qualities and noble career in words at once cordial and tempered, — such as would not have vexed the sensitive spirit of such a hero as Bartlett to read. It is an inspiring history fitly, if sometimes a little too succinctly, told. One feels at the end that, if few men have bought renown so dearly, no renown can be dearer to posterity than that of the soldier who never sought renown, but simply dared and suffered all things, even to death itself, for duty.

— The creative faculty antedates the critical faculty. It may be said that the first critic was taken out of the side of the literary man, just as Eve was taken out of the side of Adam. Of course, the hypothesis assumes that criticism is of the weaker sex; indeed, it is only by assuming this that one is able to account for the feminine shrillness and the absence of precision and logic which are occasionally observable in criticism. There is no end to the analogies that might be established — if it were worth while to establish analogies — between criticism and Eve. Eve was a source of great perplexity, to say the least, to Adam, and criticism has ever been a shrewish or a whimsical spouse to the poet: she has either spoiled him with her flattery, or disheartened him with her ill-temper; she has seldom or never been at once his wisest counselor and most appreciative helpmeet. We do not care to carry the parallel further, for our purpose at present is merely to say that since criticism began her career on earth she was never more deeply at fault than when, in the earlier half of this century, she bade John Keats “back to his gallipots.” She did not dream then, and did not learn until long after the sword was closed over him, that God had given England a new poet.

When we reflect how precious to us is that little volume holding the fragment of *Hyperion*, *The Eve of St. Agnes*, *Isabella*, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and the sonnet *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, we find it impossible to explain to ourselves the light in which Keats was seen by his contemporaries. Byron's contempt for Keats was nearly undisguised; Wordsworth could think of nothing better to say of a certain lyric than that it was a pretty piece of pa-

ganism; Shelley was not so near-sighted, but he breathed a different atmosphere from that of Keats, and could have had but an imperfect sympathy with him and his richer dreams, though the *Adonais* and the indignant preface which accompanied it seem to contradict this. Yet in that preface, which was written in one of Shelley's white heats, he qualifies his praise of *Hyperion* by pronouncing it “second to nothing that was ever produced by a writer of the same years.” That was not too much to say of the noblest piece of blank verse since Milton. As to the critical free-lances and camp-followers of the grand army of literature, the English language broke down when it came to express their scorn of Keats. Leigh Hunt and two or three obscure friends — let us not forget *Severn*, the artist — appear to have been the only persons who suspected there was really a great soul struggling to get free of that stricken body. The very woman who loved Keats did not suspect it. In 1831 — the poet had then been dead ten years — this lady wrote to Mr. Dilke, who had applied to her for some biographical data: “The kindest act would be to let him rest in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him.” How is it after seven and fifty years? The colossal shadow of Byron is somewhat shrunken; all those silver-mounted buccaniers who anticipated the heroes of our dime novels, and all those melancholy and wicked young gentlemen who made such havoc of the female heart, once upon a time, have strangely lost their glamour; not a sensible girl loves them now, and not a youth of our period turns down his collar or neglects his hair because of them. Wordsworth at his best — and he is very far from being always at his best — has taken his place among the classics; Shelley is admired by a school, but still remains *caviare* to the general; Coleridge lives in two or three finely imaginative poems, and Walter Scott in his prose; Crabbe does not live anywhere. Yet Lord Byron, writing from Ravenna in 1820, called Crabbe the first of living poets! The gentleman seems to have gone backward. If ten intelligent men were asked to-day to name the poet of 1820, nine out of the ten would probably say John Keats.

His fame came late, — too late for him to know how great it was to be, unless, indeed, the dead have occult cognizance of what is passing on

“This dim spot
Which men call Earth;”

if so, how that fine spirit must have shrunk aghast at the indignity which has lately been inflicted on his memory!

Keats's evil star seems to hang over his very grave. It was not enough that, living, he should be poor, shattered in health, unhappy in love, unrecognized as a poet; it was not enough that he should die in the spring-time of his genius, — a spring-time richer than other poets' summers; but after his death he must needs fall into the hands of an injudicious biographer, who, in all kindness, did an enemy's service in dragging from deserved obscurity Otho the Great the fragment of King Stephen, The Cap and Bells, and the rest of those puerilities which go to the making up of The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. "A biographer," remarks Mr. Lowell, apropos of this memorial, "is hardly called upon to show how ill his *biographee* could do anything." Lord Houghton's work was full of the best intention, but to his natural lack of literary perception his lordship had added a carefully acquired bad prose style. This biography must ever be considered one of the poet's misfortunes. It was supposed to be the last; but fate had not dealt its unkindest blow.

Now that nearly sixty springs have whitened Keats's grave with the flowers he wished to grow over him, we have his troubled heart once more laid open to us under the literary surgeon's knife. Keats's letters to Miss Brawne should never have been given to the world;¹ they should reverently have been permitted to crumble into dust. They refute no charge against his good name or against hers, for no such charge exists; they supply no needed link in the story of the poet's life; they merely furnish food for an unhealthy appetite which can be cured only by starvation. Mr. Forman has simply helped to betray the secret pangs and writhings of an over-sensitive soul that had grown morbid through illness and sorrow; complacently, and apparently with no suspicion that his work was odious, he has done the one thing against which Keats would have protested with every fibre of his body. The publication of these Letters would be an impertinence if it were not a cruelty.

"Ah, shameless! for he did but sing
A song that pleased us from its worth;

¹ The Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne, written in the years MDCCCXIX. and MDCCCXX., and now given from the original MSS., with Introduction and Notes, by HARRY BUXTON FORMAN. New York: Scribner, Armstrong, & Co. 1878.

No public life was his on earth,
No blazoned statesman he, nor king.

"He gave the people of his best:
His worst he kept, his best he gave.
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave
Who will not let his ashes rest!

"Who made it seem more sweet to be
The little life of bank and brier,
The bird that pipes his lone desire
And dies unheard within his tree,

"Than he that warbles long and loud
And drops at Glory's temple-gates,
For whom the carrion vulture waits
To tear his heart before the crowd!"

— With the editor of the volume of Moore's hitherto uncollected papers² our quarrel is by no means so serious, though we think Mr. Shepherd has done his author no kindly turn. The shade of Thomas Moore is possibly much less willing than we are to pardon Mr. Shepherd for bringing to the surface those very poor satirical verses, and that singularly tiresome farce of The Blue-Stocking. The perusal of Moore's critical essays in this volume filled us with a feeling of mingled regret and delight, — regret that he had written them, and delight that he had not written any more. The extracts from his memoranda for his Life of Lord Byron, and the passages omitted from that work for reasons which have now lost point, are of genuine literary interest. The letters to Leigh Hunt are also agreeable reading, though none of them are important, and some of them are trivial to the last degree. Except to illustrate their triviality, who would dream of reprinting this? —

LETTER VI.

MAYFIELD COTTAGE, Monday Evening. }
[Post-mark, August, 1813.] }

MY DEAR HUNT,

I hope you see my friend Lord Byron often; one of the very few London pleasures I envy him is the visit to Horsemonger Lane now and then. Faithfully yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Two or three hundred pages of matter quite as valuable as this cause the reader finally to suspect that he has been spending his time over a piece of mere book-making.

— It can be stated without hesitation that a new Life of Lessing was a tempting sub-

² Prose and Verse by Thomas Moore, chiefly from the author's MS., with Notes edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD, etc., etc. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878

ject for a writer familiar with German literature, and especially for one who writes in English. Mr. Evans's translation of Stahr's biography is probably but little known outside of this country, and at the best Stahr gives his readers lavish praise of Lessing rather than careful criticism or unbiased information. Then, too, the superiority of Mr. Lewes's *Life of Goethe* to any German books on the same subject naturally inspires an English author with the hope of giving his life of some other great German the same preëminence. The result in this case,¹ however, is by no means equally successful. What is striking in Mr. Lewes's book is its general literary vivacity and entertainingness; it would interest even a man who knew nothing of Goethe. To be sure, the credit of this does not belong to Mr. Lewes alone, but yet, although Goethe covered an enormous amount of ground, his biographer's unceasing reference, for the sake of comparison, to what is best in other literatures keeps our attention ever alert and fascinated. Mr. Sime's book has no such charm. Indeed, the fairest thing to say about it is that it is eminently worthy.

The facts of Lessing's life are collected with great industry and accuracy; the quotations from his writings are well chosen and carefully selected; there are no omissions of important matters; the analyses of Lessing's writings are thorough and exact; but with all these good and indeed essential qualities, the lack of anything like charm is but too noticeable. It would be harsh to call the book dull, and it would not be precisely fair, because there is enough quoted from Lessing himself to redeem his biographer's commonplace; but there is a noticeable want of vivacity and interest in the six hundred and seventy-five pages that form the life. This sobriety is, on the whole, better than Stahr's fulsome adulation of everything Lessing did, but it makes the book a trifle heavy. Occasionally we come across such dreary passages as this, from vol. i, pages 148, 149. "Such a journey was made in those days in comfortless carriages, which jolted over uneven and dirty roads; but it is not in all respects an advantage to whirl in furious haste past mountain and river, hamlet and city. The eighteenth-century traveler had time to form a clear impression of the country through which he went, to exchange words

of greeting with people at inns by the roadside, to stop for a day at this town or that if it happened in some unforeseen way to hit his fancy. It was thus that Lessing went with Winkler from Leipzig to Amsterdam." It should be said that this is not precisely a characteristic specimen of the qualities of the book, although a good one of the prevailing fault, which is a tendency to say what he left unsaid.

It is pleasanter to look on the good side of Mr. Sime's work, which is the thoroughness and exactness of his analyses of Lessing's writings. It is well to have a careful statement of some of this author's less read essays and discussions, especially for us foreigners. The reader will find his work well done for him by Mr. Sime, who has spared no pains in his endeavor to do his subject justice. In a word, any one who is anxious to know about Lessing cannot do better than to consult this new biography. He will find it full and exact. As to the advantage of studying Lessing, this is not the place to speak. He did for German literature a service which cannot be too highly valued, especially by his countrymen, and for the whole world he can serve as an admirable example of intellectual activity and enthusiasm.

—When the observer considers either what Cavour did, or his method of doing his great work, he is sure to feel that the great diplomatist and minister was one of the most remarkable men of modern times. We all remember his building up of Italy, but it is in this book that we perceive more clearly the difficulties in his way, and the union of dexterity and wisdom with which he surmounted them. He early set before himself the regeneration of Italy as the task he was to accomplish, and there is in history hardly a more interesting tale than this of the way in which what seemed the impossible disappeared before him. Piedmont, under his wise guidance, became formidable; with great discretion he introduced the kingdom among the great powers at the time of the Crimean war; with the aid of Napoleon III. the power of Austria was broken, when it had at last, by uniform ill treatment, welded all the dissensions of Italy into one feeling of wrath with the invading foreigner; and even Garibaldi's distracting career in Southern Italy Cavour managed to bring into harmony with the general design. When we consider the magnitude of this success, and remember that it was practically the work of one

¹ *Lessing*. By JAMES SMIR. In Two Volumes. With Portraits. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

directing mind, which was busying itself at the same time over many perplexing minor cares in the management of the state, it is impossible not to be amazed at the power and versatility of his genius. His versatility has always been acknowledged, but there are many to whom success which is obtained by management, by patience under defeat, by making use of even trifling means, seems like something unenviable, as if the result made us indifferent to what was underhand in these methods. Such was evidently the feeling of the many hot-headed Italian revolutionists, who saw with ill-concealed pain that everything was done over their heads and without their aid by an abler man. If there are any who would so misjudge Cavour now, they would do well to consider his continual adherence to constitutional methods, and his refusal of all requests to assume dictatorial power, which he could have had for the asking. It is this faithfulness to his carefully formed plans which made him a great as well as an able man.

Surely, the picture this book¹ gives us of an Italian, without experience in the parliamentary form of government, who rules his country so well and with such moderation amid the most serious troubles, and without finching from what he had made up his mind was right, even when the temptation was strongest, — such a picture may well serve as a lesson for those ready reasoners who settle the affairs of the rest of the world by some such general principles as that the French, it may be, or, *a fortiori*, the Italians, cannot know what political wisdom is. To illustrate this is, to a certain extent, the aim of this book. Throughout, it is easy to read between the lines the implied reference to French politics, and no friend of France can wish for that country a better fate than such a man at the head of power there. No earnest friend of republicanism need fear that Cavour, or a man like him, would fail to see what was the present feeling in France with regard to a republic; and of Cavour it may be said with great truth that he always made use of the material that lay at hand.

This book is a useful one, because it is written by a careful political thinker, who understands how to set before the reader not only what Cavour did, but the reasons which led him to his actions, so that this short volume is a valuable contribution to

modern history. It is interesting, too, as a book about Cavour could not fail to be. Although it was written for another public, it has a great value for us in this country who have learned from experience some of the dangers of bad government. Anything that shows the advantages of superiority to partisanship, of unflinching observance of right rules, cannot fail to be of service even to a land that prides itself on its superiority to everything European.

—It is with considerable splutter that Mr. Swinburne sings the praises of the famous Brontë sisters,² but in his zeal to redeem their fame from the neglect that has fallen upon at least one of these writers he by no means makes it clear that his good opinion is of so much value as he would like to have it. The faults of his style are as notorious as those of his literary manners. On almost every page are to be found such gems as adorn the passage where, after speaking of the injurious effect upon the book of Maggie Tulliver's flight with Stephen Guest, in *The Mill on the Floss*, and comparing it with "two actual and unpardonable sins of Shakespeare, — the menace of unnatural marriage between Oliver and Celia, and again between Isabella and her 'old fantastical duke of dark corners,'" — he goes on thus: "Far otherwise it is with the poor noble heroine so strangely disgraced and discredited of natural honor by the strong and cruel hand which created her, and which could not redeem or raise her again, even by the fittest and noblest of all deaths conceivable, from the mire of ignominy into which it had been pleased to cast her down, or bid her slip at the beck and call of a counter-jumping Antinous, a Lauzun of the counting-house, as vulgar as Vivien and as mean as the fellow who could gloat on the prospective degradation and anticipated unhappiness of a woman he forsooth had loved, under the wholly impossible condition of an utterly unimaginable hypothesis that the unfortunate young lady, who had at least the good fortune to escape the miserable ignominy of union with such a kinsman, might have declined on a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than his; a supposition, as most men would think, beyond the power of omnipotence itself to realize. Surely our world would seem in danger of forgetting, under the guidance and example

¹ *The Life of Count Cavour*. From the French of M. CHARLES DE MAZADE. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

² *A Note on Charlotte Brontë*. By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: Chatto and Windus. 1877.

of its most brilliant literary chiefs, that there are characters and emotions which may not lie beyond the limits of degraded nature, but do assuredly grovel beneath the notice of undegenerate art; and that of such, most unquestionably, — if any such there be, — are the characters and emotions of such reptile amorists as debase by the indecent exposure of their dastardly and rancorous egotism the moral value of such otherwise admirable masterpieces as *Locksley Hall* and *The Mill on the Floss*." But this is classical conciseness in comparison with sentences like this: "Having no taste for the dissection of dolls, I shall leave *Daniel Deronda* in his natural place above the ragshop door; and having no ear for the melodies of a Jew's-harp, I shall leave the Spanish gypsy to perform on that instrument to such audience as she may collect." Again, he thus delicately alludes once more to George Eliot's verse-writing as "the pitiful and unseemly spectacle of an Amazon thrown sprawling over the crupper of her spavined and spur-galled Pegasus." Ribaldry like this is especially conspicuous in comparison with his boasts (page 42) of the chivalrous spirit of those "with French blood in their veins or French sympathies in their hearts."

In short, Mr. Swinburne may rave and scream at the world till his voice breaks; he is his own worst enemy, and even what is good in his criticism arouses the wrath of those who agree with it by the violence with which it is expressed. While his way of saying what he has to say is most obnoxious, with its noisy, hilarious, pot-house violence, the kernel that is hidden beneath all this is often apt and just. His objection to much of George Eliot's writing, for instance, has a good ground. Maggie Tulliver's even reluctant adventure with Stephen Guest does set that heroine in an unfavorable light, and the flaw that he points out in *Locksley Hall* is one that has been perceived by at least two generations of readers, who, however, did not find it necessary to call the conceited hero a "reptile amorist." Then, too, his praise of Charlotte Brontë is in itself discreet, and no greater than that woman's work deserves. The same is true of what he says about Emily Brontë. But the main result of his willful abuse of a writer's function, in the way

he has of putting down on paper remarks that would seem indecorous in the privacy of conversation, hides the merit that is to be found in this book. Nothing so renews even the halting reader's allegiance to a writer as wild abuse, and Mr. Swinburne's billingsgate will tend to turn those who might otherwise see George Eliot's faults into prejudiced admirers who would consider themselves degraded by sharing his extravagantly expressed views. But the truth is mightier than even Mr. Swinburne's faults against good taste, and in time the cause of which he has made himself the bombastic champion may find more adherents than it does in these days of cultured uniformity of opinion. In other words, beneath its scurrilousness the book contains some elements of good criticism, but it seems indefinitely to postpone the days when Mr. Swinburne shall cease to mistake expressions of bad temper for literary enthusiasm, and the calling of names for wit.

— In welcoming this translation of the life of Alfred de Musset¹ we have nothing to add to what we said about the original,² except a word or two of praise for the grace and skill with which this version has been made. The book is an extremely interesting one, telling, as it does, the life of one of the most remarkable of French poets, and written with the most eager sympathy. The accomplished translator has in several instances given us rhymed versions of some of Alfred de Musset's poems which were quoted in the biography. This is a difficult task which she has accomplished well.

— Upon the title-page of his *Windfalls*³ Mr. Appleton gives us two definitions of the word from different sources, — "Fruit that is blown down from the tree," and "A tree that has been prostrated by the wind," — slyly leaving it to his readers to take their choice whether they shall regard this as a collection of his chance papers in anticipation of a more substantial harvest, or as the last they are likely to get of a fruit which they have tasted before. An examination of the book will be likely to satisfy readers that, whether this be the last of its kind or not, the author has nothing else to give. In saying this we mean no disparagement of the book itself, which is an enjoyable one, but only to indicate its place as among the accidents and not the incidents of litera-

¹ *The Biography of Alfred de Musset*. Translated from the French of PAUL DE MUSSET by HARRIET W. PRESTON, author of *Troubadours* and *Trouvères*, etc., and translator of *Mistral's Mirèio*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² See *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1877.

³ *Windfalls*. By THOMAS G. APPLETON, author of *A Sheaf of Papers*, *A Nile Journal*, *Syrian Sunshine*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1878.

ture. Here are eleven papers, including two stories and a reminiscence of wood-life, upon a variety of topics having no more common tie than that of a single authorship. The same characteristics pervade all, — a *bonhomie*, a half-optimistic philosophy, a cheerful dilettanteism, a knack of saying shrewd things in a bright way, and a general view of things from the safe retreat of a silk wrapper. One constantly catches an echo of after-dinner talk, and misses the art and purpose of a trained writer and scholar. Many things are written which we should have liked to applaud had we heard them with our feet under the mahogany, but sound desultory and incomplete in the more formal essay. Epigrams which tickle the ear have often a duller appearance to the more critical eye, and while there is an air of ease about these papers which makes them almost as agreeable as the talk of a cultivated gentleman, there is an absence of definite aim which makes them quite as difficult to remember.

We ought perhaps to except the story of *The Broken Heart*. This is a delicate piece of fancy which only just misses, if it miss at all, being a lovely romance. There is an artless artificiality about it which is almost as good as nature, and the refinement with which the *dénoûment* is handled makes one wish all the more that the author was not so persistently a mere sportsman in literature. The book teases one into making these discriminations between amateur and professional work, yet we can promise cultivated readers much enjoyment if they will take up the book with no purpose to render exact justice to the author, but only entertainment to themselves.

— The series of Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*¹ is completed with the fifth volume, and a survey of the whole increases the admiration, not unmixed with fear, with which one contemplates the range of this extraordinary writer. The greatest of his dialogues are great indeed, but the facility with which he used this form betrayed him into employing it for the venting of mere vagaries and the prolix discussion of topics of contemporary politics and history, by no means of general interest. Still, after all deductions are made, the work as a whole remains great, and there is perhaps no mod-

ern work which gives to the reader not familiar with Greek or Latin so good an idea of what we call classical literature. Better than a translation is the original writing of Landor for conveying the aroma which a translation so easily loses. The dignity of the classics, the formality, the fine use of sarcasm, the consciousness of an art in literature, — all these are to be found in the *Imaginary Conversations*; and if a reader used to the highly seasoned literature of recent times complains that there is rather an absence of humor, and that he finds Landor sometimes dull, why, Heaven knows we do not often get hilarious over our ancient authors, and Landor, for his contemporaries, is an ancient author with a very fiery soul.

We do not know how far the publishers' enterprise has succeeded. It is one which deserves well of every lover of good literature; and with a reference, not to this, but to any possible similar enterprise, we express our regret that the book was not subjected to competent editorial supervision. There are often reasons which may cause an English contemporary classic to appear at home in its simplest form, but in reprinting we ought to use our right to improve the work, if possible, and not merely to repeat it. In the present instance, a short introduction to each dialogue and occasional notes would have been of very great service to the ordinary reader. It is too much to expect of any one reader that he shall be familiar with the names of all the characters introduced, much less with the incidents which suggested many of the conversations and are only faintly disclosed in the conversations themselves. Then, the dates of the original appearance of the several dialogues would have added to the interest and value, since so many are not only based on contemporaneous events, but are suggestively prophetic. The index is too meagre; there are a hundred things which one half remembers in Landor, and will hunt for laboriously for lack of a good index. We hope that the remainder of Landor's writings will follow, and that Forster's life will be reprinted uniformly with the series.

— Doubtless the most important educational work published in this country in the year 1877 is the *Cyclopædia of Education*,²

¹ *Imaginary Conversations*. By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Fifth Series. Miscellaneous Dialogues (concluded.) Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1877.

² *The Cyclopædia of Education*. A Dictionary of Information for the Use of Teachers, School Officers,

Parents, and others. Edited by HENRY KIDDLE, Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City, and ALEXANDER T. SCHEM, Assistant Superintendent of Public Schools, New York City. New York: E. Steiger. London: Trübner & Co. 1877.

edited by the Hon. Henry Kiddle, superintendent of the public schools of New York city, and by one of his assistant superintendents, Mr. Alexander T. Schem. We have already paid tribute in these columns to the practical sagacity and competence of the superintendents of the schools of our great metropolis, and the names of these gentlemen upon the title-page of the *Cyclopædia* in question are in themselves a sufficient guarantee of the intelligence, completeness, and fair-mindedness with which the undertaking has been executed. It is the first cyclopædia of education in the English language, though Germany has long since possessed a number of excellent ones; and it is quite surprising that a branch of knowledge so extensively valued and studied as education should have continued in this country and in England for so many years without its special cyclopædia. The topics interesting and important to the teacher are almost infinitely numerous, yet the information concerning them is scattered through a multitude of volumes usually inaccessible to those by whom it is most needed. The publication of the cyclopædia in question was welcomed, therefore, as the supply of a want that had long been felt.

The work is included in a convenient and well-printed quarto of about eight hundred and seventy pages; and now that educators are at last in possession of it, they will not begrudge the long delay in its appearance, since many of the topics presented could hardly have received such full and satisfactory treatment, and many others would undoubtedly have been altogether overlooked, had not the wide educational fields been already so well gone over and harvested in the exhaustive German fashion. A large proportion of the most prominent and valuable articles, however, are from American names of recognized rank in pedagogy, and future editions, it is to be hoped, will call out contributions more brilliant and authoritative still, since in the land of universal education superiority in a work of this kind should be an object of national pride.

The compilation is quite as attractive to the reader who has thought upon or investigated any question of pedagogy as it is valuable to the parent or the professional educator. Everything connected with the architecture and hygiene of the school-room, with physical training, with the organization of the school system, and with

the motives and characteristics of the scholar may be found under their appropriate headings. The mass of the book is of course historical, and embraces brief accounts of educational methods and development in all past and present civilized nations, and also in our own States and largest cities. Beside these, it contains histories of all living institutions of learning of any note in this country, and of some of those abroad; short biographies of all the leading thinkers and experimenters in education; and reviews, under their appropriate heads, of philanthropic and charitable and denominational effort in education. The accounts of the Sunday-school system and of the Kindergarten system are good examples of the agreeable yet succinct narrative style of these articles.

As regards the theory and practice of pedagogy, while the *Cyclopædia*, very properly, does not attempt to solve the educational problems of the day, it exactly photographs the present state of experiment and controversy in regard to them and indicates the probable decisions upon which enlightened sense and experience will finally unite. The weakest group of articles, as was to have been expected, are those on moral and religious culture, these being the directions in which the educational thought and principles of the present age are the most unsettled and vague. In the article on Didactics the writer says: "It is universally conceded that all instruction can be rendered a means of moral education, and that no instruction deserves the name, or can be truly successful, without a corresponding development of moral power." If this be indeed "universally conceded," then also it must be unreservedly admitted that very little of the instruction in the public schools of America "deserves the name;" for every one who has paid any attention to the matter knows that with us almost no instruction is "rendered a means of moral education," but that quite generally the prescribed lessons are recited strictly within their own technical limits. It is time that this stereotyped phraseology about the paramount necessity of moral education should be given up, unless some practical steps are to be taken toward its rehabilitation in our schools, for it is very misleading to the public. The American parent, hearing the American educator say so much about moral instruction, supposes that something is being done; whereas the wide-spread commercial dishonesty, the dull national

honor regarding financial obligations, the enormous brutality and sensuality so ruthlessly revealed by the daily and weekly press, all go to prove the deep lack of adequate instruction in the rules and motives for the best conduct of life, which, as far as we can ascertain, characterizes the American schools beyond any others of the same intellectual rank in Christendom.

The next highest topic of importance in education — the best course of study for schools — is rather feebly treated, also. On the best elementary instruction in reading, grammar, mathematics, history, and geography, teachers and parents will find many valuable ideas and suggestions. In regard to reading, the principle is laid down that "the teacher must always bear in mind that what the child is learning to pronounce is a symbol of thought; and hence at every step the pupil's understanding is to be addressed. . . . The lessons at each stage should be adapted to the mental status of the pupil. Moreover, the material should not consist of mere fragments, without any logical continuity, but should be of such a character as to discipline the mind in connected thinking upon suitable subjects, and to awaken an interest in the minds of the pupils. Usually, the essential object of reading in schools is defeated by the use of extracts from essays on difficult abstract subjects, or from authors whose style is too complex and whose vocabulary is too ponderous for children." If the above theory should inspire the practice of our schools, it would at once sweep away the whole host of classified "readers" which now have possession of the schools, and substitute for them narrative and descriptive books upon history, geography, biography, natural history, and art, couched in such progressive language and style as was so happily employed by an English lady so many years ago in the favorite Bible series, — *The Peep of Day, Line upon Line, Precept upon Precept*, — and which might well be taken as models of the way in which progressive reading-books for the young, on all subjects suited to their apprehension, should be compiled.

In the article upon geography, the important but universally neglected point, that the shapes of the divisions and subdivisions of the earth's surface should, from the beginning, be studied *proportionally*, so that correct ideas of the relative size of the territories inhabited by different nations may be early acquired and indelibly stamped on the mind, has not been forgotten; but the

equally necessary principle in history, that the chronological and ethnological method must be combined in every scheme of rational instruction in that study, though alluded to as the practice of Germany, was hardly emphasized as we should have liked to see it. In this country, what little historical instruction is given in our public schools is exactly topsy-turvy. The pyramid is first balanced on its apex (American history), and then its strata are allowed to come tumbling down, pell-mell, in any order chanced upon by the preference or the convenience of the teacher.

The advice of the *Cyclopædia* as to the best methods of instruction in algebra, geometry, and the natural sciences is most judicious; and the Scylla and Charybdis of arithmetic and grammar, between which so many childish minds are hopelessly engulfed, would be successfully avoided, and these studies relegated to their proper place and function in common-school education, if the enlightened principles laid down in the articles upon them were universally adopted. The suggestions advanced on the successful study of the modern languages all resolve themselves into two elements, — those of time and of continuity. Americans learn languages as they do the piano, superficially, and this because the study of them is generally too much interrupted, and the years devoted to them too few. The mere reading of a language may be acquired in a very short time by most persons, but a satisfactory mastery of it, as a vehicle of personal thought and expression, involves either the steady work of years, or the going into places where it is spoken.

The articles on Music and on Singing-Schools, by Professor George H. Curtis, of New York, are among the most valuable and complete in the book; far more so, it seems to us, than those on Drawing and Art Education. Singing-school teachers will be especially glad of the brief but lucid explanation of the Tonic Sol Fa system of England, of which very few persons have any intelligent idea; but we almost regret that Professor Curtis's impartiality did not permit him to pronounce decidedly *against* the "movable Do" of the Tonic Sol Fa and United States systems. Surely, an artificial plan for singing notes at sight, which originated in two such comparatively unmusical countries as America and England, should not be allowed to make headway against that which grew up as the practice of generations in those birthplaces and

homes of music, Italy and Germany. It is entirely unlikely that we shall surpass those countries in musical achievement, and the methods that have sufficed for them are surely illuminating enough for us!

Probably every educator will have additions to suggest in the future editions of this our first cyclopædia of education. For ourselves, we would like to see within its pages an able article on School Committees, one on the Rights and Liberties of Female Teachers, one on Written Examinations in Grades below the High Schools, and one on Training in Courtesy, Chivalry, and Reverence. We find it surprising that, in the article on Kindergartens, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, the veteran educator, is not credited, as she so fully deserves to be, with having been the means of their introduction to this country; nor can we imagine a work overlooking, among the benefits of the high-school system, the most important one of all, namely, that it is the only system which can furnish anything like the number of teachers needed for the grammar and primary schools. The plan adopted by a few towns of owning their text-books, and of *lending* them only to the scholars in the public schools, we think also deserved mention, for a publication which commands so wide a circulation as this cyclopædia must do would thus have been the means of suggesting to school committees all over the country this by far the best solution of the text-book difficulty.

— The volume of travels *From Egypt to Japan*¹ is the second part of a record of travel round the world, the first part, *From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn*, having been published a year ago. Both volumes are formed from letters written to the journal of which the author is editor and proprietor, and there is a somewhat confidential relation thus established between author and reader, for an editor feels that his subscribers form a semi-private association with him, almost as subtly as a minister, when he talks about "my congregation," distinguishes those particular persons from all others as a peculiar people. The book gains by this something of the familiarity of the friendly letter; it loses something of the critical care which might have been bestowed had the author been appealing to a less partial audience. A journey round the world is not so uncommon an experience as formerly, and the

highway which Dr. Field and his party followed is the road over which many observing travelers have passed. To one, therefore, who has no special interest in the personal adventure of the travelers, the questions naturally arise, What unusual opportunities had this party? What particular training did they bring to the sight-seeing? What power of description or of generalization had the author to justify the detailed narrative?

A faithful reading of the book leaves one with the impression that the party enjoyed itself on the trip, and that it exercised freely an American inquisitiveness and vivacity; there were many friends on the road to make the journey a succession of visits, and good fortune attended the travelers. Perhaps it is too much to ask that a rapid and extended excursion like this should yield any very substantial fruit; there are indeed many acute observations and some pleasant descriptions, but there is a good deal of hasty generalization and an evident unpreparedness on the part of the writer. He did not carry the wealth of the Indies with him, and so he has not brought it back. In one particular especially we are disappointed. From his training and position, it was natural to expect that he would examine carefully the various missionary undertakings that lay in his way. He was frequently the guest of missionaries, and writes often in sympathy with them, sometimes with an approach to detail in a description of their work, but there is not that close scrutiny and judicious report which his readers might fairly expect. The book is a curious illustration of the anglicizing of the world. The track of this traveler is a belt of Asia and a bit of Africa, and he rarely gets out of the reach of the English tongue and the English law. Unconsciously he records from beginning to end of his book, almost without interruption, the impression made upon an American of English rule in the East; of native life and rule he makes but a superficial study. The course is analogous to the travel of most Americans in Europe, never getting out of the sound of the English-speaking voice, and knowing the country they travel over only by the second-hand report of English and American guide books. *From Egypt to Japan*, then, while a tolerably readable book to those who find amusement in the ordinary records of travel, has little value for those who would like to learn something substantial of the countries and peoples traversed.

¹ *From Egypt to Japan*. By HENRY M. FIELD, D.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1877.

FRENCH AND GERMAN.

The promise made so long ago about Sainte-Beuve's correspondence¹ is now fulfilled, and the publication of his letters has begun. It has been curious to notice of late years how much the best literature, and not of France alone, has consisted of the work of the great men of an older generation, and this volume is but another example of this truth. Doudan's, Balzac's, and now Sainte-Beuve's letters are about the most important French books published of late years; Balzac and Sainte-Beuve were famous before the time of the second empire, and it is only now, under a different form of government, that literature, which was repressed like freedom of speech, has begun to show signs of healthy life. It is the work of these older men that interests us; there are no men who can be called products of the empire for whom we can have the same admiration as for them. Our contemporaries gave themselves up to being clever and amusing, like Droz, or clever and more or less disgusting, like Zola, — the literary traditions were almost destroyed by the ruler who so well managed street-cleaning and street-lighting. Of course, every general remark of this kind is to be taken with a very considerable amount of exception, but that it is more true than false can hardly be doubted; scraps from the great men of the past outweighed a great deal of the work of more recent men. We hope shortly to show what are some promising signs of the future.

This volume of Sainte-Beuve's letters contains selections from those written between the years 1822 and 1865, both inclusive, which cover three hundred and sixty-five pages. Many years are not represented here at all, and others by only one or two letters. Certainly those of the earlier years which are given do not make us regret this thorough exclusion of a larger number. It is only the later letters that are really interesting, although the bits of information regarding Sainte-Beuve's life are of undoubted value. In some measure the scantiness of the letters is to be explained by the fact that the famous critic was too busily occupied with his weekly work to find time for correspondence. A man who drives the pen all the time that he is not searching books for facts to write about will not seek

for relaxation in sending letters to his friends, and moreover Sainte-Beuve's position as a critic kept him more aloof than most men from forming those ties with literary men which might impair the impartiality of his judgment. Very frequently he wrote hasty notes in which it is easy to detect the tired hand that seeks the swiftest expression of what is to be said, without straying into those side-paths of discussion that make the charm of most letters. Hence it is a personal and not a literary interest that the reader takes in this volume at least.

Where there is so much to quote from the selection becomes difficult. There are various records of Sainte-Beuve's gratitude to those who had been kind to him; of his wrath against those who had offended him; of explanation of vexatious troubles, such as the calumny charging him with receiving the petty sum of one hundred francs from Louis Philippe's secret fund, — the amount afterwards proved to have been paid for repairing a smoky chimney, — and many things of similar sort. Budding poets kept sending him volumes of their verses, thus securing discreet reply, although Baudelaire received much more than this. Sainte-Beuve could not approve of Louis Philippe's government, and he refused to receive from that king the cross of the Legion of Honour, although he was willing to accept the decoration from the emperor, and his letters show anything but hostility to his rule. In one letter (January 12, 1863), he says that he has been a partisan of the empire since the first day, indeed, since the eve of its establishment, and that common sense, more than enthusiasm, is the cause of his devotion; he adds that he asks from it nothing more than it has given to the whole of France, — security and honor. Naturally, this political bias did not recommend him to all Frenchmen, and when he was appointed a professor in the Collège de France and tried to begin his course, the students expressed their disapprobation in the most violent way by creating a tumult that rendered it impossible for him to continue. It is only fair to say that this action was not entirely the result of pure patriotism. An independent critic, such as Sainte-Beuve was, had excited a great deal of ill-feeling which found an outlet in the first occasion; and there was probably as much ungenerosity in the violence of the young Harmodins and Aristogeitons who hissed and hooted Sainte-Beuve as in their rapturous

¹ C. A. Sainte-Beuve. Correspondance. Vol. I. Paris: Lévy. 1878.

applause of every professor who in any remote connection introduced the word *liberté* into his lecture. Any one who attended lectures to French students during the empire will remember how frequently certain professors, when they found their audience was becoming listless, would lug that word in and thus secure cheap popularity. At any rate, Sainte-Beuve's volume on Virgil showed those who hated him what excellent instruction it was that they had lost. On the whole, however, we can be glad that he was saved from the distractions of being obliged to teach.

How busy he was kept by the routine of his occupation is clearly shown by various notes to correspondents who were anxious to meet him, to whom he could hold out no better opportunity than an hour or two on Monday, after one week's work was finished and that of another not yet begun. In many of his letters are passages, though briefly expressed, made up of what has filled his writing for the press; this is only the natural result of his great interest in his work, and it is the most prominent characteristic of this volume of his letters, which are really *notes* called forth by some imperative occasion, running on to a greater or less extent, but not *letters* written in leisure and treating of all kinds of diverse and disconnected subjects. It is not to be imagined, however, that this volume is at all lacking in interest; Sainte-Beuve's writing is never dull, and the matters that interested him are interesting to every lover of literature.

— A different book is Théophile Gautier's *L'Orient*,¹ which is made up of a series of various sketches recounting various travels of his own and others in different parts of the world.

A good part of the travels described were to no remoter point than London at the time of the Exhibition in 1862, and to the Exposition Building in Paris in 1867. Gautier did not linger in the machinery halls, he went straight to the Oriental departments, and it is safe to say that his visits taught him more about Eastern art than most people would learn from a long residence in those strange countries. In his own words: "If we were to say that we did not cast a glance at all the rest of the exhibition, we

¹ *L'Orient*. Par THÉOPHILE GAUTIER. Paris: Charpentier. 1878.

should bring down on our head the scorn of the manufacturers, the business-men, the utilitarians, and the philistines of all sorts. But that is the truth. We passed by, without a look, the troop of copper and steel monsters, the mammoths and mastodons of industry, which toss their mutilated arms, breathe with their iron lungs, and seem to lend to the steam the breath and restlessness of life, in the furious and cold agitation which does not know fatigue. . . . The bobbins whirled like drunken dancers, so swiftly that they could scarcely be seen. Pistons rose and fell with a plaintive wheeze like woodcutters cleaving an oak-tree; wild pulleys made their leather and india-rubber straps clatter; cog-wheels were turning; rolling-wheels brushed against one another; valves clattered; springs rattled; all these metallic and plutonian slaves invented by man's genius were working busily as we passed by. These machines cried out with their gnashing of teeth, their dull blows, their harsh hissing: 'I do the work of six thousand spindles; I take the place of five hundred smiths' hammers; I weave an Indian shawl more evenly than a workman in Cashmere on the threshold of his hut; I produce machines which will work as I do; I, with my bronze fingers, fold envelopes as skillfully and as neatly as could any rosy-fingered woman: only I make enough in one day to inclose all the love, diplomatic, and business secrets of the world.'"

The pen of a translator would lag far behind Gautier's neat and at times poetical or eloquent expression, for as he described the rich collections of Indian art he always wrote in a style that was so picturesque that it is vain to try to reproduce it in another tongue.

In another paper he has written about a visit to a Chinese junk that was in the Thames at the same exhibition; he found there the Oriental artist who smiled at the French painter for drawing a man in profile, with the hidden leg and the unseen eye left out of his sketch. The book is for the most part of very light weight, but it has the charm of interest, of literary grace. It is curious to notice that Nicolas' translation of Omâr Khayyâm did not escape his observation. In the second volume is to be found an article on the Quatrains taken from the *Moniteur Universel* of December 8, 1867